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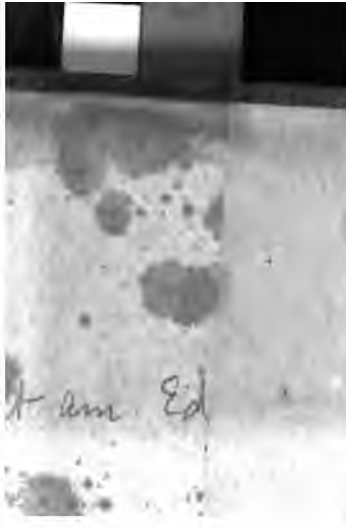
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No 22

RODERICK,

[E LAST OF THE GOTHS.

A TRAGIC POEM.

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22

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THE LAST OF THE GOTHS.

A TRAGIC POEM.

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

PHILADELPHIA:
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AND
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1815.

First lm. Ed

TO

SVENOR CHARLES BEDFORD,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

STING MEMORIAL OF A LONG AND UNIN-
TERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP,

BY HIS OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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TO

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IN LASTING MEMORIAL OF A LONG AND UNIN
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ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Vitiza, by Pelayo's mother. It may be con-
ient thus briefly to premise these circum-
ices of an obscure portion of history, with
ch few readers can be supposed to be fa-
iar; and a list of the principal persons who
introduced, or spoken of, may as properly
prefixed to a Poem as to a Play.

. . . . . brother to Witiza, and formerly Archbishop of Seville, now a renegade.

t . . . . . } Sons of Witiza and of Pelayo's
. . . . . } mother.

ian . . . . a renegade, governor of Gegio.

Julian . . . a powerful Lord among the Wisi-Goths, now a renegade.

ia . . . . . his daughter, violated by King Roderick.

* * * * * * * *

da . . . . daughter of the Governor of Auria.

. . . . . Abbot of St. Felix.

m . . . . . Roderick's foster-father.

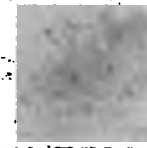
a . . . . . Count Pedro's wife.

RODERICK,

[E LAST OF THE GOTHS.

A TRAGIC POEM.

[redacted]



RODERICK,

E LAST OF THE GOTHS.

I.

S had the crimes of Spain cried out to Heaven:
gth the measure of offence was full.
Julian call'd the invaders: not because
an Priests with unoffending blood
ain'd their country; not because a yoke
servitude oppress'd and gall'd
ildren of the soil; a private wrong
d the remorseless Baron. Mad to wreak
engeance for his violated child
derick's head, in evil hour for Spain,
at unhappy daughter and himself,
rate apostate, . . on the Moors he call'd;
ke a cloud of locusts, whom the South
from the plains of wasted Africa,
fusiemen upon Iberia's shore
d. A countless multitude they came;
, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,
n and Copt and Tatar, in one bond
ing faith conjoin'd, . . strong in the youth
eat of zeal, . . a dreadful brotherhood,
om all turbulent vices were let loose;
Conscience, with their impious creed accurst,
k, as with wine, had sanctified to them
ody, all abominable things.

Calpe, saw'st their coming: ancient Rock
n'd, no longer now shalt thou be call'd
Gods and Heroes of the years of yore,
, or hundred-handed Briareus,
is or Hercules; but doom'd to bear
ame of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth
id his everlasting monument.
aw'st the dark-blue waters flash before
ominous way, and whiten round their keels;
warthy myriads darkening o'er thy sands.
on the beach the misbelievers spread
anners, flaunting to the sun and breeze:
one the sun upon their proud array,
turbans, glittering armour, shields engrail'd
old, and scymitars of Syrian steel;
ntly did the breezes, as in sport,
eir long flags outrolling, and display
zon'd scrolls of blasphemy. Too soon

; [illegible] his [illegible]. Did the [illegible]
him, with the [illegible]'d dead,..
and Moor, who slaug'd in course that day?
st the Conqueror, and from that day forth,
l of his perfect victory,
the river hear the name of joy.
st the Goths; they said no prayer for him,
no service sung, nor mourning made,
ad their crimes upon his head, and count
ory.

Bravely in that eight-days fight
g had striven, . . for victory first, while hope
l, then desperately in search of death.
ws past him by to right and left,
r-point pierced him not, the scymitar
from his helmet. Is the shield of Heaven,
hat I am, extended over me?
Shriek; and he dropt Orelio's reins,
w his hands aloft in frantic prayer, . .
the only mercy that I crave,
m and short, death and forgetfulness!
cried; but in his inmost heart
swered him a secret voice, that spake
ousness and judgment after death,
i's redeeming love, which fain would save
ty soul alive. 'Twas agony,
'twas hope; . . a momentary light,
h'd through utter darkness on the Cross
salvation, then left all within
before. Fear, never felt till then,
and irresistible as stroke
ing, smote him. From his horse he dropt,
with human impulse, or by Heaven
own, he knew not; loosen'd from his wrist
rd-chain, and let fall the sword, whose hilt
his palm a moment ere it fell,
ere with Moorish gore. His royal robe,
ed helmet and enamell'd mail,
side, and taking from the dead

A peasant's garment, in those weeds involved,
Stole, like a thief in darkness, from the field.

Evening closed round to favour him. All night
He fled, the sound of battle in his ear
Ringing, and sights of death before his eyes,
With dreams more horrible of eager fiends
That seem'd to hover round, and gulphs of fire
Opening beneath his feet. At times the groan
Of some poor fugitive, who, bearing with him
His mortal hurt, had fallen beside the way,
Rous'd him from these dread visions, and he cal
In answering groans on his Redeemer's name,
That word the only prayer that past his lips
Or rose within his heart. Then would he see
The Cross whereon a bleeding Saviour hung,
Who call'd on him to come and cleanse his soul

Had spared were here; bed-rid infirmity
Alone was left behind: the cripple plied
His crutches, with her child of yesterday
The mother fled, and she whose hour was come
Fell by the road.
Less dreadful than this view
Of outward suffering which the day disclos'd,
Had night and darkness seem'd to Roderick's heart,
With all their dread creations. From the throng
He turned aside, unable to endure
This burthen of the general woe: nor walls,
Nor towers, nor mountain fastnesses be sought;
A firmer hold his spirit yearn'd to find,
A rock of surer strength. Unknowing where,
Straight through the wild he hasten'd on all day,
And with unslacken'd speed was travelling still
When evening gather'd round. Seven days from morn
Till night he travell'd thus; the forest oaks,
The fig-grove by the fearful husbandman
Forsaken to the spoiler, and the vines,
Where fox and household dog together now
Fed on the vintage, gave him food: the hand
Of Heaven was on him, and the agony
Which wrought within, supplied a strength beyond
All natural force of man.
When the eighth eve
Was come, he found himself on Ana's banks,
Fast by the Caulian Schools. It was the hour
Of vespers, but no vesper bell was heard,
Nor other sound, than of the passing stream,
Or stork, who, flapping with wide wing the air,
Sought her broad nest upon the silent tower.
Brethren and pupils thence alike had fled
To save themselves within the embattled walls
Of neighbouring Merida. One aged Monk
Alone was left behind; he would not leave
The sacred spot beloved, for having served
There from his childhood up to ripe old age
God's holy altar, it became him now,
He thought, *before that altar* to await

—y— ... nights he thus ha
In such high mood of saintly for
That hope of Heaven became a l
And now at evening to the gate l
If he might spy the Moors, . . for
To tarry for his crown.

Before
Roderick had thrown himself: his
Half kneeling, half at length he la
Embraced its foot, and from his lif
Tears streaming down bedew'd the
He had not wept till now, and at th
Of these first tears, it seem'd as if h
From a long winter's icy thrall let
Had open'd to the genial influences
Of Heaven. In attitude, but not in
Of prayer he lay; an agony of tears
Was all his soul could offer. When t
Beheld him suffering thus, he raised
And took him by the arm, and led h
And there before the altar, in the na
Of Him whose bleeding image there
Spake comfort, and adjured him in th
There to lay down the burthen of his
Lo! said Romano. I am waiting

beating thoughts represt the word,
lderings, like an ague fit, from head
convulsed him; till at length, subduing
re to the effort, he exclain'd,
g his hands and lifting up his face,
lved in penitence to bear
eye upon his shame, . . Thou seest
the Goth! That name would have sufficed
he whole abhorred history:
he less pursued, . . the ravisher,
e of all this ruin! Having said,
ne posture motionless he knelt,
ightened down, and hands outspread, and
es
the Monk, like one who from his voice
l life or death.

All night the old man
vith his penitent, and minister'd
wounded soul, till he infused
g hope of mercy, that allay'd
of anguish. But Romano saw
ong temptations of despair beset,
he needed in this second birth,
e a yearling child, a fosterer's care.

They went forth,
stream, and when Romano turn'd
k toward the Caulian towers,
rish standards in the light
glittering, where the miscreant host
sitanian capital
ge advanced: the eastern breeze
rful travellers far away
orn and tambour o'er the plain.
sten'd, and when evening fell
e setting sun, as if its line
rom Heaven to point their course.
the feet of that old man
y length of way; and now
danger (for in Merida
resolute defence
ds of war) with easier pace

ean with its everlasting voice,
petual jubilee, proclaim'd
ers of the Almighty, filling thus
es of their fervent orisons.
tter could the wanderers rest than here?

II.

TWELVE months they sojourn'd in their solitude
nd then beneath the burden of old age
omano sunk. No brethren were there here
o spread the sackcloth, and with ashes strew
hat penitential bed, and gather round
sing his requiem, and with prayer and psalm

Of his own prayers, he started, half aghast.
Then too, as on Romano's grave he sate
And pored upon his own, a natural thought
Arose within him, . . well might he have spared
That useless toil: the sepulchre would be
No hiding place for him; no Christian hands
Were here who should compose his decent corpse
And cover it with earth. There he might drag
His wretched body at its passing hour,
And there the Sea-Birds of her heritage
Would rob the worm, or peradventure seize,
Ere death had done its work, their helpless prey.
Even now they did not fear him: when he walk'd
Beside them on the beach, regardlessly
They saw his coming; and their whirring wings
Upon the height had sometimes fann'd his cheek,
As if, being thus alone, humanity
Had lost its rank, and the prerogative
Of man was done away.
For his lost crown
And sceptre never had he felt a thought
Of pain: repentance had no pangs to spare
For trifles such as these, .. the loss of these
Was a cheap penalty: . . that he had fallen
Down to the lowest depth of wretchedness,
His hope and consolation. But to lose
His human station in the scale of things, . .
To see brute Nature scorn him, and renounce
Its homage to the human form divine; . .
Had then almighty vengeance thus reveal'd
His punishment, and was he fallen indeed
Below fallen man, . . below redemption's reach, .
Made lower than the beasts, and like the beasts
To perish! . . Such temptations troubled him
By day, and in the visions of the night;
And even in sleep he struggled with the thought,
And waking with the effort of his prayers
The dream assail'd him still.
A wilder form
Sometimes his *poignant penitence* assumed,

force revived from intervals
ion, or exhausted rest;
back upon the stream of thought
to a self-excusing strain
and recall'd in long array
ad the secret impulses
abyss of wretchedness and guilt
ary victim. The evil hour
i him, when reluctantly
eldly counsel his assent,
an ill-assorted mate
dd unwilling hand: then came
tment of the barren bed,
ived, the soul dissatisfied,
love, and privacy from which
anish'd first, and peace too soon
s it strange that when he met
ed, . . a spirit like his own,
yet in affection mild,

t beneath some grievous malady,
o rouse up with re-collected strength,
e sick man doth feel within himself
d spring; so Roderick's better mind
o save him. Lo! the western sun
o'er the broad Atlantic; on the verge
ving ocean rests; retiring then
with it all its rays, and sudden night
e whole cope of Heaven. The penitent
y Romano's grave, and, falling prone,
with extended arms the funeral mould.
! he cried; Companion! only friend,
ll beside was lost! thou too art gone,
e poor sinner whom from utter death
ovidential hand preserved, once more
upon the gulph. I am too weak
itude, . . too vile a wretch to bear
erlasting commune with myself.
empter hath assail'd me; my own heart
ued with him; Despair hath laid the nets
my soul, and Memory, like a ghost,
me, and drives me to the toils. O Saint,
I was blest with thee, the hermitage
sure haven! Look upon me still.

ıblest, painfullest, severest path:
austerity, unheard of yet
fields of glory, or the sands
Egypt. Let me bind my brow
ns, and barefoot seek Jerusalem,
the way with blood; there day by day
on this guilty flesh the scourge,
egar and gall, and for my bed
ı extended limbs upon the Cross,
crucifixion! . . any thing
difficulty, bodily pain,
ıd outward suffering, . . any thing
ess and this dreadful solitude!
Father! let me hear thy voice
ı, O sainted Soul! or from the grave
thy penitent; even from the grave
re a voice of comfort.

Thus he cried,
e pressure of his burthen'd heart

dear lord Theodofred
, but in her face
pake a heavier load
e unmitigated woe: . .
l wretchedness than when
and the red-hot brass
ork, and in her arms she held
nd; wiped away the sweat
tures forced from every pore;
d lids with medicinal herbs,
hile for patience for herself
y'd for vengeance too, and found
er curses. In his dream,
t before her to beseech
she rais'd her hands to lay
him. But those hands
l casting a wild look around,
ice she cried, Will no one break
etters? Pedro, Theudemir,
e are ye? Roderick's arm
iefs of Spain, but where are ye?
, thou our surest hope,
ep? . . Awake, Pelayo! . . up! . .
a, Deliverer? . . But with that
nds, and lo! her form was changed!
he stood! a bloody Cross
reast-plate, in her shield display'd
p'd; her helmed head
eeynthian Goddess crown'd
in her dreadful hand the sword
d blazed. Anon the tramp
the din of multitudes
conflict, rung around;
the clang of sword and shield,
mult, strife and hate and rage,
yers, confusion, agony,
and death; and over all
tory . . . Spain and Victory!
strong vision master'd him,
e rejoicing: starting then,

his own effort burst the charm of sleep,
: found himself upon that lonely grave
moonlight and in silence. But the dream
rought in him still; for still he felt his heart
nt, and his wither'd arm was trembling still;
d still that voice was in his ear which call'd
1 Jesus for his sake.

Oh might he hear
hat actual voice! and if Rusilla lived, . .
shame and anguish for his crimes not yet
ad brought her to the grave, . . sure she would bless
er penitent child, and pour into his heart
ayers and forgiveness, which, like precious balm,
ould heal the wounded soul. Nor to herself
ss precious, or less healing, would the voice
at spake forgiveness flow. She wept her son
r ever lost, cut off with all the weight
unrepented sin upon his head,
which had weigh'd a nation down: . . what joy

III.

'Twas now the earliest morning; soon the Son,
Rising above Alhardos, pour'd his light
Amid the forest, and with ray aslant
Entering its depth, illumed the branchless pines,
Brighten'd their bark, tinged with a redder hue
'n rusty stains, and cast along the floor
ong lines of shadow, where they rose erect,
ike pillars of the temple. With slow foot
deriek pursued his way; for penitence,
morse which gave no respite, and the long
d painful conflict of his troubled soul,
l worn him down. Now brighter thoughts arose,
that triumphant Vision floated still
re his sight, with all her blazonry,
estled helm, and the victorious sword
flash'd like lightning o'er the field of blood.
n'd by thoughts like these, from morn till eve
urney'd, and drew near Leyria's walls.
even-song time, but not a bell was heard;
thereof, on her polluted towers,
the Moors to their unhallow'd prayer,
er stood, and with his sonorous voice
e delicious vale where Lena winds
groves and pastoral meads. The sound, the
ht
, girdle, robe, and scymitar,
y skins, awoke contending thoughts
shame, and anguish in the Goth;
ustom'd face of human-kind
im now, and through the streets he went

With a
Roderick received the
Fell on the money, and
Seeing his own royal in
Broke out into a quick
That seem'd like laught
In hollow groans suppre
Shrunk at the ghastly so
The name of Allah as he
A Christian woman spinn
Beheld him, and with suc
She laid her spindle by, a
Took bread, and following
And placing in his passive
She said, Christ Jesus for h
Have mercy on thee! With
Like idiotey he heard her,
Staring awhile; then bursti
Wept like a child, and thus
Full even to bursting else v
So through the streets, and
Did Roderick, reckless of a
With feeble yet with hurric
His agitated way; and wher
The open fields, and

that the shock of mingling first
low-kind was evanpast;
ng on, he greeted whom he met
rt interchange of benison
er gentle travellers give,
tus the power of social speech
long disused. When hunger prest
hus: slight supplication served;
e so pale and woe-begone
ity; and the marks it bore
mance and austerest life,
ng too of majesty that still
d the wreck, inspired a sense
too. The goatherd on the hills
rip for him; the babe in arms,
his visage, turn'd away,
to its mother's neck in tears
aim look up, and then again,
ew'd, shrink back. The bolder imps
eside the way, at his approach
ir sport for wonder, and stood still
me among them cried, A Saint!
matron when she gave him food
prayers; and one entreated him
aling hands upon her child,
re and hopeless malady
ng had laid, . . and sure, she said,
n of God.

Thus travelling on
ale where wild Arunca pours
rents; and the happier site
brica, whose ruin'd towers
f the fierce Alani's wrath.
he crost, not yet renown'd
rous lay; and left behind
whose foundation pious hands
l Monk and Bishop meekly toil'd, . .
sulting Arian given command.
palaces and rich domains
e *Moor's, and many* a weary age

wear the misbeliever's yoke,
ado's banner through her gate
mphant, and her hallow'd Mosque
ro of Bivar receive
od which he glorified so oft
us fields. Oh if the years
t then have risen on Roderick's s
kindled and consoled his heart! .
ht Douro's haven then have given,
gal, the faithful and the brave,
name illustrious! . . what, those w
dona one day will erect
town and towers, which shall becor
that famous monarchy!
lt these prophetic scenes have giv
vengeance on the Mussleman,
th foul defeat, and made to feel
wrongs he wrought to Spain:

he Blasphemer, . . impious prayer, . .
, when from unbelieving lips
utterance came. Then Roderick's heart
tion burnt, and then he long'd
again, that so, for Spain
his Redeemer thus renounced,
liet due punishment, and make
ns feel his wrath. But when he saw
n of the land, . . who, as they went
l step to church, were wont to shew
nt faces to all passers eyes,
ree from sin as when they look'd
and in praise to Heaven, . .
in Moorish mufflers, to the mosque
ompanied their jealous way,
m'd at that unhappy sight
within him, and he too
ave died, so death could bring with it
on.

Rent with thoughts like these,
hat city, once the seat renown'd
gs, where, in contempt of Rome
ong, the North's heroic race
rival throne; now from its state
ality debased and fall'n.
ns Nature o'er the lovely vale,
Queen rose Bracara august,
her gifts profuse; perennial springs
er habitants, and genial suns,
showers to bless the happy clime,
vain their gentle influences:
ervitude was there, who bow'd
eath the Moor, and silent grief
o the soul. The walls and stones
proach their dwellers; stately piles
'd, the mighty monuments
omp, Barbaric palaces,
halls, where haughty Barons late
eir faithful vassals with the feast
bowl, *alike the spoiler's now.*

ing these captive scenes behind, he crost
ido's silver current, and the banks
ima, through whose groves in after years,
rnful yet sweet, Diogo's amorous lute
ong'd its tuneful echoes. But when now
ond Arnoya's tributary tide,
came where Minho roll'd its ampler stream
Auria's ancient walls, fresh horrors met
startled view; for prostrate in the dust
se walls were laid, and towers and temples st
ering in frightful ruins, as the flame
left them, black and bare; and through the st
vith the recent wreck of war bestrewn,
net and turban, scymitar and sword,
stian and Moor in death promiscuous lay
where they fell; and blood-flakes, parch'd a
crack'd
the dry slime of some receding flood;
half-burnt bodies, which allured from far

n her rigid countenance
iish set a fixedness
n death.

She led him through the streets
ilong, where four low walls,
from the ruins round, enclosed
ee; and there upon the ground
lecently composed, were laid,
d all with wounds and clotted gore;
ancient, by his side
tron, for whose middle age,
aughter had not intervened)
n'd, and gentle Time, might well
. calm declining year in store;
armed warrior, on his breast
'er whom his arms were crost.
h firm eye and steady countenance,
, she addrest him, . . there they lie,
nd, Parents, . . Adosinda's all!
reak the earth with these poor hands,
nb provide, . . but let that pass!
s now but one wide tomb
bitants: . . What better grave?

J them on her eyes, and leaning on
: the open sepulchre.
But soon
iet mien collectedly, like one
n intense devotion, and the act
t prayer, arising, girds himself
world's daily business, . . she arose,
to Roderick, Help me now to raise
ering of the tomb.
With half-burnt planks
ne had gather'd for this funeral use,
of'd the vault; then laying stones above
sed it down; last, rendering all secure,
pon stones they piled, till all appear'd
und shapeless heap. Enough, she cried;
ing Roderick's hands in both her own,
ging them with fervent thankfulness,

Look here! she cried,
And drawing back, held forth her bloody hands, . .
'Tis Moorish! . . . In the day of massacre,
A captain of Alcahman's murderous host
Reserved me from the slaughter. Not because
My rank and station tempted him with thoughts
Of ransom, for amid the general waste
Of ruin all was lost: . . . Nor yet, be sure,
That pity moved him, . . they who from this race
Accurst for pity look, such pity find
As ravenous wolves shew the defenceless flock.
My husband at my feet had fall'n; my babe, . .
Spare me that thought, O God! . . and then . . even then
Amid the maddening throes of agony
Which rent my soul, . . when if this solid Earth
Had open'd and let out the central fire,
Before whose all-involving flames wide Heaven
Shall shrivel like a scroll and be consumed,
The universal wreck had been to me
Relief and comfort, . . . even then this Moor
Turn'd on me his libidinous eyes, and bade
Men reserve me safely for an hour
Dalliance, . . me! . . me in my agonies!
When I found for what this miscreant child
Hell had snatch'd me from the butchery,
The very horror of that monstrous thought
Did me from madness; I was calm at once, . .
Comforted and reconciled to life:
Ed became to me the life of life,
Urpose and its power.
The glutted Moors
Gth broke up. This hell-dog turn'd aside
D his home: We travelled fast and far,
A forest edge at eve he pitch'd
Ts. I wash'd and ate at his command,
Revolted nature! I composed
Nents and bound up my scatter'd hair:
En he took my hand, and to his couch
Ain have drawn me, gently I retired
T abominable touch, and said,

Forbear to-night I pray thee, for this day
A widow, as thou seest me, am I made;
Therefore, according to our law, must watch
And pray to-night. The loathsome villain pause
Ere he assented, then laid down to rest;
While at the door of the pavilion, I
Knelt on the ground, and bow'd my face to eart
But when the neighbouring tents had ceased th
The fires were out, and all were fast asleep,
Then I arose. The blessed Moon from Heaven
Lent me her holy light. I did not pray
For strength, for strength was given me as I dr
The scymitar, and, standing o'er his couch,
Raised it in both my hands with steady aim,
And smote his neck. Upward, as from a spring
When newly open'd by the husbandman,
The villain's life-blood spouted. Twice I strick

in silence Adelaida stood,
g his alter'd visage, and the thoughts
thus transfigured him. Aye, she continued,
le hath moved thee: it might move the dead,
en captivity's dead soul, and rouse
prostrate country from her mortal trance:
efore I live to tell it. And for this
the Lord God Almighty given to me
irit not mine own, and strength from Heaven;
ling with me as in the days of old
h that Bethulian Matron, when she saved
people from the spoiler. What remains,
t that the life which he hath thus preserved
onsecrate to him? Not veil'd and vow'd
pass my days in holiness and peace;
r yet between sepulchral walls immured,
live to penitence alone; my rule
e hath himself prescribed, and hath infused
passion in this woman's breast, wherein
ll passions and all virtues are combined:
Love, hatred, joy, and anguish, and despair,
And hope, and natural piety, and faith,
Make up the mighty feeling. Call it not
Revenge; thus sanctified and thus sublimed,
'Tis duty, 'tis devotion. Like the grace
Of God, it came and saved me; and in it
Spain must have her salvation. In thy hands
Here, on the grave of all my family,
I make my vow.

She said, and, kneeling down,
Placed within Roderick's palms her folded hands.
This life, she cried, I dedicate to God,
Therewith to do him service in the way
Which he hath shown. To rouse the land against
This impious, this intolerable yoke, . .
To offer up the invader's hateful blood, . .
This shall be my employ, my rule and rite,
Observances and sacrifice of faith;
For this I hold the life which he hath given,
A sacred trust; for this, when it shall suit

rvice, joyfully will lay it down.
ıl with me as I fulfil the pledge,
d my God, my Saviour and my Judge!

rising from the earth, she spread her arms,
ɔoking round with sweeping eyes, exclaim'd,
, and Spain, and Heaven, receive the vow!

IV.

THUS long had Roderick heard her powerful wo
In silence, awed before her; but his soul
Was fill'd the while with swelling sympathy,
And now with impulse not to be restrain'd
The feeling overpower'd him. Hear me too,
Auria, and Spain, and Heaven! he cried; and thou
Who risest thus above mortality,
Sufferer and patriot, saint and heroine,
The servant and the chosen of the Lord,
For surely such thou art, . . receive in me
The first fruits of thy calling. Kneeling then,
And placing as he spake his hands in hers,
As thou hast sworn, the royal Goth pursued,
Even so I swear: my soul hath found at length
Her rest and refuge; in the invader's blood
She must efface her stains of mortal sin,
And in redeeming this lost land, work out
Redemption for herself. Herein I place
My penance for the past, my hope to come,
My faith and my good works; here offer up
All thoughts and passions of mine inmost heart,
My days and nights, . . this flesh, this blood, this life
Yea this whole being, I devote it here
For Spain. Receive the vow, all Saints in Heaven,
And prosper its good end! . . . Clap now your wings
The Goth with louder utterance as he rose
Exclaim'd, . . clap now your wings exultingly,
Ye ravenous fowl of heaven; and in your dens
Set up, ye wolves of Spain, a yell of joy;
For lo! *a nation hath this* day been sworn

'o furnish forth your banquet; for a strife
iath been commenced, the which from this day
'ermits no breathing-time, and knows no end,
'ill in this land the last invader bow
lis neck beneath the exterminating sword.

aid I not rightly? Adosinda cried;
'he will which goads me on is not mine own,
'is from on high, . . yea, verily of Heaven!
ut who art thou who hast profess'd with me,
ly first sworn brother in the appointed rule?
'ell me thy name.
Ask any thing but that!
'he fallen King replied. My name was lost
'hen from the Goths the sceptre past away.
'he nation will arise regenerate;
trong in her second youth, and beautiful,
nd like a spirit which hath shaken off
'he clog of dull mortality, shall Spain

Is worthiest to lead on the sons of Spain,
And wear upon his brow the Spanish crown.
Now, brother, fare thee well! we part in hope,
And we shall meet again, be sure, in joy.

So saying, Adosinda left the King
Alone amid the ruins. There he stood,
As when Elisha, on the farther bank
Of Jordan, saw that elder prophet mount
The fiery chariot, and the steeds of fire,
Trampling the whirlwind, bear him up the sky:
Thus gazing after her did Roderick stand;
And as the immortal Tishbite left behind
His mantle and prophetic power, even so
Had her inspiring presence left infused
The spirit which she breathed. Gazing he stood,
As at a heavenly visitation there
Vouchsafed in mercy to himself and Spain;
And when the heroic mourner from his sight
Had past away, still reverential awe
Held him suspended there and motionless.
Then turning from the ghastly scene of death
Up murmuring Lona, he began toward
The holy Bierzo his obedient way.
Sil's ample stream he crost, where through the vale
Of Orras, from that sacred land it bears
The whole collected waters: northward then,
Skirting the heights of Aguiar, he reach'd
That consecrated pile, amid the wild,
Which sainted Fructuoso in his zeal
Rear'd to St. Felix, on Visonia's banks.

In commune with a priest of age mature,
Whose thoughtful visage and majestic mien
Bespake authority and weight of care,
Odoar, the venerable Abbot, sate;
When ushering Roderick in, the Porter said,
A stranger came from Auria, and required
His private ear. From Auria? said the old man.

hou from Auria, brother? I can spare
ıful errand then, . . we know the worst.

wer'd Roderick, but thou hast not heard
Where that devoted city lies
mid the ruins and the dead
ı woman, whom the Moors had borne
away; but she, by Heaven inspired
good heart, with her own arm had wrought
ı deliveranee, smiting in his tent
l Moorish miscreant, as of yore
th's holy deed the Assyrian fell.
t same spirit which had strengthen'd her
in her still. Four walls with patient toil
'd, wherein, as in a sepulchre,
r own hands she laid her murder'd babe,
band and her parents, side by side;
en we cover'd in this shapeless tomb,
n the grave of all her family,

ıal exclaim'd the good old man,
nds, which trembled as he spake,
passion raised to Heaven, . .
dsinds! . . none but she, . .
noble heart, which was the heart
it stood, its life and strength,
father's presence, or the arm
rd, all valiant as he was.
irit which inspired old age,
ood, girls in timid youth,
the beauty of their spring,
mothers, doting like herself
ous love: She breathed through all
hat devoted faithfulness,
vander's threats and promises
ar alike; which in the head
uperous fortune check'd his course,
om the walls; and when at length
ng numbers forced their way,
termost extremity
l from street to street, from house
floor to floor, maintain'd the fight;
ars falling, in their doors,
ousehold hearths, and by their beds
d their fathers' sepulchres,
y, gloriously revenged,
martyrdom. Heroic souls!
me, and righteously discharged
art! Your service is perform'd,
arfare done! Ye have put on
e of everlasting peace!
d your crown! Ye bear the palm
ne of Grace!

With that he paused,
rong emotions of his soul.
emn tone addressing him
secret thoughts, Thou know'st, he said
ey have not fall'n in vain;
ous sacrifice they thinn'd

ıman's thousands, and his broken force,
austed by their dear-bought victory,
n'd back from Auria, leaving us to breathe
ıng our mountains yet. We lack not here
d hearts, nor valiant hands. What walls or tov
attlements are like these fastnesses,
se rocks and glens and everlasting hills?
: but that Aurian spirit, and the Moors
l spend their force as idly on these holds,
ound the rocky girdle of the land
wild Cantabrian billows waste their rage.
: but that spirit? .. Heaven hath given it us,
.dosinda thus, as from the dead,
;ranted to our prayers!
And who art thou,
l Urban, who hast taken on thyself
s rule of warlike faith? Thy countenance
' those poor weeds bespeak a life ere this

His were the worthy heart and rightful hand
To wield the sceptre and the sword of Spain.

Odoar and Urban eyed him while he spake,
As if they wonder'd whose the tongue might be
Familiar thus with Chiefs and thoughts of state.
They scann'd his countenance, but not a trace
Betray'd the royal Goth: sunk was that eye
Of sovereignty; and on the emaciate cheek
Had penitence and anguish deeply drawn
Their furrows premature, .. forestalling time,
And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows
Than threescore winters in their natural course
Might else have sprinkled there. It seems indeed
That thou hast past thy days in solitude,
Replied the Abbot, or thou wouldst not ask
Of things so long gone by. Athanagild
And Theudemir have taken on their necks
The yoke. Sacaru play'd a nobler part.
Long within Merida did he withstand
The invader's hot assault; and when at length,
Hopeless of all relief, he yielded up
The gates, disdaining in his father's land
To breathe the air of bondage, with a few
Found faithful to the last, indignantly
Did he toward the ocean bend his way,
And shaking from his feet the dust of Spain,
Took ship, and hoisted sail through seas unknown
To seek for freedom. Our Cantabrian Chiefs
All have submitted, but the wary Moor
Trusteth not all alike: At his own Court
He holds Pelayo, as suspecting most
That calm and manly spirit; Pedro's son
There too is held as hostage, and secures
His father's faith; Count Eudon is despised,
And so lives unmolested. When he pays
His tribute, an uncomfortable thought
May then perhaps disturb him: .. or more like
He meditates how profitable 'twere
To be a *Moor; and if apostacy*

Were all, and to be unbaptized might serve,
But I waste breath upon a wretch like this;
Pelayo is the only hope of Spain,
Only Pelayo.

If, as we believe,
Said Urban then, the hand of Heaven is here
And dreadful though they be, yet for wise en
Of good, these visitations do its work;
All dimly as our mortal sight may scan
The future, yet methinks my soul descries
How in Pelayo should the purposes
Of Heaven be best accomplish'd. All too long,
Here in their own inheritance, the sons
Of Spain have groan'd beneath a foreign yok
Punic and Roman, Kelt, and Goth, and Gree
This latter tempest comes to sweep away

Me! Roderick cried;
that I am! . . and while he spake
'd cheek grew paler, and his limbs
thou guest among the infidels,
e Primate, many thou wilt find
the faith; by weakness some betray'd,
stray by baser hope of gain,
too by ill example led
whom they trusted. Yet have these
ly hours, when sorrow, or the touch
, and that awful power divine
h its dwelling in the heart of man,
soul, his monitor and judge,
with silent impulse; but they look
nd finding none to succour them,
uddo momentz passeth by.
my brother, in the name of Christ
hands on thee, that in His name
His gracious promises may'st raise
and comfort those that are in need,
salvation to the penitent.
er, go thy way: the peace of God
ee, and his blessing prosper us!

BETWEEN St. Felix and the regal seat
Of Abdalazis, ancient Cordoba,
Lay many a long day's journey interposed;
And many a mountain range hath Roderiel
And many a lovely vale, ere he beheld
Where Betis, winding through the unbound
Roll'd his majestic waters. There at eve
Entering an inn, he took his humble seat
With other travellers round the crackling h
Where heath and cistus gave their fragrant
That flame no longer, as in other times,
Lit up the countenance of easy mirth
And light discourse: the talk which now we
Was of the grief that prest on every heart;
Of Spain subdued; the sceptre of the Goths
Broken; their nation and their name efface
Slaughter and mourning, which had left no
Unvisited, and shame, which set its mark
On every Spaniard's face. One who had see
His sons fall bravely at his side, bewail'd
The unhappy chance which, rescuing him

ly child forsake him in his age,
r a Moor renounce her hope in Christ.
ng the heaviest grief of all, he said;
sloughing as he spake his hoary locks,
nned King Roderick's soul.
Oh curse him not!
drink confusion'd, all shuddering as he spake.
, for the love of Jesus, curse him not!
ffident is the dreadful load of guilt
Which lies upon his miserable soul
O brother, do not curse that sinful soul,
Which Jesus suffer'd on the cross to save!

But then an old man, who had sate thus long
A silent listener, from his seat arose,
And moving round to Roderick took his hand;
Christ bless thee, brother, for that christian speech!
He said; and shame on me that any tongue
Readier than mine was found to utter it!
His own emotion stiff'd him while he spake,
So that he did not feel how Roderick's hand
Shook like a palsied limb; and none could see
How at his well-known voice, the countenance
Of that poor traveller suddenly was changed,
And sunk with deadlier paleness; for the flame
Was spent, and from behind him, on the wall
High hung, the lamp with feeble glimmering play'd

Oh it is ever thus! the old man pursued,
The crimes and woes of universal Spain
Are charged on him; and curses which should aim
At living heads, pursue beyond the grave
His poor unhappy soul! As if his sin
Had wrought the fall of our old monarchy!
As if the Musslemen in their career
Would ne'er have overleapt the gulph which par
Iberia from the Mauritanian shore,
If Julian had not beckon'd them! . . . Alas!
The evils which drew on our overthrow,

But human tongue must neve
Without reproach and utter in
For that abhorred act. Even th
Siverian taking up the word, b
Unwittingly the incautious spe
Quoth he, who nurst him in hi
Even I can only for that deed o
Offer in agony my secret praye
But Spain hath witnessed other
Have we not seen Favila's sham
Throned in Witiza's ivory car,
Our towns with regal pageantry
The murderous tyrant in her hu
Dip his adulterous hand? Did we
Pelayo, by that bloody king's pur
And that unnatural mother, from
With open outcry, like an outlaw
Hunted? And saw ye not Theodof
As through the streets I guided h
Roll mournfully toward the noon
His blank and senseless eye-balls?
And suffer'd it. . . . I seek not to
The sin of Roderick. Jesu, who b
The burning tears I shed in solitu

ut if your sorrow needs must have its vent
n curses, let your imprecations strike
The caitiffs, who, when Roderick's horned helm
Rose eminent amid the thickest fight,
Betraying him who spared and trusted them,
Forsook their King, their Country, and their God,
And gave the Moor his conquest.
Aye! they said,
These were Witiza's hateful progeny;
And in an evil hour the unhappy King
Had spared the viperous brood. With that they talk'd
How Sisibert and Ebba through the land
Guided the foe; and Orpas, who had cast
The mitre from his renegado brow,
Went with the armies of the infidels;
And how in Hispalis, even where his hands
Had minister'd so oft the bread of life,
The circumcised apostate did not shame
To shew in open day his turban'd head...
The Queen too, Egilona, one exclaim'd;
Was she not married to the Enemy,
The Moor, the Misbeliever? What a soul
Were hers, that she could pride and plume herself
To rank among his herd of concubines,
Having been what she had been! And who could say
How far domestic wrongs and discontent
Had wrought upon the King!... At this the old man,
Raising beneath the knit and curly brow
His mournful eyes, replied, This I can tell,
That that unquiet spirit and unblest,
Though Roderick never told his sorrows, drove
Rusilla from the palace of her son.
She could not bear to see his generous mind
Wither beneath the unwholesome influence,
And cankering at the core. And I know well,
That oft when she deplored his barren bed,
The thought of Egilona's qualities
Came like a bitter medicine to her grief,
And to the extinction of her husband's line,
Sad consolation, *reconciled her heart.*

ıt Roderiek while they communed thus, had
ɔ hear, such painfullest anxiety
he sight of that old venerable man
woke. A sickening fear came over him:
ıe hope which led him from his hermitage
ɔw seem'd for ever gone; for well he knew
ɔthing but death could break the ties which l
ıat faithful servant to his father's house.
e, then, for whose forgiveness he had yearn'
ho in her blessing would have given and fou
ıe peace of Heaven, . . she, then, was to the
ɔne down disconsolate at last: in this
'all the woes of her unhappy life
ıhappiest, that she did not live to see
ɔd had vouchsafed repentance to her child.
ıt then a hope arose that yet she lived;
ıe weighty cause which led Siverian here
ight draw him from her side: better to know
e worst than fear it. And with that he bent

ating hands upon my head;
: name have I myself for Spain
ell me now why thou art sent
; for sure thou goest not
er to the Conqueror's court.

st well, the old man replied. I too
ntabrian Prince, the hope of Spain,
tidings charged, for other end
't such as well may work with thine.
listress sends me to avert
hat threats his house. The renegade
e who for the infidels
egio, insolently woos
fouldled in a wicked womb,
hy Guisla hath inherited
's leprous taint; and willingly
ircumcised and upstart slave,
ill admonishment, gives ear.
laudiosa sees in this,
ick foresight of maternal care,
ling danger to her husband's house,
s generous spirit ne'er will brook
ianee. Guisla lewdly sets

Father, said Roderick, as they jou
Let this thing be a seal and sacra
Of truth between us: Wherefore
Concealment between two right
In evil days like these? What tho
Is but the first fruit of the sacrifi
Which on this injured and pollut
As on a bloody altar, I have swor
To offer to insulted Heaven for
Her vengeance and her expiatior
Was but a hasty act, by sudden
Provoked: but I am bound for C
On weighty mission from Visoni
To breathe into Pelayo's ear a v
Of spirit-stirring power, which, li
Of the Arch-angel, shall awake d
The northern mountaineers are
They call upon Pelayo for their
Odoar and Urban tell him that t
Is come. Thou too, I ween, old
With no light errand, or thou w
Have left the ruins of thy maste

Who art thou? cried Siverian, as

e like a child, that I can weep;
ld else have broken, overcharged,
rvant, should lie down to rest
rk is done.

Hard by their path,
ithout the walls, there stood
ereto, as by a spell,
rt was drawn. Brother, quoth he,
rgeney of our return
no retardment; and this spot
if I should pass, and leave
eech you turn with me,
ffer up one duteous prayer.

le no reply. He had not dared
ee towards those walls; but now
here the old man led the way.
eart the silent sufferer said,
eble soul, which would have shrunk
for what am I that I should put
p aside! Oh let my shame
be accepted in thy sight!

VI.

THE mansion whitherward they went, w
Which in his youth Theodofred had built:
Thither had he brought home in happy ho
His blooming bride; there fondled on his k
The lovely boy she bore him. Close beside,
A temple to that Saint he rear'd, who first,
As old tradition tells, proclaim'd to Spain

ntiely Pelayo's name,
'er mercy in despair,
de her dreadful end, and here
dy was deposited.
nan'd to desecrate the place:
usurper shunn'd it with the heart
lt; nor could Rusilla bear
l bowers, which, like funereal shades,
their monumental forms:
and severe delight,
came for vengeance, she endured,
e left her bridal halls.

shold yon princely pile,
m, with what other thoughts
f spirit, did I pass
The weedery which through
f those neglected courts
ourish'd long, and seeded there,
rw and bruised beneath the feet
wds. Here drawn in fair array,
als of my master's house,
arkling to the morning sun,
mphant banners; high-plumed helms
rtial ranks, and prancing steeds
the trumpet's stirring voice;
wers shook the dull silence off
eir deserted walls had clung,
ling echoes swell'd the shout
rious Roderick. Louder rose
, when the dust was seen
is chariot-wheels far off;
e youthful hero came,
the multitude were hush'd,
usands and ten thousands here,
and Hispalis sent forth, . .
nties, all Spain pour'd out
mph, . . . not a whisper rose
awe and reverence master'd them,
held them motionless.

Conqueror and King he came; but with no jo
Of conquest, and no pride of sovereignty
That day display'd; for at his father's grave
Did Roderick come to offer up his vow
Of vengeance well perform'd. Three coal-bla
Drew on his ivory chariot: by his side,
Still wrapt in mourning for the long-deceased
Rusilla sate; a deeper paleness blanch'd
Her faded countenance, but in her eye
The light of her majestic nature shone.
Bound, and expecting at their hands the deat
So well deserved, the Tyrant followed them;
Aghast and trembling, first he gazed around,
Wildly, from side to side; then from the face
Of universal execration shrunk,
Hanging his wretched head abased; and poor
Of spirit, with unmanly tears deplored

so beautiful, so great
t even on that glorious day,
field of victory, elevate
usands who acclaim'd him King,
hield, above their heads upraised,
d, and waved his bloody sword. . .
u shake thy head as if in doubt?
m, nor fable! Ten short years
r past away, since all within
n hills, and the three seas
Spain, echoed in one response
ion from that field of fight. . .
t ail thee, that thy body quakes
thus?

'Tis but a chill, replied
passing from the open air
adow of this thick-set grove.

me awoke in thee such thoughts
bosom here, the old man pursued,
shade, and all things from without,
se indifferent. Gracious God,
short years, . . and all so changed!
ars since in yon court he check'd
ds. The steeds obey'd his hand,
; wheels stood still, and when he leapt
vement, the whole people heard,
silence, open-ear'd, the sound.
movement from the ivory seat
her arm, as down she stept,
her son's supporting hand;
lt of firm or agile strength,
feeling of that solemn hour
then, and tears bedimm'd her sight.
n to her husband's grave she came,
thral stone she bow'd her head
rose collectedly, and fix'd
me her calm and steady eye.
ah when did valour wear a form
so noble, so august?

vengeance, when did it put on before
haracter so awful, so divine?
leriek stood up, and reaching to the tomb
hands, my hero cried, Theodofred!
her! I stand before thee once again,
ording to thy prayer, when kneeling down
ween thy knees I took my last farewell;
l vow'd by all thy sufferings, all thy wrongs,
l by my mother's days and nights of woe,
silent anguish, and the grief which then
n from thee she did not seek to hide,
it if our cruel parting should avail
save me from the Tyrant's jealous guilt,
ely should my avenging sword fulfil
ate'er he omen'd. Oh that time, I eried,
give the strength of manhood to this arm
dy would it find a manly heart
guide it to its purpose? And I swore
r again to see my father's face,

nd wide; and when the King
the silence which ensued,
ns were heard, link against link
h upon his knees he fell,
trembling hands, outstretch'd
Mercy! he exclaim'd, . .
darkness, . . any thing but death! . .
life.
Roderick replied,
r it had come, had found
e lived in peace with Heaven,
for him, was bliss delay'd.
nd darkness and despair,
as as thou art with crimes,
him hence, and let him see
o more!
Such Roderick wa
hese courts, . . his theatre
hen last I visited
! Ten years have hardly held
n little years . . break, break, old

tough!
As thus he spake
church. The door before his hand
inded with their tears, they went
ab; and there Siverian knelt,
upon the sepulchre,
hile Roderick, overpower'd,
earth to cover him,
strate on his father's grave.

an awful voice in tones
ern. Who are ye, it said,
sion thus, and on this night
? . . Starting they rose: there stood
n of majestic form
in sackcloth, bare of foot,
with ashes on his head.

VII.

'TWAS not in vain that on her absent
Pelayo's mother, from the bed of death,
Call'd for forgiveness, and in agony
Besought his prayers; all guilty as she was
Sure he had not been human, if that cry
Had fail'd to pierce him. When he heard
He blest the messenger, even while his sp
Was faltering, . . while from head to foot
With icy feelings from his inmost heart

za, and the land was free,
r grave he offer'd up
rifice of agony
his was the night, and he it was,
re Siverian and the King
ckcloth.
The old man, from fear
nd from wonder, knew him first.
e! he cried; and bending down
knees. The action and the word
leriek; he shook off the load
thoughts, which, pressing on his heart,
one entranced; yet, all untaught
e the face of man, confused
d, forgetful of his part.
erian cried, My Lord, my Lord,
raised that I have found thee thus,
Prince, Spain's only hope and mine!
k, echoing him, exclaim'd, My Lord
'elayo! . . and approaching near,
nee obeisant: but his head
clined: while the old man, looking up
gesture to Pelayo's face,
lding him for grief and joy.

l the Chief, . . of whom hath Death
that thou comest to Cordoba? . .
vife? . . Or hath the merciless scythe
'd and jealous tyranny
se desolate at one wide sweep?
ou couldst wish, the old man replied,
t lord of thine own house again,
re Spain once more. A tale of ill
s which touches not the heart
fears forebode. The renegade
es thy sister, and she lends
ive, unworthily, her ear:
udiosa hath in vain
f all the evils which await

Passive beneath the sorrow: turning then
And what doth Gaudiosa counsel me?
He ask'd the old man; for she hath ever b
My wise and faithful counsellor. . . He re
The Lady Gaudiosa bade me say
She sees the danger which on every part
Besets her husband's house. . . Here she h
But when my noble mistress gave in char
How I should tell thee that in evil times
The bravest counsels ever are the best;
Then that high-minded Lady thus rejoin'
Whatever be my Lord's resolve, he know
I bear a mind prepared.

Brave spirits! er
Pelayo, worthy to remove all stain
Of weakness from their sex! I should be l
Than man, if, drawing strength where ot
Their hearts most open to assault of fear
I quail'd at danger. Never be it said
Of Spain, that in the hour of her distress
Her women were as heroes, but her men
Perform'd the woman's part!

Silent, and ...
O thou poor dust, hath then the ir
Survived thy dread remorse, that
In Guisla's veins? he cried; . . I sl
This shameful sorrow any where
Humble thyself, proud heart; . . t
Be merciful! . . it is the original f
And what are we? . . a weak unh
Born to our sad inheritanee of si
And death! . . He smote his foreh
And from his head the ashes fell
Shaken from some dry beech le
Lights on the bending spray. A
In silence, rather than in thoug
Passive beneath the sorrow: tur
And what doth Gaudiosa couns
He ask'd the old man; for she l
My wise and faithful counsello
The Lady Gaudiosa bade me s
She sees the danger which on
Besets her husband's house. . .
But when my noble mistress g
How I should tell thee that in
The bravest counsels ever are
Then that high-minded Lady

Roderick at that
d taking up the word, exclaim'd,
better days the pride of Spain,
e as she lies, her surest hope,
tale. The fire which seem'd extinct
evigorate: a living spark
s ashes, by a woman's hand
d quicken'd, kindles far and wide
flame o'er all the Asturian hills.
vow been offer'd up, which binds
hildren's children to the work
d. In the name of Spain
ith been pronounced, and register'd
the bond whereby we stand
ation or acceptance. Heaven
e irrevocable vow, and Earth
s is fulfilment; Earth and Heaven
see, Pelayo! Upon thee
of thy royal ancestors
expectant; unto thee, from fields
and hamlets burnt, and cities sack'd,
f infancy and helpless age
ry native mountains call for thee,
m all their armed sons thy name.
ot thou that hot impatience goads
ymen to counsels immature:
Urban from Visonia's banks
eir sworn and trusted messenger,
thee, and tell thee in their name
he hour is come: For sure it seems,
the Primate, Heaven's high will to rear
il of Spain a Spanish throne,
n thy native line, O Prince,
to the Spaniard. Worthy son
st ancient and heroic race,
unweariable endurance still
n against its mightier enemies,
Carthaginian, Greek or Goth;
superior arms oppress,
by superior arts beguiled;

Yet amid all its sufferings, all the waste
Of sword and fire remorselessly employed,
Unconquer'd and unconquerable still; . .
Son of that injured and illustrious stock
Stand forward thou; draw forth the sword of Spain,
Restore them to their rights, too long withheld,
And place upon thy brow the Spanish crown.

When Roderick ceased, the princely mountaineer
Gazed on the passionate orator awhile,
With eyes intently fix'd, and thoughtful brow;
Then turning to the altar, he let fall
The sackcloth robe, which late with folded arms
Against his heart was prest; and stretching forth
His hands toward the crucifix, exclaim'd,
My God and my Redeemer! where but here,
Before thy awful presence, in this garb,
With penitential ashes thus bestrewn,
Could I as fitly answer to the call

l his accepted sacrifice,
'ore in his soul he felt that peace
ows painful duty well perform'd, . .
l heavenly peace, . . the peace of God.

VIII.

FAIN would Pelayo have that hour obey'd
The call, commencing his adventurous flight,
As one whose soul impatiently endured
His country's thraldom, and in daily prayer
Imploring her deliverance, cried to Heaven,
How long, O Lord, how long! . . But other thou
Curbing his spirit, made him yet awhile
Sustain the weight of bondage. Him alone,
Of all the Gothic baronage, the Moors

Their only danger, ever he observed,
Was from Pelayo; root his lineage out,
The Caliph's empire then would be secure,
And universal Spain, all hope of change
Being lost, receive the Prophet's conquering law.
Then did the Arch-villain urge the Moor at once
To cut off future peril, telling him
Death was a trusty keeper, and that none
E'er broke the prison of the grave. But here
Keen malice overshot its mark: The Moor,
Who from the plunder of their native land
Had bought the recreant crew that join'd his arms
Or cheaplier with their own possessions bribed
Their sordid souls, saw through the flimsy show
Of policy wherewith they sought to cloak
Old enmity, and selfish aims: he scorn'd
To let their private purposes incline
His counsels, and believing Spain subdued,
Smiled, in the pride of power and victory,
Disdainful at the thought of farther strife.
Howbeit he held Pelayo at his court,
And told him that until his countrymen
Submissively should lay their weapons down,
He from his children and paternal hearth
Apart must dwell; nor hope to see again
His native mountains and their vales beloved,
Till all the Asturian and Cantabrian hills
Had bow'd before the Caliph; Cordoba
Must be his nightly prison till that hour.
This night, by special favour from the Moor
Ask'd and vouchsafed, he past without the walls,
Keeping his yearly vigil; on this night
Therefore the princely Spaniard could not fly,
Being thus in strongest bonds by honour held.
Nor would he by his own escape expose
To stricter bondage, or belike to death,
Count Pedro's son. The ancient enmity
Of rival houses from Pelayo's heart
Had, like a thing forgotten, past away:
He pitied *child and parent*, separated

A gentle heart, a soul affectionate,
A joyous spirit fill'd with generous thou
And genius heightening and ennobling
The blossom of all manly virtues made
His boyhood beautiful. Shield, gracious
In this ungenial season perilous, . .
Thus would Pelayo sometimes breathe
The aspirations of prophetic hope, . .
Shield, gracious Heaven, the blooming
This goodly promise, for thy people's s
Yield its abundant fruitage.

When the
With hope and fear and grief and shan
And sad remembrance, and the shadow
Of days before him, thronging as in dre
Whose quick succession fill'd and over
Awhile the unresisting faculty,
Could in the calm of troubled thoughts
Seek in his heart for counsel, his first e
Was for the boy; how best they might e
The Moor, and renegade's more watch
And leaving in some unsuspicious guis
The city, through what unfrequented
Safeliest pursue with speed their dang

n the sinful woman's grave,
nd there, a light from Heaven.
d Pelayo, even so!
mentary interval,
ot expelling thought, had left his mind
nsive to the influence
nce, his vacant eye was there, . .
venly Father, even so!
r vivifying goodness shed
here; for let not thou the groans
itence, nor my bitter prayers
ency-seat, be heard in vain! . .
er soul, who from the dolorous house
nd of pain, dost look to me
nd assuage thy penal term,
ot these hours in other thoughts
ities than this garb, this night,
d thus have past! . . Our mother-land
y heart the sacrifice;
vigil must thy son perform
n woods and mountain fastnesses,
elds, outwatching for her sake
et, and ready for the work
e the sun begins his course.

ountaineer, concluding then
rayer the service of the night,
Without the porch awaiting him
nso, pacing to and fro
step, and eye reverted oft.
forward when he heard the door
eavy hinges, ran to him,
d him with smiles of youthful love.
ratching yonder moon, quoth he,
pale and paler as the sun
flying shades: but woe is me,
wers of Cordoba the while
crescent glitter'd in the morn,
insolent triumph seem'd to mock
had found. . . Last night I dreamt

IX.

THERE sate a woman like a suppli
Muffled and cloak'd, before Pelayo's g
Awaiting when he should return that
She rose at his approach, and bow'd h
And, with a low and trembling utterai
Besought him to vouchsafe her speech
In privacy. And when they were alon
And the doors closed, she knelt and c
Saying, A boon! a boon! This night, C
Hast thou kept vigil for thy mother's s
For her soul's sake, and for the soul o
Whom once, in happier days, of all m
Thou heldest for thy chosen bosom fri
Oh for the sake of his poor suffering s
Refuse me not!

How should I dare r
Being thus adjured! he answer'd. Th
Is granted, woman, . . be it what it ma
So it be lawful, and within the bound

od confused: he had not seen
an's daughter since in Roderick
in beauty and in innocence,
rision, in her joy she moved:
poet's dream, or form divine,
rototype of perfect womanhood,
as the presence, . . than a thing
l perishable elements.
seen her in her winding sheet,
would that spectacle have proved
with the dead, and piety
atient hope to those who mourn
rted: but this alter'd face,
adly sorrow character'd,
ike a ghost, which in the grave
rest. He, taking her cold hand,
l would have spoken; but his tong
ce, and could only speak
compassionate her name.

y sooth'd and melted her;
rince bade her be comforted,
alous aid in whatsoe'er
to appoint, a feeble smile
her pale countenance,
a marble statue. Heaven
ceel she answer'd. All I ask
ng-place, wherein
prayer and humble hope,
liverance. Even this
ate denies me here.
own too widely and too well
ember. I could bear
stian ordinances;
hath saved me too, and made
'd tabernacle,
God doth not disdain
ine. And I could bear
my father's brow, . .
ows, . . shame of shames, . .

Yet to be borne, while I with tears of blood,
And throes of agony, in his behalf
Implore, and wrestle with offended Heaven.
This I have borne resign'd: but other ills
And worse assail me now; the which to bear,
If to avoid be possible, would draw
Damnation down. Orpas, the perjured Priest,
The apostate Orpas, claims me for his bride.
Obdurate as he is, the wretch profanes
My sacred woe, and woos me to his bed,
The thing I am, . . the living death thou seest!

Miscreant! exclaim'd Pelayo. Might I meet
That renegado sword to scymitar
In open field, never did man approach
The altar for the sacrifice in faith
More sure, than I should hew the villain down!

worse than fatherless, I come
ecour. Send me secretly, . .
w all faithful hearts must be
m, . . with a trusty guide
on the way, that I may reach
an land, where Christian rites are free,
charge a vow, alas! too long,
elay'd. Aid me in this
's sake, Pelayo! and thy name
ember'd in my latest prayer.

d! the Prince replied; but when
f comfort, twice did he break off
ords, feeling that earth had none
irremediable as hers.
he took her hand, and pressing it,
ng through involuntary tears
l smile affectionate, he said,
hat thou art friendless while I live!
ld'st not to a readier ear have told
ows, nor have ask'd in fitter hour
my country's honour, for my rank,
, and sacred knighthood. I am bound
to perform; . . which not to do
how me undeserving of the names
, Prince, Christian, even of Man. This day.
epare to take thy lot with me,
n as evening closes meet me here.
ring blessings with them, and I hold
ing for a happy augury,
nost awful crisis of my fate.

X.

WITH sword and breast-plate under rustic weed
Conceal'd, at dusk Pelayo past the gate,
Florinda following near, disguised alike.
Two peasants on their mules they seem'd, at eve
Returning from the town. Not distant far,
Alphonso by the appointed orange-grove,
With anxious eye and agitated heart,
Watch'd for the Prince's coming. Eagerly
At every foot-fall through the gloom he strain'd

e! and with that thought the form
laughter, to his soul

Soon by devious tracks
The favouring moon arose,
heir flight through upland paths
entage, and dales retired,
n glen. Before their feet
ning in the woodland shade,
ks, and twinkled round their way;
bird, starting at their step,
et, with shrill note of fear;
in the peopled dell,
ng sounds of eve had ceased,
log's voice at times was heard,
er wolf. All through the night
y travell'd silently;
were setting, at what hour
en is coldest, they beheld
ve the expected fire,
d his comrade anxiously
inted meeting. Halting there,
hen and the bit relieved
rs, and around the fire
food and grateful rest.

ne replenish'd; it illumed
row'd rind, its rifts and swells
, and where its aged boughs
vellers, cast upon the leaves
realizing gleam.
heart, upon the heath
ead, in happy dreams
ul Hoya slept beside.
o old Siverian brought
the Prince himself,
nature's gentle will,
hile. Florinda sate
k with fix'd eyes intent,
f the countenance

Whereon they dwelt; in other tho
Collecting fortitude for what she
Yet trembled to perform. Her ste
Disturb'd the Goth, albeit he little
What agony awaited him that hou
Her face, well nigh as changed as
Half-hidden, and the lustre of her
Extinct; nor did her voice awake
One startling recollection when a
So alter'd were its tones.

Father,

All thankful as I am to leave behi
The unhappy walls of Cordoba, n
Of consolation doth my heart rece
At sight of one to whom I may di
The sins which trouble me, and at
Lay down repentantly, in Jesus' n

ving told her name, she bow'd her head,
ding a short and silent prayer to Heaven,
, as the penitent, she wrought herself
en to his eye her hidden wounds.

n, at length she said, all tongues amid
general ruin shed their bitterness
oderick, load his memory with reproach,
with their curses pursuate his soul. . . .
thouldst thou tell me this? exclaimed the Goth,
his cold firehead wiping as he spake
death-like moisture . . Why of Roderick's guilt
me? Or thinkest thou I know it not?
! who hath not heard the hideous tale
Roderick's shame! Babes learn it from their nurses,
children, by their mothers unreproved,
their first execrations to his name.
it hath caught a taint of infamy,
t, like Iscariot's, through all time shall last,
ding and fresh for ever!

There! she cried,
ving her body backward where she knelt,
stretching forth her arms with head upraised, . .
re! it pursues me still . . I came to thee,
er, for comfort, and thou heapest fire
n my head. But hear me patiently,
let me undeceive thee! self-abased,
to arraign another, do I come; . .
me a self-accuser, self-condemned,
ake upon myself the pain deserved;
I have drank the cup of bitterness,
having drank therein of heavenly grace,
ist not put away the cup of shame.

s as she spake she faultered at the close,
in that dying fall her voice sent forth
ewhat of its original sweetness. Thou! . .
u self-abased! exclaim'd the astonish'd King; . .
u self-condemn'd! . . The cup of shame for thee! . .
e . . thee, *Florinda!* . . . But the very excess

check'd his speech, restraining thus
ıer transport, which had haply else
im; and he sate like one entranced,
ɔon that countenance so fall'n,
l: her face, raised from its muffler now,
d toward him, and the fire-light shone
mortal paleness; but the shade
the King.

She roused him from the spell
d him like a statue motionless.
quoth she, dost join the general curse,
who when he sees a felon's grave,
stone there as he passes by,
e heap of shame. Oh what are we,
tures as we are, that we should sit
nt man on man! and what were we
merciful should mete to us
ıame rigorous measure wherewithal
-inner metes! But God beholds

ne in innocence, betray'd
g heart; nor me alone,
whom, shining as he shone
is noble, whatsoe'er
never good and great,
d nobes, . . him, alas!
ing; this exalted Prince,
all his royalty of soul,
'd, this assured love,
untable fall betray
Thus it was: the King,
ahl statesmen ill-adviserd,
mate had bound himself
ne. Wherefore should I tell
n Egilona's form,
r, lavishing her gifts,
n from the graver's hands,
ollowness beneath
ll? For the love of pomp
nity, hath she not incurr'd
ender of good men, the gibes
ry, the reproach of all;
ost holy sacrament
become chief of the wives
the Infidel,
yrant-enemy of Spain!
w; but they alone who knew
was can judge his wretchedness,
rit and unfeeling heart
lage bound. No children rose
ory union, towards whom
ove within his soul confined
y and fulness; nor was he
, of the vulgar crew,
nous appetite can find
ture seeks. Alas for man!
h diseases him, frail worm!
ns of untoward chance
ortunes from the even line,
ndon, swerve aside.

Aye, thou may'st groan for poor
Well, Father, may'st thou groan

Made me an inmate of the royal
And Roderick found in me, if n
Like his, . . for who was like th
One which at least felt his surpa
And loved him for himself. . . A
Bear with me, reverend Father,
Upon the point, and this long p
As justice bids, to palliate his of
Not mine. The passion, which I
Such as fond sisters for a brothe
Grew day by day, and strengthe
Till the beloved presence was b
Needful as food or necessary sle
My hope, light, sunshine, life, a

vere Tagus rolls between his rocks
lone, alone I met the King.
enance was troubled, and his speech
of one whose tongue to light discourse
nstrain'd, betrays a heart disturb'd;
eit unconscious of his thoughts,
xious looks reveal'd what wandering words
assay'd to hide. A little while
oppressive intercourse endure,
t eyes met in silence, each to each
g their mutual tale, then consciously
her fell abash'd. He took my hand
aid, Florinda, would that thou and I
er had met; Oh what a blissful lot
then been mine, who might have found in thee
sweet companion and the friend endeared,
uitful wife and crown of earthly joys!
u too should'st then have been of womankind
ppiest, as now the loveliest. . . And with that,
st giving way to passion first disclosed,
prest upon my lips a guilty kiss, . .
as! more guiltily received than given.
assive and yielding, and yet self-reproach'd,
rembling I stood, upheld in his embrace;
When coming steps were heard, and Roderick said,
Meet me to-morrow, I beseech thee, here,
Queen of my heart! Oh meet me here again,
My own Florinda, meet me here again! . .
Tongue, eye, and pressure of the impassion'd hand
Solicited and urged the ardent suit,
And from my hesitating hurried lips
The word of promise fatally was drawn.
O Roderick, Roderick! hadst thou told me all
Thy purpose at that hour, from what a world
Of woe had thou and I . . . . . The bitterness
Of that reflection overcame her then,
And choak'd her speech. But Roderick sate the whi
Covering his face with both his hands close-prest,
His head bow'd down, his spirit to such point
Of sufferance knit, as one who patiently
Awaits the uplifted sword.

Till
Resuming her confession, I had
If not in innocence, yet self-dec
And of my perilous and sinful s
Unconscious. But this fatal hour
To my awakening soul her guil
And in those agonies with whic
Wrestling with weakness and w
Doth triumph o'er the lacerated
That night . . that miserable nig
A virgin dedicate, to pass my lif
Immured; and, like redeemed M
Or that Egyptian penitent, who
Fretted the rock and moisten'd i
The thirsty desert, so to mourn
The struggle ending thus, the v
Thus, as I thought, accomplish'

self-reproaches, nor my grief,
rately maintain'd the rash resolve;
e passionate argument he grew
, inflamed, and madden'd or possess'd, . .
l too surely at that hour prevail'd,
th such subtle toils enveloped him,
ren in the extremity of guilt
lt he purported, but rather meant
plest recompence of life-long love
anitory wrong, which fate perverse,
madly he deceived himself, compell'd,
therefore stern necessity excused:
then, O Father, at thy feet I own
elf the guiltier; for full well I knew
se were his thoughts, but vengeance master'd me,
d in my agony I curst the man
hom I loved best.

Dost thou recall that curse?
ied Roderick, in a deep and inward voice,
ill with his head depress'd, and covering still
is countenance. Recall it? she exclaim'd;
ather, I come to thee because I gave
The reins to wrath too long, . . because I wrought
His ruin, death, and infamy . . . O God,
Forgive the wicked vengeance thus indulged,
As I forgive the King! . . . But teach me thou
What reparation more than tears and prayers
May now be made; . . how shall I vindicate
His injured name, and take upon myself . . . . .
Daughter of Julian, firmly he replied,
Speak not of that, I charge thee! On his fame
The Ethiop dye, fix'd ineffaceably,
For ever will abide: so it must be,
So should be; 'tis his rightful punishment;
And if to the full measure of his fault
The punishment hath fallen, the more our hope
That through the blood of Jesus he may find
His sins forgiven him.

Pausing then, he raised
His hand, and pointed where Siverian lay

And if in charity to them thou say'st
Something to palliate, something to e
An act of sudden frenzy when the fie
O'ercame him, thou wilt do for Roder
All he could ask thee, all that can be
On earth, and all his spirit could endu

Venturing towards her an imploring k
Wilt thou join with me for his soul in
He said, and trembled as he spake. Th
Of sympathy was like Heaven's influe
Wounding at once and comforting the
O Father, Christ requite thee! she excl
Thou hast set free the springs which
Have closed too long. Forgive me, for
Thou wert a rigid and unpitying judg
One whose stern virtue, feeling in itse
No flaw of frailty, heard impatiently
Of weakness and of guilt. I wrong'd t
With that she took his hand, and kissi
Bathed it with tears. Then in a firmer
For Roderick, for Count Julian and m
Three wretchedest of all the human r

XI.

ary days with unremitting speed,
nated tracks, the travellers
ng; the mountain path they chose,
e lonely heath wide spread,
rain sole-seen exhaled at noon
nin below all around;
ir blossoms, frail as beautiful,
at eve; and when the sun
ddenn'd earth, opening anew
fleeces, prodigal as frail,
the wilderness. They left
's skirts behind, and crost
Ana in her native hills
er springs, and hurries on
odious amid loveliest glens,
with fruitage overbower'd.
ofusely blest by Heaven they left,
hazel and the quince the vine
spreads; and clinging round the cork
amid their dusky leaves
hitest hue, with reddening fruit
ters cool of glassy green.
er mountain and o'er vale,
t where midland on his way
vers rolls his stately stream;
thes wide and stony bed;
nt far; and many a stream
d obscure, in future war
me of famous deeds
deserts where in years to come

Shall populous towns arise, and e
And stately temples rear their he

Cautious with course circuitous t
The embattled city, which in elde
Thrice-greatest Hermes built, so f
Now subjugate, but fated to behol
Ere long the heroic Prince (who
Unknown and silently the danger
Turns thither his regardant eye)
Victorious from the heights, and
Her banner'd Lion, symbol to the
Of rout and death through many
Lo, there the Asturian hills! Far i
Huge Rabanal and Foncebadon h
Pre-eminent, their giant bulk disp
Darkening with earliest shade the

at the lonely Tiber
es of slaughter forth,
d thus have brought the sword
R . . Sure Hoya, too
ge Feeis, the fearful boy
herefore is his brow
darkness, and why
ly in silence round?

l servant raised his hand,
nce with a smile,
ent Pedro's towers far off
ver faint was the smile,
n his lips, his eye
speculation still.
d wistfully in vain,
' meant he might copy
f time or chance had wrought
's house: but on the hills
e see, nor traveller,
it his sports afield,
up the mountain glen
either could he hear
ut of shepherd's boy,
or not a human sound
of the solitude.

k? At yonder door
kidling bleats unheard;
, and the sparrows there
t. Thither he turn'd
ome were within:
s on the shelf; the churn,
, full and fresh;
oulder'd on the hearth;
mark'd the whiter space
the buckler and the sword
down. Wonder at first
st Hoya now
mbols of good hope,
and joyfully. Ere long,

Now subjugate, but fated to b
Ere long the heroic Prince (w
Unknown and silently the da
Turns thither his regardant e
Victorious from the heights, a
Her banner'd Lion, symbol to
Of rout and death through ms
Lo, there the Asturian hills! I
Huge Rabanal and Foncebado
Pre-eminent, their giant bulk
Darkening with earliest shade
Of Leon, and with evening pr
Far in Cantabria eastward, th
Extends beyond the reach of c
When buoyant in mid-heaven
Soars at his loftiest pitch. In t
The travellers the Erbasian m
Bounding the land beloved, th

How then, Alphonso, did thy e
Chide the slow hours, and pain
Lengthening to grow before th
Youth of heroic thought and hi
'Tis not the spur of lofty enter

But, Pedro, thou art calm; thou dost not share
The madness of the crowd; thy sober mind
Surveys the danger in its whole extent,
And sees the certain ruin, . . for thou know'st
I know thou hast no hope. Unhappy man,
Why then for this most desperate enterprize
Wilt thou devote thy son, thine only child?
Not for myself I plead, nor even for thee:
Thou art a soldier, and thou canst not fear
The face of death; and I should welcome it
As the best visitant whom Heaven could send.
Not for our lives I speak then, . . were they wo
The thought of preservation; . . Nature soon
Must call for them; the sword that should cut
Sorrow's slow work were merciful to us.
But spare Alphonso! there is time and hope
In store for him. O thou who gavest him life,
Seal not his death, his death and mine at once!

Peace! he replied; thou know'st there is no ch
I did not raise the storm; I cannot turn
Its course aside; but where yon banner goes
Thy Lord must not be absent! Spare me then,
Favinia, lest I hear thy honour'd name
Now first attainted with deserved reproach.
The boy is in God's hand. He who of yore
Walk'd with the sons of Judah in the fire,
And from the lion's den drew Daniel forth
Unhurt, will save him, . . if it be his will.

Just as he spake the astonish'd troop set up
A shout of joy which rung through all the hill
Alphonso heeds not how they break their rank
And gather round to greet him; from his horse
Precipitate and panting off he springs.
Pedro grew pale, and trembled at his sight;
Favinia clasp't her hands, and looking up
To heaven as she embraced the boy, exclaim'd
Lord God, forgive me for my sinful fears!
my son, my son!

ALWAYS I knew thee for a generou
Pelayo! said the Count; and in our time
Of enmity, thou too, I know, didst feel
The feud between us was but of the ho
Not of the heart. Brethren in arms hen
We stand or fall together: nor will I
Look to the event with one misgiving
That were to prove myself unworthy n
Of Heaven's benignant providence, thi
Scarcely by less than miracle, vouchsaf
I will believe that we have days in stor
Of hope, now risen again as from the de
Of vengeance, . . of portentous victory,
Yea, maugre all unlikelihoods, of peace.
Let us then here indissolubly knit
Our ancient houses, that those happy da
When they arrive, may find us more th
And bound by closer than fraternal ties
Thou hast a daughter, Prince, to whom
Yearns now, as if in winning infancy

ight expounded yielding half
houghts, Pavinia cried,
witnessed . . The times are strange,
peech composed her Lord replies,
st accords with them. This day
ould auspicious Heaven
h fitter omen gild
ben strong in heart and hope
preparing thus for works
Unwillingly
ople's general voice,
who wish her powerful words
roused and kindled them,
irit of her grief alone,
s impulse. Be that sin,
the calm and quiet faith
s of incredulity,
r that seeing I believe,
y end to righteous cause
sumptuous, but assured.

Pelayo how from vale
d Adosinda went,
son, in holy war
ng, to secure their place
ow reluctantly,
his child by his own act
eath, he bade with heavy heart
ught forth. Devoid alike
hope himself, he meant
the western mountaineers,
is counsel might direct
in'd. Now, said he, we must haste
Pelayo, to secure
l, I trust in God, thy house.

is men, he cried, Bring forth
h in Wamba's wars I were. . . .
leapt at the auspicious words.
'd the rising glow of joy, . .

to thee, Alphonso, he pursued,
/ above all other days is blest,
hence as from a birth-day thou wilt date
in arms!
Rejoicing in their task,
ants of the house with emulous love
the charge. One brings the cuirass, one
kler; this exultingly displays
rd, his comrade lifts the helm on high:
aves, the gauntlets they divide; . . a spur
ow to dignify the officious hand
or such service bears it to his Lord.
rtists in the imperial city forged
endid armour, perfect in their craft;
ious skill they wrought it, framed alike
amid the pageantry of war,
he proof of battle. Many a time

ranuk of his father's house,
in instant peril to partake
of life or death, the heroic boy
it arms; the coated scales of steel
the tunic to his knees depend,
he sleeves of mail: bareheaded then
nt when Count Pedro took the spurs,
s knee in service to his son,
om that gesture half drew back,
reverence, and a deeper hue
the glow of joy which flush'd his cheeks.
rest, Pelayo! said the Count;
ceremony of this hour
amour what in form it lacks.
from Hoya's faithful hand received
he girt it round the youth, and drew
it in his hand; unsheathing then
d falchion, with its burnished blade
Alphonso's neck, and with a kiss
is rank in arms.

Thus long the crowd
intently on, in silence hush'd;
ontinuous now with one accord,
ving shout, their acclamations rose:
ere breathed from every heart, and joy.
ike in all, which as with force
iating cup inspired
hl, from the eye of age drew tears.
died away, when, standing forth,
ith lifted hand besought a pause
and moved toward the youth. I too,
m, he began, must do my part;
erogative of earthly power,
servant of the living God,
f Hosts. This day thou promisest
a honour calls thee, for thy faith,
e Lord, and for thy native land:
which at birth we all contract,
high profession of this hour
specially. Thy noble blood,

with which thy childhood hath been fed,
noble nature more than all,
r thee. But these dreadful times
her pledge; for it hath pleased
s he tried his Saints of old,
furnace of his wrath
purify the sons of Spain;
knit their spirits to the proof,
er lost. Hold forth thy sword,
and before thy people take
h, in Toledo's sacred name,
weeds bespeak me, I am here
ith delegated power.

ial awe was Roderick heard
authority became
l voice and countenance austere.
mplacent eye beheld

XIII.

awful silence still endured, when one,
the northern entrance of the vale
n'd his casual eye, exclaim'd, The Moors! . .
the forest verge a troop were seen
ng toward Pedro's hall. Their forward speed
ek'd when they beheld his banner spread,
his order'd spears in prompt array
d to meet their coming. But the pride
r and insolence of long command
m their Chief presumptuous: We are come
prevention, cried the haughty Moor,
er time more fit for punishment!
nbelieving slaves must feel and know
aster's arm! . . on, faithful Musslemen,
, . . and hew down the rebellious dogs! . .
he spurr'd his steed, Allah is great!
ned is his prophet! he exclaim'd,
the charge.

Count Pedro met the Chief
areer; he bore him from his horse
ear's length upon the lance transfix'd;
aving in his breast the mortal shaft,
and breaking through the turban'd files
path. Pelayo, who that day
n the ranks afoot, for other war
quipp'd, pursued and smote the foe,
on Alphonso at his side
a watchful eye. The gallant boy
good sword that hour its earliest taste
ish blood, . . that sword whose hungry edge
the fair course of all his glorious life

icious day, was fed so well.
victory now for Spain achieved;
vour of their zeal inspired
ers, . . the presence of their Chiefs,
l dear objects, all dear ties,
eathed, the soil whereon they trod,
faith, and hope and joy.
he misbelievers ween'd
ous onset to receive
lly as their own intent;
ought to find, not men prepared
he fight; their confidence
way to wonder, and dismay
istonishment began.
the impetuous mountaineers,
ear and scymitar they dropt,
te route they fled before
word: the vales and hills and rocks

ıd with sonorous horn
her well he knew what thoughts,
ne appear'd and undisturb'd,
his silent fortitude;
rventful juncture speed
han vengeance. Thrice he sent
ling signal forth, which rung
re-echoing far and wide.
agly his men obey'd
n's reiterated call;
ingle foe escaped
of that righteous hour.
ep reluctant from the chase
heir veins full-swoln, their sinews

ıeir hearts unsatisfied;
re dropping still with Moorish gore,
wiped their reeking brows, the stains
was left. But when they came
th Alphonso at his side,
heir coming, then they prest,
h gratulation round,
deeds that day display'd
Oh! when had Heaven, they said,
al favour manifest
: essay in arms!
ther from whose loins he sprung,
hose happy breast he fed;
their young hero's fields might be
e this.

Thus they indulged
t, exuberant of love,
ıeism joy at once was check'd,
the Moor were led before
th came fearfully and pale,
ent fear: the African
of his destiny
on as without reproach
oldier's cheek when life and death
r's will, and helplessly

Of hated and hereditary
I came not with them w
Addressing Pedro and th
Rolling from each to ea
Aghast, . . . the Moor ca
They forced me from m
They would have slain
Can witness that a Mo
Inflicted this: . . . he s
I did not come in arms
Speak, man, and let th
My innocence!

Thu

And rapid utterance
Count Pedro half rep
Wherein compassion
His deep contempt.
Might with more re
An intercessor, thar
To play the pleader
The Baron from th

Show mercy to me
As I am free from

The African replied,
m Gegio, ordered to secure
on the way, and seek thee here
: hence in bonds. A messenger
ma, whose speed denoted well
h urgent tidings, was the cause
adden movement. We went forth
ed men; an equal force was sent
on like errand as I ween.
d in the city then were left.
: be moving from the south,
save that all appearances
n and vigilance.
The Prince
Eudon then his eye severe;
d, the die of war is cast;
t thou prepared to take? against,
oppressor?
Not against my friends, . .
you! . . the irresolute wretch replied,
altering in his fearful speech:
re weigh'd it well? . . It is not yet
heir numbers, their victorious force,
already trodden in the dust
of the Goths; . . the throne destroy'd, . .
abdu'd, . . our country overrun, . .
to the yoke of their new Lords
peace. . . Can I not mediate? . .
better through my agency
h terms, . . such honourable terms . . . . .

l Pelayo, cutting short at once
speech, and checking, ere it grew
il for restraint, the incipient rage,
lignant murmurs breathing round,
gathering storm. Learn thou what terms
i day speaking by my voice,
ute to be the law between
y Country. Our portentous age,
arthquake's *desolating* force,

Hath loosen'd and disjointed the whole frame
Of social order, and she calls not now
For service with the voice of sovereign will.
That which was common duty in old times,
Becomes an arduous, glorious virtue now;
And every one, as between Hell and Heaven,
In free election must be left to choose.
Asturias asks not of thee to partake
The cup which we have pledged; she claims from t
The dauntless fortitude, the mind resolved,
Which only God can give; . . therefore such peace
As thou canst find where all around is war,
She leaves thee to enjoy. But think not, Count,
That because thou art weak, one valiant arm,
One generous spirit must be lost to Spain!
The vassal owes no service to the Lord
Who to his country doth acknowledge none.

ard consciousness, and fear
which stifled in his heart
ge. Before his livid lips
utterance their essay'd reply,
ely Pedro interposed.
the castle, said the Count;
wound be look'd to, and consult
ind at leisure. Let this Moor
thee there, and when thou wilt,
rtunes. . . . To Pelayo then
d saying, All-too-long, O Prince,
ook'd-for conflict held thee here, . .
allant men begin their march.

success, and in auspicious hour,
neers set forth. Blessings and prayers
at their parting, and the tears
ere tears of fervour, not of grief.
verging to the western slope
ut they till midnight travell'd on;
en at early dawn their way,
eir unremitting course from morn
, such urgent cause impell'd;
d closed around, when to the vale
in her ampler bed receives
m they came. Massive and black
e there was seen; its lines
nts against the deep blue sky
did darkness visible.
the tower. Eager to know
d with that fatal certainty
intolerable dread,
is courser forward. All his fears
re fulfill'd, . . for open stand
d mournfully at times a dog
howling the deserted hall.
ercome with wretchedness,
stood; recovering then,
sign'd he cried, thy will be done!

XIV.

COUNT, said Pelayo, Nature hat
Two sovereign remedies for human
Religion, surest, firmest, first and b
Strength to the weak and to the wo
And strenuous action next. Think
With unprovided heart. My noble
In the last solemn words, the last fa

l as of a distant multitude,
npany of horse and foot,
in disorderly array,
ne vale: before them and beside
nes flash'd on Sella's rippling stream;
'd through chesnut groves, emerging now,
nuge boughs and radiated leaves
and bright a transitory glare.
inspired with strength the mountaineers;
f weariness, all wish for rest
ere gone: impatient in desire
victory alert they stood;
the hostile symbols, which from far
on to their wish had shaped,
n nearer vision, high-wrought hope
, left the spirit pall'd and blank.
'd race. no sons of Africa
who now came winding up the vale,
wide before their horses' feet
light floated, with its hovering glare
g the incumbent and surrounding night.
d breast-plate glitter'd as they came,
e erect; and nearer as they drew
loose folds of female garments seen
who led the company. Who then
beside Pelayo, might have heard
ng of his heart.

But vainly there
with wistful eye the well-known forms
nd plainly might it now be seen
n some bloody conflict they return'd
for at every saddle-bow
was hung. Anon they stopt,
in quick alarm their ready spears.
goes there? cried one. A hundred tongues
with one accord the glad reply,
Asturians. Onward moved the lights, . .
e knew their Lord.

Then what a shout
ugh the valley! From their clay-built nests,

Beneath the overhowing battlement
Now first disturb'd, the affrighted ma
And uttering notes of terror short an
Amid the yellow glare and lurid smo
Wheel'd giddily. Then plainly was i
How well the vassals loved their gene
How like a father the Asturian Prine
Was dear. They crowded round; they
They snatched his hand; they fell up
They wept; . . they blest Almighty P
Which had restored him thus from bo
God was with them and their good ea
His hand was here, . . His shield was
His spirit was abroad, . . His power d
And pointing to their bloody trophies
They told Pelayo there he might beh
The first fruits of the harvest they sh
Reap in the field of war! Benignantly
With voice and look and gesture, did

me. The Moors had found in her
d concerted prisoner.
egio, to the renegade
er loose and shameless love was bent,
forth; and in her heart she cursed
ris, who, with powerful call
hye's people, led them on
nual, and victoriously
o rescue, to her mind perverse
ne unlook'd for. With dismay
nd her brother, dressed now
n once was dear: her countenance
toward him, . . not with eager joy
sight, and meeting its first glance,
ightful welcome, soul with soul;
a conscious eye, that cannot shun
what it fears. She could not shun
, and the rigid smile constrain'd,
she coldly drest her features, ill
ner inward thoughts, and the despite
guilt and unrepentant shame.
is upon her mule she sate,
greeting which she did not dare
but who is she that at her side,
ely war-horse eminent,
ose rein with careless hand? A helm
clusters of her flaxen hair;
is on her arm; her breast is mail'd;
t is her girdle, and right well
een that sword hath done its work
upward from the wrist her sleeve
blood. An unregardant eye,
se thoughts were not of earth, she cast
rmoil round. One countenance
-mark'd, so passion-worn was there,
ll'd her mind. Ha! Maccabee!
arm, exultingly she cried,
ll thee we should meet in joy?
ner, hast thou done thy part, . . I too

And present mingled like a
Which from some dread real
Its deepest horror. Adosind
Dispersed the waking vision
Rusilla at that moment that
For whom her supplication
Were offer'd, breathed the l
Was calm; her placid count
Deeper than time had left i
Retain'd its dignity serene;
Siverian, pressing through
Her reverent hand, some q
As she approach'd the Prin
Respectful. The maternal
Her greeting, from Pelayo's
Dispell'd its boding. What
She knew, and bending fro
Told him that they for wh
And that in secret he shoul

XV.

nlmly gliding through the dark-blue sky
night Moon ascends! Her placid beams,
thinly scatter'd leaves and boughs grotesque,
ith, many shades the orchard slope;
r the chestnut's fretted foliage grey
ny, mottled as they spread; here shine
s crags, deepening with blacker night
ssses, and there the glittering argentry
and glimpses on the confluent streams.
ss, power light than that of day
that hills, and oh how awfully
deep and tranquil firmament
smiles of Ausevra rise serene!
xhman on the battlements partakes
ness of the solemn hour; he feels
nce of the earth, the endless sound
ng water soothes him, and the stars,
n that brightest moon-light well-nigh quench'd,
visible, as in the utmost depth
er sapphire infinite, are seen,
n with elevating influence
eternity the attemper'd mind.
en worlds beyond the grave he stands,
the Virgin Mother silently
s forth her hymn of praise.

The mountaineers
the castle, round their mouldering fires,
the heath outstretch'd. Pelayo's hall
and he upon his careful couch
ll around the deep and long-drawn breath
y *the gentle night* hath brought to them

For Guisla's guilt, which freah
The memory of their wretched
Still made its presence felt, lik
Of some perpetual inward mal
And the whole peril of the fut
Before him clearly seen. He h
How that unworthy sister, obs
In wrong and shameless, rath
The upstart renegado than to
His wooing; how, as guilt to
Spurning at gentle admonitic
When Gaudiosa hopelessly fi
From farther counsel, then i
Resentful, Guisla soon bega
The virtuous presence befor
Her nature how inferior, an
How foul. Despiteful thus s
Humbled yet unrepentant.
To what excess bad passion
A woman thus possess'd? Sl
To mark Siverian's absence
Her conscience but too sur
And Gaudiosa, well aware
To the vile paramour was

ow remember'd fbr regret,
his soul with hope and joy;
eye beholds Favila's form
youth robust, and Hermesind,
er, lovely as a budding rose:
ges beguile the hours of night,
the earliest morning he may seek
et hold.
The nightingale not yet
ed her song, nor had the early lark
y nest forsaken, when the Prince
beside Pionia took his way
Auseva. Heavily to him,
nt for the morrow's happiness,
night had linger'd, but it seem'd more long
derick's aching heart. He too had watch'd
wn, and seen the earliest break of day,
eard its earliest sounds; and when the Prince
forth, the melancholy man was seen
pensive pace upon Pionia's side
dering alone and slow. For he had left
wearying place of his unrest. that morn
h its cold dews might bathe his throbbing brow.
d with its breath allay the feverish heat
at burnt within. Alas! the gales of morn
ach not the fever of a wounded heart!
ow shall he meet his Mother's eye, how make
is secret known, and from that voice revered
btain forgiveness, . . all that he has now
o ask, ere on the lap of earth in peace
le lay his head resign'd! In silent prayer
le supplicated Heaven to strengthen him
Against that trying hour, there seeking aid
Where all who seek shall find; and thus his soul
Received support, and gather'd fortitude,
Never than now more needful, for the hour
Was nigh. He saw Siveran drawing near,
And with a dim but quick foreboding met
The good old man: yet when he heard him say,
My Lady sends to seek thee, like a knell

Fall at her feet, and drinking the
Of bitterness, receive the only gc
Earth had in store for him. Reso
He went; yet was it a relief to fi
That painful resolution must aw
A fitter season, when no eye but
Might witness to their mutual ag
Count Julian's daughter with Ru
Both had been weeping, both we
With head as for humility abase
Roderick approach'd, and bendir
He cross'd his humble arms. Rus
In reverence to the priestly cha
And with a mournful eye regard
Thus she began. Good Father, I
From my old faithful servant an
Thou didst reprove the inconsid
That in the anguish of its spirit
A curse upon my poor unhappy
O Father Maccabee, this is a ha
And hasty in its judgments! Tin
When not a tongue within the
Dared whisper in dispraise of R
Lest if the conscious air had cau

ift me now for gratitude, . .
, and beseech thee in thy prayers
rilt still remember Roderick's name.
long had to this hour look'd on,
the actual point of trial came,
numb'd it found him: cold he grew,
rital spirits to the heart
'er his wither'd countenance,
damp, a whiter paleness spread.
e while the inward feeling seem'd,
h dull insensibility
age brings on, or slow disease,
ose progress lingering life survives
of suffering. Wondering at himself,
ng confidence, he raised his eyes,
r shaking as he bent his head,
Lady, he replied,
y comfort that unhappy soul
hy compassion, and thy prayers.
e most hath wrong'd, she who alone
n grant forgiveness for his crime,
rgiven him; and thy blessing now
at he could ask, . . all that could bring
nsolation to his soul,
een, as sure we may believe,
sincere.

Oh had he lived,
sills, never penitence
d him full well I know his heart,
n all things. He would on himself
:'d such penance as had reach'd the height
ffering, . . yea, which being told
rtentous rigour should have made
y of his fault, o'erpower'd and lost
ng pity and astonishment,
feebler horror. Otherwise
d to Heaven. I murmur not, nor doubt
less mercy of redeeming love.
rust that not in his offence
nd reprobate was my lost son,

A livener hope, a more
Smiling benignant then
She took Florinda by th
I little thought that I sh
Count Julian's daughter.
The last, the best, the on
Could minister to this aff
And my grey hairs may r
Go down in peace.

Happy
Are they for whom the gra
The wrongs they have sus
Pass not that holy threshol
The broken heart. O Lady,
In humble hope, through H
Gave his atoning blood for
To meet beyond the grave t
I too with Roderick there m
Forgiveness. But the grief w
This mortal frame, hastening
Of my enlargement, is but a l
Of what my soul endures; . . t
Its sting: . . I have a keener s
One which, . . but God forefe
May pass with

To Roderick then
ıourner turn'd her suppliant eyes:
re is virtue in thy prayers! ..
thee offer them to Heaven
'! For Roderick's sake, for mine,
ı him whose name is Merciful,
may with penitence be touch'd,
ɡ to the cross, implore that grace
was sought in vain. For Roderick's sake
ray for him! We have been the cause
ce! What other miseries
at same unhappy source have risen,
temporal, reparable all; ..
be lost through our misdeeds,
ternal evil! Pray for him,
· Maccabee, and be thy prayers
t, as the deeper is the crime!

Florinda spake, the dog who lay
la's feet, eyeing him long
y, had recognized at length,
he was and in those sordid weeds,
ıster. And he rose and lick'd
hand, and earnestly look'd up
hose human meaning did not need
peech; and moan'd, as if at once
l chide the long-withheld caress.
commix'd with sense of guilt
:t painfullest, thrill'd through the King;
lf-control now long inured,
ising heart, nor other tears,
ruggling bosom was, let fall
to follow on Florinda's words.
ard her then, yet so that still
he meeting of her eye, he said,
pious as thou art, and ripe
O Lady, I will think the man
his Good Angel been cast off
ıy supplications rise. The Power
e doth in its unerring course

To whom the cry is raised!

Deliberately, in self-possessio
Himself from that most paint
Dispeeding, he withdrew. Th
Follow'd his footsteps close. I
Into the thickest grove; there
To his o'erburden'd nature, fl
Apart, he cast himself upon t
And threw his arms around th
While tears stream'd down, 'I
known
Thy poor lost master,... The

XVI.

TIME Felinyo up the vale pursued
his way, before the sun had climb'd
row, or shed his silvering beams
ega's summit, where the snows
ll-revolving seasons hold their seat.
sam he went, his heart at rest,
nd virtue and affection full,
lluminating influences
nd heaven alive. With kindred joy
the lark, who from her airy height,
ing pinions poised, pour'd forth profuse,
g sequence of exuberant song,
ose joyous nature overflow'd
and power, her rich and rapturous strain.
bee, buzzing along the way,
er to flower, bore gladness on her wing
oicing sense; and he pursued
ken'd eye alert, the frolic hare,
m the green herb in her wanton path
d away the dews. For he long time,
is home and from his native hills,
in bondage; and the mountain breeze,
had with the breath of infancy
ech impulse to his heart restored,
easons had roll'd back, and life
second spring.

Through fertile fields
y cots with pear-trees overbower'd,
ng to the sun their trelliced vines;
ehards now, and now by thymy banks,
dds hives in some warm nook were hid

Of Soto origin and
A gallant lineage,
And faithful chron
Blazon'd; but most
Avid of gold, yet gr
Whom not the spoil
Could satisfy insatia
Of that wide empire
But he to Florida's d
In evil hour his galla
Through savage woo
The Apalachian arrov
Of wilier foes, hunger
Till from ambition's f
Of Death awoke him;
The fruit of all his tre
Foresight, and long en
Earth to the restless on
In the great river's mid
His honour'd bones.

Now calm and lovely in
Held by those huts its ev
Toward Pionia. They

ere and bushy hazels hid
de; their wreath'd and knotted feet
current, now against its force
support they found, upheld
are. Here, bending to the stream,
ntastic stretch'd its rugged trunk,
et, from whence as from their base,
ree, its silver branches grew.
ere hung for the birds of Heaven
on high. The elder there
rries o'er the water bent,
ging. Here, amid the brook,
stone to which it clung, half root
he young ash rises from the rock;
parent lifts a lofty head,
its graceful boughs; the passing wind
ing motion lifts the silent leaves,
ts rattling tufts.

Soon had the Prince
left the farthest dwelling place
ields of waving corn were here,
storehouse for the autumnal grain,
r bowery fig, nor fruitful groves;
ky vale, the mountain stream,
rags, and hills that over hills
her hand, here hung with woods,
th heath, that o'er some smooth ascent
ory spread, or golden gorse;
nd striated with many a hue,
e wintry rain; by torrents here
rith overhanging rocks abrupt.
ard as he cast his eyes
loose-hanging o'er the narrow pass
here beheld his country's strength
and in his heart rejoiced.
Mussleman were here, he cried,
myriads! While thy day endures,
nay'st lord it in the plains; but here
for the free and brave prepared

For love and admiration and [illegible]
And virtuous pride. Here then thou
My Gaudiosa! in his heart he said;
Excellent woman! ne'er was richer l
By fate benign to favour'd man indu
Than when thou wert before the fa
Given me to be my children's moth
And virtuous as thou art! Here thou
Thou who wert nurst in palaces, to
In rocks and mountain caves! . . . Tl
proud,
Yet not without a sense of inmost pe
For never had Pelayo till that hour
So deeply felt the force of solitude.
High over head the eagle soar'd sere
And the grey lizard on the rocks bel
Bask'd in the sun: no living creatur
In this remotest wilderness was see
Nor living voice was there, . . . only
Of Deva, and the rushing of its spri
Long in the distance heard, which n
With endless repercussion deep and
Throbb'd on the dizzy sense.

The

l grassy plot below,
for an altar-cloth,
lear stream, which from the earth;
such a scene rude man
true might have knelt
Deity, and made
fountain Nymph devout.
llaised above the springs
ost son of giant birth,
forest of romance
l ladies waged disconsonous war,
estal might have stood.
allow'd for hand and foot
, above the base
n's stature, measured three.
n Covadonga Spain
extent, though all her realms
t blood of martyrdom
days enrich'd,
tales of heavenly aid
made manifest;
nnals of her fame
h a scene of more renown.
nter, drawn in keen pursuit
haunts, or shepherd's boy,
sure of his straggling flock,
see.

Pelayo, when he saw
ources and their sacred cave,
the bugle silver-tipt,
long drawn and slow expired
sin, which, echoing from the walls
o tell his glad return
ace he came. At the first sound
he cave, and cried,
. A sudden flash suffused
, and she with quicken'd eye
r mother silently;
ebled and grew pale,
e deceived. A second time

magic po
So strange, as s
It seem'd, when
The mother and
She in the sober
Of womanhood n
Upon decay; in g
Such inborn and
Ennobled all her
Because within s
Inspiring Deity m
Its habitation kno
In form and statur
When that wise Ce
Beheld the boy divi
Against some shagg
And fixing in the ha
Roll with him in fle
But like a creature o
His sister came; she
So light was Hermes
Beauty and grace and
In heavenly union sho
The faith of elder Gr
She was some

ew moments of such pure delight,
ste of the perfect joy of Heaven.
the thought recurr'd of sufferings past,
h threaten'd still, and arduous toil
ndergone, remember'd griefs
l the present happiness; and hope
hadows of futurity
the sun upon the morning mists,
en before his rising rays they roll,
nd leave the prospect bright and clear.

' Pelayo's eyes had drank their fill
m those dear faces, he went up
e hiding place. Spacious it was
ilian cavern in the hill
arth-shaking Neptune's giant son
e was wont to fold his flock,
se Ithacan, o'er that brute force
revailing, for a life-long night
broad eye. The healthful air had here
nce, and the cheerful light of heaven;
end, an opening in the floor
elosed a wider vault below,
ver sun-beam visited, nor breath
ig morning came to cheer.
as there but that which from above
lection fell, or found its way,
d quivering, through the glassy stream,
ough the rock it gush'd. That shadowy light
show, where from their secret bed
s issued; with whose rapid course,
whose everlasting cataracts
on to the chill damp atmosphere
, as if the solid walls of rock
en with the sound.
Glad to respire
r air, Pelayo hasten'd back
drear den. Look! Hermesind exclaim'd,
r father's hand, thou hast not seen
er: . . . See! . . did ever ring-dove chuse

In so secure a nook her hiding-place,
Or build a warmer nest? 'Tis fragrant t
As warm, and not more sweet than soft
And myrtle with the elastic heath are
And, over all, this dry and pillowy mos
Smiling she spake. Pelayo kiss'd his ch
And, sighing, said within himself, I tru
In Heaven, whene'er thy May of life is
Sweet bird, that thou shalt have a blith
Fitlier, he thought, such chamber migh
Some hermit of Hilarion's school auster
Or old Antonius, he who from the hell
Of his bewilder'd phantasy saw fiends
In actual vision, a foul throng grotesqu
Of all horrific shapes and forms obscen
Crowd in broad day before his open ey
That feeling cast a momentary shade
Of sadness o'er his soul. But deeper tho
If he might have foreseen the things to

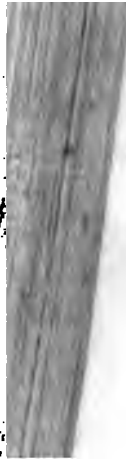
ourse, hath one breast been swoln
ions as Pelayo felt
audiosa, he exclaim'd,
'st seek for shelter here, amid
ude, in mountain caves!
:it! Oh when hearts like thine
ered soil, would it not be
and, double infamy,
ilt, if I despair'd of Spain!
tions, favouring Heaven
ill the unconquerable mind;
worthy of redemption, sure
eem'd.
Beholding her
e spake; and prest upon her lips
st love. Think ever thus,
nd that faith will give the power
rts. When to this mountain hold
, thy dear images, I brought,
yself, where should they fly
m of their native hills?
here as to a sanctuary,
temple's sake, the indwelling God
is supplicants. O my dear Lord,
to know that they were thine,
I almost believed,
r destiny being linked with theirs,
e precious charge?
So let us think,
lied, so feel and teach and act.

XVII.

O HOLIEST Mary, Maid and Moth
In Covadonga, at thy rocky shrine,
Hast witness'd whatsoe'er of human l
Heart can conceive most perfect! Fai
Long crost by envious stars, hath thei
Its crown, in endless matrimony give
The youthful mother there hath to th

a's side meantime a heart
and as full of noble thoughts,
with the deadliest bolts of grief.
th grey stone sate Roderick there;
ove him stirr'd the hazel boughs,
ing at his feet the river ran.
folded arms and head declined
ast, feeding on bitter thoughts,
gave him in the exhausted sense
bite something like repose;
quiet sound of gentle winds
vith their lulling consonance
of himself. Of all within
re he sate, sentient alone
ature, . . . of the whispering leaves
his ear, . . . the genial breath of heaven
his cheek, . . . the stream's perpetual flow,
s shadows and its glancing lights,
thread-like motions infinite,
ring and yet still the same,
vard eternity, ran by.
ead upon his Master's knees,
ik beside him Theron lay.
s change of state and circumstance,
ears, with all their dread events,
at matters it that Roderick wears
o longer, nor the sceptre wields? . . .
loved hand, whose friendly touch
him so oft; it is the voice,
d summons to the field so oft
r he had started, shaking off
e chace, to share the actual joy;
se recognition he was wont
l welcome with exultant tongue.

p, unheard by Roderick, roused
ear, and turning he beheld
her, said the good old man,
ose and fawn'd about his knees,
e charm, which draws about thee thus



To fix their
And which v
To such poor
The cares an
It may be too
To elder natu
The privilege
The timid hare
The solitary p
Will light upon

Thus Roderick
Thinking to dra
Might touch hin
Disposed to follo
As one whom su
Out of the world
But to regardless
For on the dog Si
Pursuing his own
Exclaim'd the old
The kingdom's ove
The ruin of thy roy
Have reach'd not th
When the

His faultering voice
him, and he paused: recovering soon,
poor injured Lady, he pursued,
resence to the Prince absolve
by King . . . . .
Absolve him! Roderick cried,
strong emotion turn'd his face
ard Siverian, for the sense
ad self-reproach drove from his mind
oughts. The good old man replied,
udgment humanly I speak.
not what Pelayo's life hath been?
in all dear domestic ties,
ty for his virtue of the bliss
at virtue's fruit; and yet did he
on Florinda's tale, the King.
us he said, what most I hoped,
ithin my secret heart believed,
e certainly Roderick hath been
l against than sinning. And with that
is hands, and, lifting them to Heaven,
ld to God that he were yet alive!
re gladly did I draw my sword
tiza in our common cause,
ild fight beneath his banners now,
ate his name!
Did he say this?
? Pelayo? in astonishment
exclaimed. . . . He said it, quoth the old man.

Burn, and his blood flow fast. Down, gu
Firmly he said within his soul; lie still,
Thou heart of flesh! I thought thou hadst
And quell'd thou shalt be! Help me, O m
That I may crucify this inward foe!
Yea, thou hast help'd me, Father! I am s
O Saviour, in thy strength.

As he breath
His inward supplications, the old man
Eyed him with frequent and unsteady lo
He had a secret trembling on his lips,
And hesitated, still irresolute
In utterance to embody the dear hope:
Fain would he have it strengthen'd and
By this concording judgment, yet he fear
To have it chill'd in cold accoil. At leng
Venturing, he brake with interrupted spe
The troubled silence. Father Maccabee,
I cannot rest till I have laid my heart

, nor amid the turbid stream,
h ignominious arms a way
ould he have perish'd! Where the strife
ring'd about with slaughter'd foes,
rick have been found: by this sure mark
ve known him, if nought else remain'd,
ole body had been gored with wounds,
with spears, as if the Moors had felt
ingle life the victory lay,
a all the host!

Siverian's eyes
a youthful ardour while he spake,
g brow grew stern, and as he raised
arrior's impulse character'd
on'd gesture. But the King was calm,
im with unchanging countenance;
aken his resolve, and felt
he peace of God within his soul,
ur when by his father's grave
ore Pelayo.

Soon the old man
almer tones, . . . Thus much I dare
: Roderick fell not on that day
n brought about his overthrow.
, for sure I think I know
nd, 'tis in some wilderness,
me savage den inhumed, he drags
oad of life, and on his flesh,
al enemy, inflicts
ance with immitigable hand.
ew but where to bend my way
earch! my voice perhaps might reach
ight reconcile him to himself,
to his mother ere she dies,
nd his country; with the sword,
is own good name should he redeem.
but behold him once again
attle these intrepid bands,
as, . . . yea rising from his fall
, more beloved! Soon I believe

Joy would accomplish then what grie
To do with this old heart, and I shou
Clasping his knees with such intense
That when I woke in Heaven, even l
Could have no higher happiness in a

Thus fervently he spake, and copiou
Ran down his cheeks. Full oft the R
Since he came forth again among ma
Had trembled lest some curious eye
His lineaments too closely; now he k
To fall upon the neck of that old ma
And give his full heart utterance. B
Of duty, by the pride of self-control
Corroborate, made him steadily repre
His yearning nature. Whether Rode
Paying in penitence the bitter price
Of sin, he answer'd, or if earth hath
Rest to his earthly part, is only know

XVIII.

m from Covadonga down the vale
way, the princely mountaineer
hat happy family in sight
nd his native towers, far off
re the gate, in fair array,
ed land. Broad banners were display'd,
vere sparkling to the sun, shields shone,
glittered, and the blairing horn,
nt sally of impatient joy,
echoes round. Well he areeds,
ensigns and augmented force,
and the Primate from the west
it their aid; but wherefore all were thus
s for some great festival,
t, till Favila's quicker eye,
ready buckler, the glad boy
d clapping his exultant hands,
g! King! my father shall be King
layo started at the word,
thought which smote him brought a sigh
's fall; the second was of hope,
for his country, for himself
me, and glory for his line.
rophetic forethought gathered strength,
o his honoured mate, he read
coordant augury; her eyes
the quickened action of the blood
a deeper hue her glowing cheek,
lips there sate a smile which spake
ble pride of perfect love,

That steady purpose to the which
Had this day wrought the Chiefs.
Erect it stood beside him, and his
Hung resting on the rim. This ws
That sweeten'd life, repaid and re
All losses; and although it could n
All griefs, yet laid them for awhile
The active agitating joy that fill'd
The vale, that with contagious inf
Through all the exulting mountain
New ardour to all spirits, to all brea
Inspired fresh impulse of excited h
Moved every tongue, and strengthe
That joy which every man reflected
From every face of all the multitude
And heard in every voice, and every
Reach'd not the King. Aloof from s
He from the solitude of his own sou
Beheld the busy scene. None shared
His deep and incommunicable joy;
None but that Heavenly Father, who
Beholds the struggles of the heart, al
Knows and rewards the secret sacrific

he service which with daily zeal
r ancient prelacy recalls,
worthy to partake her prayers.
hat high station thus being call'd,
nce disanimating fear had driven
r primate, for the general weal
; first, removed with timely care
and the written works of saints,
hoicest treasure, prized beyond
, their living and their dead remains;
he mountain fastnesses he bore
ned Cantabria, there deposed,
o be the boast of yet unbuilt
d the dear idolatry
ides unborn. To things of state
ng thought mature, he held advice
ar, whom of counsel competent
of heart he knew. What then they plann'd,
the course of over-ruled events
act had ripened, than their hope
in its gladdest dream proposed;
by agents unforeseen, and means
e scope of foresight brought about,
they saw their dearest heart's desire
them: All-able Providence
ing ordered all, that Spain this hour
piest omens, and on surest base,
om its ruins rear again her throne.

[illegible] and for [illegible] now

an now, nor wore he mitre here,
or auriphrygiate; bare of head
all else in arms complete, and o'er
's iron rings the pall was thrown
ndyed, which on the Apostle's tomb
ad laid, and sanctified with prayer;
the living Pontiff and the dead
ith holiness, it might impart
rived its grace. One Page beside
road-shadowed helm; another's hand
ong spear, more suited in these times
, than the crosier richly wrought
r foliature, the elaborate work
a or Italian artist, train'd
tern capital, or sacred Rome,
he West predominant, though fallen.
spear befits the shepherd's hand
bers break the fold. Now he had laid
m by, and held a natural cross

the dreadful Hun with all his powers
leluge rolling o'er the world,
nd in the front of battle broke
, then resistless; which so oft
ernate fortune braved the Frank;
Byzantine from the farthest shores
ong lingering there, to final flight;
ir kingdoms and their name despoil'd
l, and the Alan, and the Sueve;
om human records is it now
never been. So let it rest
ngs forgotten! But Oblivion ne'er
eel from the historic roll, nor Time,
ngeth all, obscure that fated sign,
righter now than mountain snows at noon
bright sun displays its argent field.

ot the vision then upon thy soul
erick, when within that argent field
saw'st the rampant Lion, red as if
some noblest quarry he had roll'd,
cing in his satiate rage, and drunk
blood and fury? Did the auguries
ch opened on thy spirit bring with them
erilous consolation, deadening heart
l soul, yet worse than death, . . . that thou through
all
y checquered way of life, evil and good,
ny errors and thy virtues, had'st but been
he poor mere instrument of things ordain'd, . . .
oing or suffering, impotent alike
To will or act, . . . perpetually bemock'd
With semblance of volition, yet in all
Blind worker of the ways of destiny!
That thought intolerable, which in the hour
Of woe indignant conscience had repelled,
As little might it find reception now,
When the regenerate spirit self-approved
Beheld its sacrifice complete. With faith
Elate, he saw the banner'd Lion float

And s...
Fulfilment of the great ...
There in imagination's inner world
Prefigured to his soul.

Alone advanced
Before the ranks, the Goth in silente
While from all voices round, loquaciou
Mingled its buzz continuous with the
Of horn, shrill pipe, and tinkling cym
And sound of deafening drum. But
Drew nigh, and Urban with the cro
Stept forth to meet him, all at once
With instantaneous hush; as when
Before whose violent gust the fore
Tossing like billows their tempestu
Roar like a raging sea, suspends it
And leaves so dead a calm that not
Moves on the silent spray. The p
Bore with it from the woodland
The ringdove's wooing, and the
Of waters warbling near.

Son
Of Heroes and of Kings! the Pri
Address'd him, Thou in whom
Mingling with old Iberia's, has

eafter, thou, Almighty God,
ut my trust!
Lord God of Hosts,
ed, of Angels and of Men
Disposer, King of Kings,
th and Heaven, . . . look down this day,
y thy blessings on the head
ervant, chosen in thy sight!
counsellor, his comforter,
s joy, his refuge, and his strength!
with justice, and with fortitude!
with thy all-sufficient shield!
m every where with the right hand
present power! and with the might
nipotence, send in his aid
angels forth, that potently
against all enemies
lure and triumph! Bless the land
he is appointed; bless it with
of the firmament, the springs
lying deep, the fruits which sun
nature for man, the precious stores
nal hills, and all the gifts
s wealth and fulness!
Then he took
nd, and on his finger placed
circlet. . . With this ring, O Prince,
r Spain, who like a widow now
n desolation, I thee wed:
r woe thou takest her, till death
union: Be it blest to her,
d to thy seed!
Thus when he ceased,
e awaited signal. Roderick brought
r: Eight for strength and stature chosen
eir honour'd office: Round the shield
hey lower it for the Chieftain's feet,
ly raised upon their shoulders lift
weight. Erect Pelayo stands,
he brandishes the shining sword,

Of Cangas. [illegible]
Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
Peal'd o'er the hills, and up the mountain w
The wild ass starting in the forest glade
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf
Skulk'd through the thicket, to a closer bra
The sluggish bear, awaken'd in his den,
Roused up, and answer'd with a sullen gro
Low-breathed and long; and at the uproar
The brooding eagle from her nest took wi

Heroes and Chiefs of old! and ye who bore
Firm to the last, your part in that dread st
When Julian and Witiza's viler race
Betray'd their country, hear ye from yon
The joyful acclamation which proclaims
That Spain is born again? O ye who died
In that disastrous field, and ye who fell
Embracing with a martyr's love your des
Amid the flames of Auria; and all ye
Victims innumerable, whose cries unhea
On earth, but heard in heaven, from all
Went up for vengeance; not in vain ye
Before the eternal throne! . . . Rest inn
Vengeance is due, and vengeance will b

erance cometh! Even now
ides the miscreant hosts move on; . . .
rn Betis; from the western lands
gh redundant vales smooth Minho flows,
pours through vine-clad hills the wealth
thered waters; from the plains
in old time Vardulia call'd,
castellated strength ere long
sed Castille, a deathless name;
al regions where Toledo reigns
m her royal eminence,
bends his sickle round the scene
i's fall; from rich Rioja's fields;
shores; the walls of Salduba,
Sedetanians old, by Rome
nd August denominate,
oza, in this later time
ities of the earth renown'd
rfectly perform'd; . . . East, West
where'er their gathering multitudes
e speed of vigorous tyranny,
than with commeasurable strength
event the danger, crush the hopes
pain, and rivet round her neck
l yoke, . . . the ravenous fowls of Heaven
presentient of their food obscene,
the accursed armies, whom too well
their purveyors long. Pursue their march
tendants! Ere the moon hath filled
these purveyors shall become the prey,
Moorish not on Christian flesh
rour beaks, shall clog you scaly feet
gn gore. Soon will ye learn to know,
nd harbingers of blood, the flag
here it bids you to your feast!
Flight shall with that flag go forth,
and the Dogs of War and Death.
adonga with the tainted stream
nd this now-rejoicing vale,
imitial triumphs wilt behold!

be witness. And ye your recor
Tolosan mountains, where the Al
Beheld his myriads scattered and
Like locusts swept before the stor
Thou too, Salado, on that later da
When Africa received her final fa
And thy swoln stream incarnadine
The invaders to the deep, . . . ther
Till on their native Mauritanian
The waves shall cast their bones t

XIX.

been perform'd, the royal Goth
the chamber in the tower,
the multitude below,
l. He met her eye,
; him amid the crowd;
hand which beckon'd him,
't prepared, nor shrinking now,
f approving thoughts that hour.
ilous haste, he closed the door,
p her knees; but lo, she spread
shing him in close embrace,
nd cried, My Son, my Son! . . .
ng that first agony,
ng will, backward she bent,
head now shorn and grey,
'd countenance, exclaim'd,
erick! the same noble mind!
heart! Still, still, my Son! . . .
't wholly fall'n, . . not wholly lost,
holly in the sight of Heaven
Mother, nor in thine!
s again around his neck,
e now depart in peace!
d again, and silently

When that first force was past,
haustment found relief, . . .
Rusilla, when the dog
t, and lick'd his master's hand.
o them; the instinctive sense

That goes unerringly where reason fails, . . .
The voice, the eye, . . a mother's thoughts are quick.
Miraculous as it seem'd, . . Siverian's tale, . . .
Florinda's, . . every action . . every word, . . .
Each strengthening each, and all confirming all,
Reveal'd thee, O my Son! But I restrain'd
My heart, and yielded to thy holier will
The thoughts which rose to tempt a soul not yet
Wean'd wholly from the world.
What thoughts? replied
Roderick . . . That I might see thee yet again
Such as thou wert, she answer'd; not alone
To Heaven and me restored, but to thyself, . . .
Thy Crown, . . thy Country, . . all within thy reach;
Heaven so disposing all things, that the means
Which wrought the ill, might work the remedy.
Methought I saw thee once again the hope, . . .

: the little hand which there
auble, should in after days
itted sceptre; . . that through him
should be perpetuate, . . .
:d revered so long, desired
wonderously preserved.

Heaven hath not with its bolts
. summit of the tree, and left
r'd; ne'er shall it clothe its boughs
igain its scyons forth,
ranch, all mortified alike! . . .
cks were shorn had I cut off
royalty! Time might renew
'or Manoah's captive son,
miscreant race, like him,
ıtrength regenerate; but the hour,
ıd best nativity,
again through grace, this heart
l. Dreams such as thine pass now
ıds before me; if I think
ey seem, 'tis but to feel
de, how fast the night shuts in.
l to which my hopes look on,
nor Mutability;
ness are unfading there;
s given us to enjoy,
r ever, still the same . . .
ıt Julian's sword achieve for Spain
: will his dear daughter's soul
; and soon will she be there
Throne of Grace, to plead
mine.
I knew thy heart,
l subdued the vain desire.
s last effort. Thou hast chosen
Yea, Roderick, even on earth
above the monarch's fame,
more enduring praise,
be thine!

The heart of man desires to const
His earthly weal . . unerring Justi
In forfeiture. I with submitted so
Bow to the righteous law and kis
Only while thus submitted, sufferi
Only while offering up that name
Perhaps in trial offered to my ch
Could I present myself before thy
Thus only could endure myself, o
My thoughts upon that fearful pa
Stands in the Gate of Heaven! . .
The healing work of sorrow is co
All vain desires have long been w
All vain regrets subdued; the hea
The soul is ripe and eager for her
Bless me, my Mother! and come w
The inevitable hour, we die in pe

So saying, on her knees he bow'd
She raised her hands to Heaven a
Then bending forward, as he rose,
And claspt him to her heart, and
Theodofred, with pride behold th

XX.

are big with tidings; every hour
l west and south the breathless scouts
arums in; the gathering foe,
m all quarters to one point,
de crescent. Nor was aid of fear
heir numbers needed now:
myriads. Africa had pour'd
pon the coast of wretched Spain;
eir hungry deserts to the scene
vultures to the battle-field,
nting, habited in crimes,
uests the mirthful ruffians flock
east which in their Prophet's name
ust proclaim'd. Nor were the chiefs
s assured, by long success
ond of that o'erwhelming strength,
they believed, as it had roll'd
heck'd, would roll victorious on,
Orient, the subjected West
n reverence at Mahommed's name;
, from remotest Arctic shores,
eligious feet the burning sands
Mecca's stony soil.
part in Roderick's overthrow,
Abulacem came, a man
long in war renown'd.
l comes, who on the conquer'd walls
y treacherous fear betray'd,
noony standard: Ibrahim here,
Genil and in Darro's vales,

Her dwellings by devouring flames co
Bloody and hard of heart, he little we
Vain boastful chief! that from those fi
The fire of retribution had gone fortl
Which soon should wrap him round.

Here too were seen, Ebba and Sisiber
A spurious brood, but of their parents
True heirs, in guilt begotten, and in
Train'd up. The same unnatural rage
Their swords against their country, m
Unmindful of their wretched mother'
Pelayo's life. No enmity is like
Domestic hatred! For his blood they t
As if that sacrifice might satisfy
Witiza's guilty ghost, efface the sham
Of their adulterous birth, and, one cri
Crowning a hideous course, emancipa
Thenceforth their spirits from all eart
This was their only care; but other tl
Were rankling in that elder villain's
Their kinsman Orpas, he of all the cr
Who in this fatal visitation fell,

self had sown, with bolder ch
arily regard the Count,
an outward show of faith
cumcised were Christian still:
and Florinda not obey'd
re's example, and embraced
? Else, wherefore was her hand
o long, so long withheld,
l a fitting hour to fly
is Prince, who now in arms
power; . . . for who could doul
ry she fled, perhaps
ight? What if the Count
l the evasion which he feign'd
an? What if she went
tell the mountaineers
the Musslemen in the heat
assing to their side
ry with him? . . . Thus he

em's ear his schemes
and the course of things,
oving his discourse,
e his wishes weight.
ian territory
with the speed of fear,
oubting that their force
o all resistance down,
rits; . . . he alone
ice through reproach
udden'd multitude
; and high and low
y seized, provoked
layo led
ubtless the prime spring
ients; and 'twas said
of a strong support,
s company
t's daughter came.
e assembled chiefs,

When instantly a stern and wrathful voice
Replied, I know Pelayo never made
That senseless promise! he who raised the tale
Lies foully; but the bitterest enemy
That ever hunted for Pelayo's life
Hath never with the charge of falsehood touch'd
His name.

The Baron had not recognized
Till then, beneath the turban's shadowing folds,
Julian's swart visage, where the fiery suns
Of Africa, through many a year's long course,
Had set their hue inburnt. Something he sought
In quick excuse to say of common fame,
Lightly believed and busily diffused,
And that no enmity had moved his speech
Repeating rumour's tale. Julian replied,
Count Eudon, neither for thyself nor me

ithless race. Blind with revenge,
madness had he sacrificed
l powerful and his native land,
eir jealous favour. But his heav-
im now, where love, too long restrain'd,
healing influence, leading him
ith no misgiving. Chiefs, he said,
d let your wisdom judge between
nse Orpas! . . . Known it is to all,
hat mortal injury provoked
that vengeance which your aid
hath given. A covenant
hen first our purpose we combined,
ould have Florinda for his wife,
ild, so should she be, I thought,
nd honour'd best. My word was given
lid I cease to use all means
r command, entreating her
with tears, and oft with menaces
ger and a father's curse,
to obey. The Christian law,
rbade, and she had vow'd herself
o the Lord. In vain I strove
to the Prophet's saving faith,
aps, a rigour to that end
mitted means, and to my heart,
d her dearer than its own life-blood,
Silently she suffered all,
urged her with most vehemence,
d, I knew her fix'd resolve,
my patience but a little while
should set her free. Touch'd as I was,
ted, till at length, to escape
ess importunity, she fled;
I fear'd until this hour,
to some fearfuller resolve
t had driven my child. Chiefs, I appeal
d all, and, Orpas, to thyself
if, having thus essay'd

All means that law and nature have allow'd
To bend her will, I may not rightfully
Hold myself free, that promise being [illegible]
[illegible] Thou sayest then,
Orpas replied, that from her false belief
Her stubborn opposition drew its force.
I should have thought that from the ways corrupt
Of these idolatrous Christians, little care
Might have sufficed to wean a duteous child,
The example of a parent so beloved
Leading the way; and yet I will not doubt
Thou didst enforce with all sincerity
And holy zeal upon thy daughter's mind
The truths of Islam.
Julian knit his brow,
And scowling on the insidious renegade,
He answer'd, By what reasoning my poor mind
Was from the old idolatry reclaim'd,

t, hath abrogated this
ce!
As Count Julian ceased,
h his black and gathered brow
ok, which with these wary words
; of that false renegade
enom'd meaning. Haughtily
m his alter'd eyes, he said,
s! Return we to the sum
Let Abulacacem say,
liph speaks, if with all faith
n vain all means to win
nt, I may not hold henceforth
scharged.
The Moor replied,
aid, and rightly may'st assure
at the Prophet's holy law
ion. Give thine errand now;
is here.
Then Julian said,
d from him entreat
y child, where'er she be.
her father solemnly
nant with Orpas pledged,
tions, nor with threats,
ore, nor from that liberty
her, which the Prophet's law
en from whence it came, to all
er that her father says
nber'd, and beseeches her
e, which from her infancy
me her, growing as she grew,
eal, and strengthen'd in our woe,
the evening of his life,
ken and alone. Enough
er, have her injuries
father's head; let not her act
the burthen. Tell her too,
ray'd her to return, he wept
hild; but bitterer tears

[illegible] me, to these rebel infidel
Thus Abulcacem in the Caliph's
Exhorteth them; Repent and be f
Nor think to stop the dreadful stre
Which conquering and to conquer
Its destined circle, rolling eastward
Back from the subjugated west, to
Thrones and dominions down, till
Of unity all nations join, and Earth
Acknowledge, as she sees one sun in
One God, one Chief, one Prophet, i
Jerusalem, the holy City, bows
To holier Mecca's creed; the crescent
Triumphant o'er the eternal pyramid
On the cold altars of the worshipped
Of fire moss grows, and reptiles leave
The African idolatries are fallen,
And Europe's senseless gods of stone
Have had their day. Tell these malegni
A moment for repentance yet is left,
And mercy the submitted neck will sp
Before the sword is drawn; but once u
Let Auria witness how that dreadful sw
Accomplishes its work! They little kne
The Moors who h[illegible]

XXI.

ond eve had closed upon their march
e Asturian border, and the Moors
'd their tents amid an open wood
mountain side. As day grew dim,
atter'd fires shone with distincter light
he trees, above whose top the smoke
itself, and stain'd the evening sky.
g the stir of occupation ceased,
the murmur of the busy host
ng died away, as through the camp
ier from a knoll proclaim'd the hour
ayer appointed, and with sonorous voice,
e in melodious modulation full
unced the highest name. There is no God
God, he cried; there is no God but God!
ammed is the Prophet of the Lord!
e ye to prayer! to prayer! The Lord is great!
re is no God but God! . . Thus he pronounced
ritual form, mingling with holiest truth
e audacious name accurst. The multitude
de their ablutions in the mountain stream
edient, then their faces to the earth
nt in formality of easy prayer.

n arrow's flight above that mountain stream
There was a little glade, where underneath
A long smooth mossy stone a fountain rose.
An oak grew near, and with its ample boughs
O'ercanopied the spring; its fretted roots
Emboss'd the bank, and on their tufted bark

[illegible] heavier drops the gathe
Fell from the oak's high bower. Th
When, having drank there, he woul
Drew up upon the bank his meeting
And put forth half his force. With al
From thence through mossy banks th
Then murmuring hastened to the gle
Diana might have loved in that swee
To take her noontide rest; and when
Hot from the chase to drink, well-ple
Her own bright crescent, and the brig
It crown'd, reflected there.

Beside th
Count Julian's tent was pitch'd upon
There his ablutions Moor-like he had
And Moor-like knelt in prayer, bowing
Upon the mossy bank. There was a sou
Of voices at the tent when he arose;
And lo! with hurried step a woman cam
Toward him; rightly then his heart pre
And ere he could behold her countenan
Florinda knelt, and with uplifted arms
Embraced her sire. He raised her from t
Kiss'd her, and clasp't her to his heart
Thou hast [illegible]

blessing! Though all faiths were false,
ot lose its worth! . . . She lock'd her hands
neck, and gazing in his face
reaming tears, exclaim'd, Oh never more,
reafter, never let us part!
ing then a prayer in silence forth,
of Jesus trembled on her tongue.

t thou there? cried Julian, and drew back,
t near them stood a meagre man
garb, who rested with raised hands
staff, bending his head, like one
a he hears the distant vesper-bell,
e way, and all unseen of men,
omage in the eye of Heaven.
r'd, let not my dear father frown
n his child! Thy messenger
at I should be restrain'd no more
ty of faith, which the new law
o all: how soon my hour might come
t, and although that hour will bring
s, yet methinks I would not be
Christian comforter in death.

exclaim'd the Count, and drawing back,
his turban, that he might not lack
vard symbol of apostacy;
a war his wonted arms he wore,
e scymitar had changed the sword
d to his hand. He cover'd now
grey hair, and under the white folds
y brow, which gathered as he rose,
Oh frown not thus! Florinda cried,
d gentle counsellor is this,
pours balm into a wounded soul,
ates the griefs he cannot heal.
I had vow'd to pass my days
of the Lord, yet that my heart,
e message of thy love, was drawn
rful yearnings back. Follow thy heart . .

Weigh vows and na
In what old heresy l
Or in what wilderne
The domineering Pr
Come hither, man, an

A sinner, Roderick, d
Brought to repentanc
And trusting for forgi
Of Christ in humble h

Julian assumed, but m
It came; for he was tro
On the strong counten
Before him. A new lav
Said he, which overthro
The Christian altars of
What think'st thou of th
Made answer, I am in th
And he who asketh is a l
How then should I reply
The renegade, and freely
To all that Julian asks. I
Of Mecca easy, and its bu
Spain had

: of natural duty in a Priest!
a miracle, ye Saints of Spain!
t pry too closely for the wires,
ng what I see, ye have me now
lieving mood!
O blessed Saints,
cried, 'tis from the bitterness,
the hardness of the heart, he speaks!
! and in your goodness give the scoff
ie of a prayer! So saying, she raised
s in fervent action clasp't to heaven;
still clasp't, they fell, toward her sire
d her eyes, beholding him through tears.
the gesture, and that silent woe,
ner father's heart, which in this hour
to the influences of love.
r vocation were a blessed one,
n, if its mighty power were used
human misery, not to swell
nful sum, already all-too-great.
former counsel should imply,
not one who would for his craft's sake
corrosives and inflame the wound,
e poor sufferer brings to thee in trust,
with virtuous balm wilt bind it up, . . .
ink, thou art not one of those
llainy makes honest men turn Moors,
n wilt answer with unbiass'd mind
all ask thee, and exorcise thus
and feverish conscience of my child,
ed phantoms, fiendlike, which possess
ent spirit. Children we are all
eat Father, in whatever clime
chance hath cast the seeds of life,
es, all colours: neither after death
be sorted into languages
, . . . white, black, and tawny, Greek and
th,
and offspring of hot Africa;
father, he in whom we live and move,

Roderick, perceiving here that Julian
As if he waited for acknowledgment
Of that plain truth, in motion of assen
Inclined his brow complacently, and a
Even so. What follows? . . . This, resu
That creeds like colours being but acc
Are therefore in the scale imponderab
Thou seest my meaning; . . . that fron
As every clime, there is a way to Heav
And thou and I may meet in Paradise.

Oh grant it God! cried Roderick ferve
And smote his breast. Oh grant it, gra
Through the dear blood of Jesus, gran
And I may meet before the Mercy-Th
That were a triumph of Redeeming L
For which admiring Angels would ren
Their halleluiahs through the choir of

Man! quoth Count Julian, wherefore a
To this strange passion? I require of t
Thy judgment, not thy prayers!
Be
In gentle voice subdued the Goth repl

ch'd; of such I needs must deem
of men who had their day
t was given. But, Count, for those
d the light, to darkness turn,
, . . . I dare only say,
eave the unhappy soul without
aitor, and till the grave
of mercy is not closed.

renegade replied, and shook
rn. What is not in the craft
r error there shall be
d in him whom yet ye name

Now God forbid, rejoin'd
g, that one who stands in need
is sins should argue thus
hast said that thou and I,
name a Mussleman, and I
e Cross, may meet in Heaven.
in our fathers' ways we walk'd
ike; faith being to each, . . .
hast reason'd rightly, . . . like
fashion and our mother-tongue,
tance, . . . no thing of choice
t'd, nor rooted in the heart.
rows of calamity
inking underneath the weight
more heavily oppress
irthen of my sins, I turn'd
our to Him who from the Cross
vy-laden. There I found
fort; there I have my hope,
d my salvation; there the grave
my feet, and heaven in view,
f Terrors say, Come, Death, . . .
Thou too wert a stricken deer,
pardon the unhappy hand
thee! . . . but whither didst thou go
hou hast turn'd away from Him,

Who saith, Forgive, as ye would be forgiven;
And that the Moorish sword might do thy work,
Received the creed of Mecca: with what fruit
For Spain, let tell her cities sack'd, her sons
Slaughter'd, her daughters than thine own dear c
More foully wrong'd, more wretched! For thysel
Thou hast had thy fill of vengeance, and perhap
The cup was sweet: but it hath left behind
A bitter relish! Gladly would thy soul
Forget the past; as little canst thou bear
To send into futurity thy thoughts;
And for this Now, what is it, Count, but fear . . .
However bravely thou may'st bear thy front, . . .
Danger, remorse, and stinging obloquy?
One only hope, one only remedy,
One only refuge yet remains . . . My life
Is at thy mercy, Count! Call, if thou wilt,

n the past, I murmur nōt,
nd of all look on with joy
ired!
Peace, innocent! replied
and from her hold withdrew his arm.
a gathered brow of mournfulness
wrath, regarding Roderick, said,
est that all sins may be effaced:
iveness, Christian, in thy creed
k's crime! . . . For Roderick and for thee,
, said the Goth, and as he spake
rough every fibre of his frame,
Heaven is open. Julian threw
hand aloft, and cried, Away!
not hold us both, nor can one Heaven
deadliest enemy and me!

ay not thus! Florinda cried;
ven him! I have pray'd for him!
thee, and for myself I pour
t prayer to Heaven! In passion then
d bending back, with arms and face
rd the sky, the supplicant exclaim'd,
eal his heart! It is the grief
rs there that hath bewilder'd him!
edeemer! by thy precious death
im, O my God! Then on her face
thus with bitterness pursued
oes her agonizing prayer.

hus thyself, my child, the Count
O dearest, be thou comforted;
heart at rest, I ask no more!
st, peace! . . . and weeping as he spake,
raise her. Roderick also knelt;
d, he cried, and rest in faith
ill hear thy prayers! they must be heard!
d doubt the worth of prayers like thine
f all things! Sainted as thou art
here, this miracle will be
d thy reward!

As monumental marble. Friend, said
Whether thy faith be fabulous, or s
Indeed from Heaven, its dearest gif
Thy heart is true; and had the mitr
Of Seville been like thee, or hadst tl
The place he filled; . . . but this is i
Things are as they will be; and we,
Fret in the harness as we may, mus
The car of Destiny where'er she dri
Inexorable and blind!

Oh wretched

Cried Roderick, if thou seekest to a
Thy wounded spirit with that deadl
Hell's subtlest venom! Look to thin
Where thou hast Will and Conscien
This juggling sophistry, and lead th
Through penitence to Heaven!

W

That governs us, in mournful tone
Replied, Fate, Providence, or Allah
Or reckless Fortune, still the effect
A World of evil and of misery!
Look where we will we meet it; wh

Rightly would'st thou say
'orld but this! the Goth replied.
ld of earth that e'er was mark'd
n of prosperity,
ral gifts and wealth of mind,
e attending him abroad,
ar domestic joys at home,
the evening of his days
t a cloud, . . . even such a man
gloom and horror of his heart
thought, were this world all!
ar the haunting mystery,
ibution did not solve
o heavenliest harmony
ing chaos! . . . Here we see
well-head; clear it is,
cuous the invisible air;
t's thoughts; and here to life
d all its uses serve.
greener on its brink; sweet flowers
eam that feeds their freshen'd roots;
ves it for his wintry haunts;
ds begin to open forth,
h his mate their brooding nest:
with widening nostrils there
s his copious draught;
ts flags the wild-boar stands,
ng nor meditating hurt.
ds wild and solitary fields
holds its bounteous course;
bes the resorts of men,
e city there defiles
m; corrupt and foul it flows
ne banks and o'er a bed impure,
e appointed end to which
ay it hastens, 'tis received,
llution, mingles there
d of waters. So it is
ream of things, if all were seen;
ng, good the end shall be,

itory evil only make
end happier. Ages pass away,
all, and nations disappear, and worlds
and go to wreck; the soul alone
and what she chuseth for herself,
rer of her own destiny,
shall be permanent.
But guilt,
r sufferings? said the Count. The Goth
lepentance taketh sin away,
edies the rest. . . . Sooth'd by the strain
scourse, Julian was silent then,
ontemplating. Florinda too
'd: If sore experience may be thought
he uses of adversity,
las! who better learn'd than I
l school! Methinks if ye would know
tions of calamity

k tents of that unholy host,
conscious of impending fate,
ast slumber there. The camp is still;
ve moulder'd, and the breeze which stirs
d snowy embers, just lays bare
ed and evanescent light,
nent wakes a feeble flame.
fountain hear the stream below,
murs, as the wind arose or fell,
nter reach the ear attuned.
e nightingale, not distant far,
olitary song; and pour'd
moon a richer, stronger strain
ith which the lyric lark salutes
rn day. Her deep and thrilling song
its piercing melody to reach
d in mysterious unison
all thoughts of gentleness and love.
were open to the healing power
nd the splendour of the night,
waters, and that sweetest lay
m like a copious evening dew
ernal herbs which thirst for rain.

THUS they besi
And rest forgetful,
Summon'd Count J
In council there at
The assembled Chi
Of unexpected weig
Jealous that Abdala
A regal state, affecti
The forms of Gothic
Whom artful spirits
Stirr'd up, had risen
And he who late had
Ruled from the Ocea
A mutilate and headl
From pitying hands r
A hasty grave, scarce
And ravens, nor from
She, too, who in the w
Her queenly rank, the

k for mockery and reproach,
human horror at her fate.
ng the wild anarchy;
ement of authority
things there are dislocate:
oidiery, by every cry
n wild career, were driven
f passion, setting up
in the impulse of the next
ming, they destroyed: thus all
where uproar gave the law,
r Damascus they could learn
easure, many a moon must pass.
done? should Abulcacem march
d in the Caliph's name
ver which to his rank in arms
d, restoring thus the reign
sue with quicken'd speed
great armament, and crush
then to domestic ills
ided mind and force
t in this emergency
unsel, Abulcacem ask'd.
omplish soon their enterprize?
surgent infidels prolong
king by protracted war
and trusting in the strength
lis?

Julian replied, The Chief
vary, resolute,
rth in war: a desperate part
deliberately hath chosen,
hereditary love
these hardy mountaineers,
s own noble qualities
d so that every heart is his.
them to the open proof
l find them in his cause
st well they know the strength
masses, the mountain paths

Impervious to pursuit, the vantages
Of rock, and pass, and woodland, and ravine;
And hardly will ye tempt them to forego
These natural aids wherein they put their trust
As in their stubborn spirit, each alike
Deem'd by themselves invincible, and so
By Roman found and Goth, . . beneath whose sw
Slowly persuaded rather than subdued
They came, and still through every change reta
Their manners obstinate and barbarous speech.
My counsel, therefore, is, that we secure
With strong increase of force the adjacent posts
And chiefly Gegio, leaving them so mann'd
As may abate the hope of enterprize
Their strength being told. Time in a strife like
Becomes the ally of those who trust in him:
Make then with Time your covenant. Old feud

nehing that for which I know
her eye nor thought.
There was a time,
nile malignant thus replied,
progress of the Caliph's arms
's daughter had an interest
'd her nearly! But her turn is served,
f Prince Orpas may beget
to the cause. Yet Destiny
to the service of the faith
l heart of woman; for as one
derick to the avenging sword,
her at this hour betray'd
fall. His sister came
to my tent, a fugitive.
that on learning our approach,
a cavern in the hills
wife and children, and with them
followers, thinking there conceal'd
be safe. She, moved by injuries
: her spirit, on the way escaped,
nge will guide us. In reward
brother's forfeiture of lands
with Numacian: Something too
is life, that for her services
spared, she said; . . . an after-thought
orum, and if conscience wake,
op: but when the sword shall smite
his dangerous race, I ween
kerchief will dry all the tears
huisla sheds!
'Tis the old taint!
mournfully: from her mother's womb
: the inbred wickedness which now
tion blossoms. Woman, woman,
Goths art thou the instrument
w; thy virtue and thy vice
to them!
Say rather, cried
's renegade, that Allah thus

And this Alcayde, who in [illegible]
Baffling our force, has thought perh
Prince of the Mountains, when we h
And offspring at our mercy, must hi
Come to the lure.

Enough: the Lea
This unexpected work of favouring
Opens an easy way to our desires,
And renders farther council needless
Great is the Prophet whose protecti
Goes with the faithful forth! the reb
Are numbered; Allah hath delivered
Into our hands!

So saying he arose;
The Chiefs withdrew; Orpas alone r
Obedient to his indicated will.
The event, said Abulcacem, hath ap
Thy judgment in all points; his dau
At the first summons even as thou s
Her errand with the insurgents don
Their well-concerted project back. a
And unsuspected messenger; . . . th
The shallow Moor, . . . must see an
Must hear and understand not; yea

'hen fallen into our power,
: contrive, or open force
rgement. Haply too he dreams
e avenger and the friend
n that cause to arm
loor, preparing for himself
r the enfeebled conquerors.
on hath embolden'd him,
serves him for fresh treachery, false
rst, and to the Caliph now.

Abulcacem, is confirm'd,
ast; all that is now required
: and safely. He hath with him
e, devoted to his will,
ake were perilous; nor less
ere in delay; what course
equal dangers should we steer?

n train'd beneath him in the wars
renegade replied;
vho, from their youth up, have found
on and their joy in arms;
he cause for which they fight,
their leader, who hath won
ely given, yet temper'd still
of firm authority,
votion. Vainly should we seek
lian's guilt to pacify
irits, unto whom all creeds
are alike; but take away
d forthwith their fidelity
arket price. The act must be
eet; poison is too slow.
st be done: the mountaineers,
long will rouse us with some spur
rprize: at such a time
ter approaching him
, so that all shall think the spear
' *hostile troops.*

B

Cried Abulcacem; thou shalt have
The proper meed of thy fidelity:
His daughter thou may'st take or
And find a faithful instrument to
Our purpose in effect! . . . And w
The Moor, as Orpas from the tent
Muttering pursued, . . . look for a
Thyself! that restless head of wicl
In the grave will brood no treason
Scream when the Devil, as they sp
Infects them with his touch; but t
Thy arms to meet him, and like m
Suck the congenial evil! Thou ha
Both laws, and, were there ought
A third as readily; but when thy s
Are weigh'd, 'twill be against an e

XXIII.

amp is stirring, and ere day hath dawn'd
are struck. Early they rise whom hope
, and they travel fast with whom
companion of the way. By noon
lcacem in his speed attain'd
of Cangas. Well the trusty scouts
is march, and fleet as mountain roes,
t to post with instantaneous speed
ing bear: none else is nigh; the vale
a deserted, and Pelayo's hall
the foe, who on the tower
ir white signal-flag. In Sella's stream
elieving multitude perform,
and hasty hand, their noontide rite,
ryingly repeat the impostor's prayer.
r divide; the Chieftain halts with half
, retaining Julian and his men,
here the valley widen'd he disposed,
first attack, that so the deed
r plann'd with Orpas might be done.
r force the Moor Alcahman led,
uisla guided up Pionia's stream
to Soto. Ibrahim went with him,
Granada's snowy heights subdued,
ting of his skill in mountain war;
he deem'd an easier victory
him this day. Little, quoth he,
e vain Mountaineer who puts his trust
nd rocky fastnesses, how close
on is at hand! Belike he thinks

happy wings have shadowed him,
Fate with royalty must crown
d! Pity the scymitar
edge so soon should interrupt
lream!

There can be no escape
in the cave seek shelter, cried
ld they must, or from their holes
moke them out. The chief perhaps
ile King of the wolves and bears,
bjects hunt him down, or kites
ide what hunger may have left
tly limbs. Happier for him
hould this day to our hands
hort would be his sufferings then;
joyfully should in one hour
rk accomplished, and his race

m her kindred her revenge to wreak,
loors in.

Count Pedro and his son
ering with the main Asturian force
ler vale to watch occasion there,
hot onset when the alarm began
e vantage. In the fated straits
nd the King disposed the rest:
hanging woods, and on the cliffs,
he's length on either side its bed,
The lever and the axe and saw
ally been plied; and trees and stones,
rtillery, ranged on crag and shelf
descent, were ready at the word
e to roll resistless down.
ful maiden not more wistfully
the day that brings her lover home; . . .
ire impatiently the horse endures
when loud and shrill the hunter's horn
his joyous ears, than at their post
ntaineers await their certain prey.
ul of their Prince's order, oft
anly enforced, with eagerness
by minds well-master'd, they expect
inted signal.

Hand must not be raised,
'd, nor voice be utter'd, said the chief,
word pass: impatience would mar all.
delivered over to your hands
ies and ours, so we but use
sion wisely. Not till the word pass
n to man transmitted, "In the name
, for Spain and Vengeance," let a hand
, on obedience all depends.
rch below with noise of horse and foot,
y with the clang of instruments,
own all other signal; this is sure.
it calmly; it will not be given
whole line hath entered in the toils.
; *be patient, so shall* none escape

With frequent and impressive charg
The needful exhortation. This alon
He doubted, that the Musslemen m
The perils of the vale, and warily
Forbear to enter. But they thought
As Guisla told, the main Asturian f
Seeking concealment there, no othe
Soliciting from these their native h
And that the babes and women hav
In thraldom, they would lay their w
And supplicate forgiveness for thei
Nor did the Moors perceive in wha
They enter'd; for the morn had ris
And when the Sun had reach'd the
Dimly his pale and beamless orb w
Moving through mist. A soft and g
Scarce heavier than the summer's e
Descended, . . . through so still an
That every leaf upon the moveless
Was studded o'er with rain drops, b
None falling till from its own weig
The motion came.

Low on the m
The fleecy vapour hung, and in its
With all their dreadful preparation
The Mountaineers: . . . in breathless
Some blessing God in silence for th
This day vouchsafed; others with fe
Of prayer and vow invoked the Mo

noth one, that though the Prophet's soul
he black-eyed Houris bathe in bliss,
ot left his body, which bears up
culous power the holy tomb,
it at Medina in the air;
etween the temple's floor and roof:
the Angels fly to him with news
st, West, North, and South, of what befalls
ful people. If when he shall hear
of this day's work, he should for joy
hat he is dead, and walk abroad, . . .
as good a miracle as when
ed the moon! Sir Angel hear me now,
er thou bee'st who art about to speed
Spain to Araby! when thou hast got
'rophet's ear, be sure thou tellest him
bravely Ghauleb did his part to-day,
with what special reverence he alone
red thee to commend him to his grace! . . .
on thee, scoffer, that thou art! replied
comrade; thou wilt never leave these gibes
l some commission'd arrow through the teeth
all nail the offending tongue. Hast thou not heard
w when our clay is leaven'd first with life,
he ministering Angel brings it from that spot
Thereon 'tis written in the eternal book
That soul and body must their parting take
And earth to earth return? How knowest thou
But that the spirit who compounded thee,
To distant Syria from this very vale
Bore thy component dust, and Azrael here
Awaits thee at this hour? . . . Little thought he
Who spake, that in that valley at that hour
One death awaited both!

Thus they pursued
Toward the cave their inauspicious way.
Weak childhood there and ineffective age
In the chambers of the rock were placed secure;
But of the women, all whom with the babes
Maternal care detain'd not, were aloft

To aid in the destruction: by the side
Of fathers, brethren, husbands, station'd ther
They watch and pray. Pelayo in the cave
With the venerable Primate took his post.
Ranged on the rising cliffs on either hand,
Vigilant centinels with eye intent
Observe his movements, when to take the wo
And pass it forward. He in arms complete
Stands in the portal: a stern majesty
Reign'd in his countenance severe that hour,
And in his eye a deep and dreadful joy
Shone, as advancing up the vale he saw
The Moorish banners. God hath blinded ther
He cried; the measure of their crimes is full!
O Vale of Deva, famous shalt thou be
From this day forth for ever; and to these
Thy springs shall unborn generations come
In pilgrimage, and hallow with their prayers
The cradle of their native monarchy!

ging to the rock beneath,
ng part in fleecy folds,
light condensed
mee. In the midst there stood
hand upon the Cross,
menacing act: below
iment, but her breast was arm'd,
head. The Moor turn'd pale,
Auria he had seen
gure, and had well believed
dead. What, hoa! she cried,
name of all who fell
ssacre, this hour
ore the throne of God
innocent blood! This hour,
murderer, Child of Hell, this hour
udgment! . . . In the name
and Vengeance!
Thus she closed
ing from the Primate's hand
which at the sacring rites
tier, at the cavern's mouth
gave the word.
e on either side it past
on, . . . In the name
and Vengeance! and forthwith
g the whole defile
iting in the name of God,
loose; huge trunks and stones,
, down down they roll'd with rush
undering force. Such was the fall
by the labouring earth
ong foundations is cast down,
gs, towers, and palaces
tion prostrated.
f that long strait, the crash
ous, and commixt with sounds
ieks of horror and despair,
wild and agonizing cry
in one destruction whelm'd.

Vain was all valour there, all martial skill;
The valiant arm is helpless now; the foot
Swift in the race avail not now to save;
They perish, all their thousands perish there . .
Horsemen and infantry they perish all, . .
The outward armour and the bones within
Broken and bruised and crush'd. Echo prolong'
The long uproar; a silence then ensued,
Through which the sound of Deva's stream wa
A lonely voice of waters, wild and sweet:
The lingering groan, the faintly-utter'd prayer,
The louder curses of despairing death,
Ascended not so high. Down from the cave
Pelayo hastes, the Asturians hasten down,
Fierce and immitigable down they speed
On all sides, and along the vale of blood
The avenging sword did mercy's work that hot

XXIV.

hast been busy, Death, this day, and yet
thy work is done! The Gates of Hell
ng'd, yet twice ten thousand spirits more,
m their warm and healthful tenements
divorce, must ere the Sun go down
e world of woe! The Gate of Heaven
oo, and Angels round the throne
y on their golden harps this day
g the triumphs of Redeeming Love.

as a Church at Cangas dedicate
Apostle unto whom his Lord
en the keys: a humble edifice,
ude and time-worn structure suited well
le among the mountains. Its low roof
me plants and with moss was overgrown,
rn, and richer weeds which from the eaves
eir long tresses down. White lichens clothed
es, save where the ivy spread, which bower'd
ch, and clustering round the pointed wall,
two bells, each open to the wind,
de by side, threaded with hairy shoots
ble nich; and climbing to the cross,
d it and half conceal'd its sacred form
shy tufts luxuriant. Here in the font, . . .
hither with rejoicings and with prayers
e happy land, who saw in him
eage of their ancient Chiefs renew'd, . . .
nce had been immersed; and here within
n galilee, now black with age,
berian ancestors were laid.

Two stately oaks stood near, in the full growth
Of many a century. They had flourish'd there
Before the Gothic sword was felt in Spain,
And when the ancient sceptre of the Goths
Was broken, there they flourish'd still. Their boughs
Mingled on high, and stretching wide around,
Form'd a deep shade, beneath which canopy
Upon the ground Count Julian's board was spread,
For to his daughter he had left his tent
Pitch'd for her use hard by. He at the board
Sate with his trusted Captains, Gunderick,
Felix and Miro, Theudered and Paul,
Basil and Cottila, and Virimar,
Men through all fortunes faithful to their Lord,
And to that old and tried fidelity,
By personal love and honour held in ties
Strong as religious bonds. As there they sate

d from the Chief to Julian sent;
rmed fatally perform'd
n, for the Chief and for himself,
hat host of Musulmen he brought;
with well-dissembled words he lured
der's ear, the dexterous ruffian mark'd
uring moment and unguarded place,
ged a javelin in his side. The Count
in falling call'd to Cottila,
y! the Moor! the Moor! . . He too on whom
had seen the blow from whence it came,
d the murderer. Miscreant! he exclaim'd,
thee on? The Musulman who saw
t purpose baffled, undismay'd
What I have done is authorized;
h treachery and prevent worse ill
d Abulaseem sent me here;
ise of the Caliph and the Faith
the blow.

The Prophet and the Fiend

hee then! cried Cottila; meantime
u from me thy proper earthly meed;
. . and lifting, as he spake, the sword,
him on the neck: the trenchant blade
vein and artery past and yielding bone;
he shoulder, as the assassin dropt,
half-severed fell. The curse of God
he Caliph and the Faith and thee!
for anguish, Cottila pursued;
logs! thus is it ye requite
ees? . . . But dearly shall ye pay
lay's work! . . . O Fellow-soldiers, here,
g his hands toward the host, he cried,
our noble leader basely slain!
or twenty years hath led us forth
nd brought us home with victory,
ies fully murder'd, . . . by the Moors, . . .
nom he trusted, whom he served so well!
is next! but neither will we wait
tamely fall!

Pelayo's stand
On Gunderick
Redress'd the
Ye will not let
Tears then we
And groans we
And vows with
And curses chec
Said Julian, wit
And let me see n

Scarce had he spo
Divide before her
A deep and fearfu
A look of settled
Yet to no lamenta
Nor tears nor groa
She bore the grief,
Beside him, raised h
And cried, Lord Go
Two things have I t
Vengeance and thee
I have provided: wha
As best may comfort

ing shaft should shake the mortal wound.
s men with slow and steady step
Bearing burthen bore, and in the Church
e altar laid him down, his head
rinda's knees. . . . Now, friends, said he,
I ever hoped to meet my death
s, like a soldier, . . . but not thus!
to Asturians; and in after years,
your old commander ye shall talk,
he loved his followers, what he was
and how basely he was slain,
ne tale its fit completion lack,
ow bravely was his death revenged.
el in that good word doth Julian make
nent; your faithful swords must give
its full performance. Leave me now,
ne with worldly things. Comrades, farewell,
my memory!

They with copious tears
g anger, grief exasperating
e, and fury giving force to grief,
to form their ranks against the Moors.
antime toward the altar turn'd
id eyes: That Image, is it not
he enquired, he who denied
and was forgiven? . . . Roderick rejoin'd,
apostle; and may that same Lord,
to thy soul's salvation bless
nable thought!

The dying Count
upon the Goth his earnest eyes.
aid he, is this for bravery,
or dissemblance. I would fain
faith wherein my fathers died,
hey pledged me in mine infancy. . . .
habits, he pursued, have steel'd
and perhaps I do not fear
go as I ought. But if to feel
o sinn'd, and from my soul renounce
ar's faith, which never in that soul

Obtain'd a place, . . . If at the Saviour's feet,
Laden with guilt, to cast myself and cry,
Lord, I believe! help thou my unbelief! . . .
If this in the sincerity of death
Suffiseth, . . . father, let me from thy lips
Receive the assurances with which the Church
Doth bless the dying Christian.

Roderick raise
His eyes to Heaven, and crossing on his breast
His open palms, Mysterious are thy ways
And merciful, O gracious Lord! he cried,
Who to this end hast thus been pleased to lead
My wandering steps! O Father, this thy son
Hath sinn'd and gone astray; but hast not The
Said, when the sinner from his evil ways
Turneth, that he shall save his soul alive,
And Angels at the sight rejoice in Heaven!
Therefore do I, in Thy most holy name,
Into thy family receive again

ıith which comforts thee in death,
ıgiveness, Julian, ere thou diest!
nan who most hath injured thee!
ıe wretched Goth, the guilty cause
ıilt, . . . the unworthy instrument
nption, . . . kneels before thee here,
o be forgiven!

Roderick! exclaim'd
Count, . . . Roderick! . . . and from the floor
t effort half he raised himself;
ung heavy in his side, and pain
ıe overcame him, that he fell
daughter's lap. O Death, cried he, . . .
ıand across his cold damp brow, . . .
t the strong limb, and conquerest
n heart! But yesterday I said
ı could not contain mine enemy
l now I lift my dying voice
give me, Lord, as I forgive
ıth done the wrong! . . . He closed his eyes
then with sudden impulse cried, . . .
ıy wife is dead, . . . the Church hath power
e from thy vows, . . . the broken heart
e heal'd, the wrong redress'd, the throne
hat same hand which pull'd it down,
urst Africans . . . Oh for a month
e life which millions misbestow! . . .
ıs passionate, and in his eye
ıg animation while he spake
ınt spirit shone: its effort soon
ıd painfully with feeble breath
difficult utterance he pursued, . . .
f all the evil was ordain'd,
de wreck the will and work of Heaven,
poor occasion! Death will make
ıd joining us in better worlds,
ır union there! Do for me now
y office more: . . . draw forth the spear
e from this pain! . . . Receive his soul,
laim'd the Goth, as he perform'd

ner cheek was fl
A wilder brightne
While underneath
Exhausted life ga
Lifting her hands,
All . . . in one hou
Her arms and cried
Groaning, he clasp
And agony her hap

XXV.

T thousand men had to Asturias march'd
Count Julian's banner; the remains
nave army which in Africa
gainst the Musaleman made head,
e of injuries insupportable,
ng thirst of vengeance, overthrew
ader's noble spirit. To revenge
rel, twice that number left their bones,
unnatural battle, on the field
s, where the sceptre from the Goths
eous Heaven was reft. Others had fallen
d in sieges, alway by the Moor
ront of war opposed. The policy,
atsoever show of honour cloak'd,
s, and this surviving band had oft
carousals of the flagrant wrong
h discourse as stirs the mounting blood,
mon danger with one discontent
chiefs and men. Nor had the bonds
d discipline, and faith attach'd,
g restrain'd them, had they not known well
ian in their just resentment shared,
l their hopes on him. Slight impulse now
to make these fiery martialists
rth in open fury; and though first
edro listen'd with suspicious ear
n's dying errand, deeming it
w decoy of treason, . . . when he found
l legate followed Virimar,
e third, and saw the turbulence

...ens, and all who l
The zealous service
They proffer'd, and
To lead against the
Combined, and in g
Divided, nor for suc

While thus they com
Came forth, and seei
Toward them. Sirs, s
He died a Christian, r
In faith; and when hi
His dying breath, her
One sacrament, one de
And I beseech ye, ye w
Of blood which lies bef
If, as I think, it should
That in one grave with
Ye lay them side by sid
They are met through r
Who should in death div
His speech to Pedro in a
The King, said he, I kno
Will judge of the depart

r the storm his villainy
came hastening on a milk-white steed,
distance having check'd the rein,
r parley. 'Twas Orelio
e rode, Roderick's own battle-horse,
is master's hand had wont to feed,
glad docility obey
miliar. At the sight the Goth
indignation to his soul
k the thoughts and feelings of old time.
ount, he cried, to answer him,
ese back the while! Thus having said,
o reply, but as he was
in his weeds, and all unarm'd,
ward the renegade. Sir Priest,
s as he came, I hold no talk
my errand is with Gunderick
tains of the host, to whom I bring
offers and clear proof . . .
The Goth,
th scornful voice his speech, exclaim'd,
no steed but Roderick's serve thy turn?
e thought some sleek and sober mule
l in shackles to procession pace,
to my Lord of Seville's use,
ood war-horse, . . . he who never bore
ntil Orpas crost his back! . . .
ed the astonish'd renegade, and stoopt,
th anger, from the saddle-bow
weapon. Ere the hasty hand
n passion could perform its will,
d seized the reins. How now, he cried,
ompanion, . . . my good horse, . . .
recreant burthen! . . . And with that
s hand, and rear'd, and back'd the steed,
ember'd voice and arm of power
own the helpless traitor fell
rown, and Roderick over him
with just and unrelenting hand,
ng hoofs. Go join Witiza now,

When from the expiring
That Roderick took the s
Hung it, and vaulted in th
My noble horse! he cried,
Patting his high-arch'd ne
I thank him for't, hath ke
Orelio, thou art in thy beau
Thy pride and strength! O
Once more thou bearest to
He who so oft hath fed and
He for whose sake, wherev
Thou wert by all men hon
Thou hast thy proper mast
As thou wert wont; and bea
My beautiful Orelio, . . . to
The happiest of his fields! .
The scymitar, and waving i
Rode toward the troops: its
Disliked him; Renegade in
The Goth, and cast it from
Then said, If I have done y
Help me, I pray you, to a Sp
The trustiest blade that e'er
Was dipt, would not to-day

tter armour eased this day
ted leathern gipion, will be found
battle, yet bring off untouch'd
d life he ventures . . . Taking then
sword, he fitted round his wrist
d eyeing the elaborate steel.
gard of joy, The African
py stars was born, he cried,
y edge! . . Make ready for the charge!
they come! . . On, brethren, to the field . . .
Vengeance!
Vengeance was the word;
man, and rank to rank it past,
rt enforced, by every voice
loud defiance of the foe.
a shriller sounds return'd
and the Prophet's trusted name.
a lower'd their spears, the infantry
with slow and steady step
e bow-strings twang'd, and arrows hiss'd,
hurtled by. Anon the hosts
ock of battle, horse and man
hield struck shield, and sword and mace
e on helm and buckler rung;
iven, and wounds were interchanged,
pirit from its mortal hold
s or bale. Well did the Chiefs
my in that hour support
em; and well Count Pedro there
former praise; and by his side,
a bridegroom in the strife,
ugh the host of infidels
loody lance dismay and death.
worst confusion and uproar,
slaughter and dismay, where, proud
r'd Lord, Orelio plunged
hest ranks, trampling beneath his feet
d the dead. Where'er he turns
vide and fly. What man is this,
say, who to the front of war

Of wonder
How flight
And slaught
With what c
The intrepic
His dreadful
Bestrode wit
That noble w
Is death's bla
Dismay and r
Is he who in t
Whole hosts, a
Auspicious Hea
Revisits earth!

Hath ever with
Above all other
Chusing her chil
For its peculiar p
Abraham's ungrat
Who knows not h
When Peace on E
The light which o
Irradiated whole S

h not the Virgin Mother oftentimes
ending, clothed in glory, unscified
h fleet adorable our happy cell . . .
fold ye not, said another, how he rent
rath the unhallow'd sepulcher away,
hapell'd for Christian weapon? Oh he sees
s is the aid of Heaven! On, comrades, on!
thanks to-day is wrought for Spain!
tory and Vengeance! How the miscreants down,
l spare not! how them down in sacrifice!
l is with us! his saints are in the field!
tory! miraculous Victory!

Thus they
nnad with wild belief the keen desire
vengeance on their enemies abhorr'd.
Moorish chief, meantime, o'erlook'd the fight
m an eminence, and cursed the renegade
ose counsels setting to such ill effect
l brought this danger on. Lo, from the East
ide fresh alarm! a few poor fugitives
ll-nigh with fear exanimate came up,
m Covadonga flying, and the rear
hat destruction, scarce with breath to tell
ir dreadful tale. When Abulcacem heard,
ehem with horror, like a man bereft
nses, he stood. O Prophet, he exclaim'd,
ad and cruel fortune hast thou brought
s day upon thy servant! Must I then
e with disgrace and ruin close a life
plendous deeds? But how should man resist
n's irreversible decrees, or why
mur at what must be! They who survive
y mourn the evil which this day begins:
part will soon be done! . . . Grief then gave way
rage, and, cursing Guisla, he pursued,
that that treacherous woman were but here!
ere a consolation to give her
evil death she merits!

That reward
Aaph Aad, a Moor replied. For when we reach'd

Pierced her with w
Destroy'd! said Ab
Howbeit, resolving
His office, he rous
Strike off Count I
Which brought h
In arms against t
And Ebba, he co
Their uncle's fat
Of treason on th
Of safety but wi
With chosen tro
Of battle, that b
Retreat might n
The conflict, an
Mingling with
Rose through t

Which Deva d
Purpling Pioni
The wider stre
The frequent
Were seen, wh
Where down t

r consummation. One ran on
m fleet of foot, and having given
this swift messenger, the Goth
ile to let Orelio breathe.
ioth Pelayo, if mine eyes
not, yon horse, whose reeking sides
h slaughter, is the same on whom
e Orpas in his vauntery
rade the streets of Cordoba.
ould'st know him best; regard him well:
lio?
Either it is he,
n replied, or one so like to him,
hought matchless, that similitude
ie greater wonder. But behold,
s he who in that disarray
uch power and majesty bestride
teed, as if he felt himself
proper seat? Look how he leans
him; and how the gallant horse
is stately neck, and bends his head,
to court that gentle touch,
to the voice which praises him.
accabee? rejoin'd the King,
ecret wishes of my soul
ll'd, and hath the grave given up
. So saying, on the old man he turn'd
wide astonishment, which told
nt thought that for incredible
› farther. But enough had past,
rian started at the words
o sees a spectre, and exclaim'd,
was to know him not till now!
O my Master!
He meantime
ace moved on to meet their march.
ayo he began, this day
aree less than miracle, thy throne
and the wrongs of Spain revenged.
cursed, upon yonder field

Wilt . .
Of his own proper act to n
Unworthy as I am, . . yet s
Not without mystery as th
Did I accept Count Julian
And reconcile the dying r
Beside him hath his daug
Deal honourably with his
One grave with Christian
Is it not written that as
So it shall lie!

In this a
Pelayo answer'd, lookin
Upon the Goth, thy ple
Then Roderick saw th
His head away in silen
Laid hold upon his bri
In his master's face, w
Thereat the Goth wit
His hand, and bendin
My good Siverian, go
To war! I charge the
Thou art past the ag
Hereafter should thy
If thou wert gone? . .

ng, they withdrew a little way
e trees. Roderick alighted there,
o old man's armour dight himself.
not marvel by what wonderous chance,
relio to his master's hand
restored! I found the renegade
on his back, and hurl'd him down
to the earth. The noble animal
ly obey'd my hand to shake
nst burthen off, and trample out
which once I spared in evil hour.
se meet Witiza's viperous sons
field, and then I may go rest
.. my work is done!
And nobly done!
the old man. Oh! thou art greater now
hat glorious hour of victory
rvelling in the dust Witiza lay,
ner of thy hand! .. Roderick replied,
verian, happier victory
ath now achieved, .. the victory
world, his sins and his despair.
field my body should be found,
harge thee, laid in Julian's grave,
o idle ear be told for whom
urnest. Thou wilt use Orelio
eseem the steed which hath so oft
King to battle: .. he hath done
ice for his rightful Lord to-day,
r yet must do. Siverian, now
I think we shall not meet again,
in that world where never change
, and they who love shall part no more.
l me to my mother's prayers, and say
er man enjoy'd a heavenlier peace
derick at this hour. O faithful friend,
thou art to me these tears may tell!

he fell upon the old man's neck;
ted in the saddle, gave the reins,

Caught the prophetic shout and rose
Count Pedro's people heard amid th
Of battle, and return'd the glad accl
The astonish'd Muslemen, on all si
Hear that tremendous cry; yet manf
They stood, and every where with g
Opposed in fair array the shock of v
Desperately they fought, like men e
And knowing that no safety could b
Save from their own right hands. N
Of all his long career had seen their
Approved so well; nor had Witiza's
Ever before this hour achieved in fi
Such feats of resolute valour. Sisibe
Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,
And twice essay'd beneath his horse
To thrust him down. Twice did the
The shock, and twice upon his shie
The fratricidal sword. Tempt me n
Son of Witiza, cried the indignant c
Lest I forget what mother gave the
Go meet thy death from any hand b
He said, and turn'd aside. Fitliest fr
Exclaim'd a dreadful voice, as throu

erly took up the word,
d out his kinsman's name beloved,
he Goth! Roderick and Victory!
nd Vengeance! Odoar gave it forth;
ated it, and through his ranks
o sent the cry. Not from the field
t victory, when Witiza fell,
r acclamations had that name
: abroad upon the winds of heaven.
ecting throng, who yesterday,
st their lips, would with a curse
'd it, echoed it as if it came
celestial voice in the air, reveal'd
certain pledge of all their hopes.
he Goth! Roderick and Victory!
nd Vengeance! O'er the field it spread,
and tongues uniting in the cry;
and rocks and vales re-echoed round;
oicing in his strength rode on,
the Moors with that good sword, and smote,
rew, and scattered, and destroy'd,
led down; and still at every blow
he sent the war-cry forth,
he Goth! Roderick and Victory!
nd Vengeance!

Thus he made his way,
d slaying through the astonish'd ranks,
eld where on a fiery barb,
rming well a soldier's part,
e right and left his deadly blows.
al rage they met. The renegade
seymitar, the splendid gift
rom Damascus sent; its hilt
vith gems, its blade of perfect steel,
: a mirror sparkling to the sun
ling splendour flash'd. The Goth objects
and on its rim received the edge
m its aim aside, and of its force
. Many a frustrate stroke was dealt
rt, and many a foin and thrust

... from Rod
Who spared, who t
Go tell thy father
With all thy treaso
The miserable, who,
Reel'd in the saddle
Backing Orelio, drew
He shrieking, as ben
He fell, forgot his lat
On Mary's name. Th
Still plunging throug
Scattering, where'er

Oh who could tell wh
Or who endure to hea
Hatred, and madness,
Horror, and wounds, a
The cries, the blasphem
And prayers, which mi
In one wild uproar of
While over all predomi
Reiterate from the conq
Roderick the Goth! Rod
Roderick and Vengeance
Was ...

[illegible], . . . wretches! whom the righteous sun
[illegible]rtakeal . . . Join'd in bonds of faith
the most flagitious of mankind
parts met are here; the apostate Greek,
[illegible] Syrian, and the sullen Copt,
[illegible]an cruel and corrupt of soul,
[illegible]an robber, and the prowling sons
, who from their thirsty sands
the locusts on the peopled plain
e and prepare their way. Conjoin'd
[illegible] impious faith, which sanctifies
all deeds of wickedness and blood, . . .
hallows them on, . . . here are they met
[illegible]join'd in punishment this hour.
[illegible]er, violation, massacre,
[illegible], all unutterable things,
[illegible]eous, the immitigable sword
[illegible] vengeance now! the cry of blood
the measure of their crimes is full:
[illegible]y as the Moor at Auria gave,
[illegible]y hath he found this dreadful hour?

[illegible]ng darken'd, but the avenging sword
[illegible] away its edge till night had closed
field of blood. The Chieftains then
recall, and from their perfect work
rejoicing, all but he for whom
with most expectance. He full sure
[illegible]ht upon that field to find his end
[illegible]d with Florinda in the grave
[illegible]dissoluble union join'd.
[illegible]here through the press of war he went
[illegible], and like a lover seeking death,
[illegible] past him by to right and left,
point pierced him not, the scymitar
[illegible]om his helmet: he, when he beheld
[illegible]omplete, saw that the shield of Heaven
extended over him once more,
[illegible] before its will. Upon the banks
[illegible] *Osrio found*, his legs

And flanks incarnadined, his poitra
With froth and foam and gore, his
Sprinkled with blood, which hung
Aspersed like dew-drops: trembling
From the toil of battle, and at time
His tremulous voice far-echoing lo
A frequent, anxious cry, with whic
To call the master whom he loved
And who had thus again forsaken
Siverian's helm and cuirass on the
Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hi
Clotted with blood; but where was
Had wielded it so well that gloriou
Days, months, and years, and gene
And centuries held their course, be
Within a hermitage near Viseu's w
A humble tomb was found, which

NOTES.

NOTES.

t Julian call'd the invaders.—I. p. 1.
ry of Count Julian and his daughter has
d as a fable by some authors, because it is
ned by the three writers who lived nearest
lut those writers state the mere fact of the
f Spain as briefly as possible, without en-
particulars of any kind; and the best
torians and antiquaries are persuaded that
cause for disbelieving the uniform and
tradition of both Moors and Christians.
urposes of poetry, it is immaterial whether
true or false. I have represented the Count
th sinned against and sinning, and equal-
nmiserated and condemned. The author
edy of Count Julian has contemplated his
a grander point of view, and represent-
man self-justified in bringing an army of
iliaries to assist him in delivering his
m a tyrant, and foreseeing, when it is too
de, the evils which he is thus bringing

ory that o'ershadows him, sees he!
and light passion stirs abroad
e or to sooth him; all are quell'd
a mightier, sterner stress of mind:
l he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
the arrows, views, or shouts of men:
times an eagle, when the sun
'er the varying earth his early ray,

Stands solitary, stands immovable
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light, above the dews of morn.

Act 5. Scene 2.

Parts of this tragedy are as fine as any thing whi can be found in the whole compass of Engl poetry.

Juan de Mena places Count Julian with Orpas, t renegado Archbishop of Seville, in the deepest of hell.

No buenamente te puedo callar
Orpas maldito ni a ti Julian,
Pues soys en el valle mas hondo de afan,
Que no se redime jamas por llorar:
Qual ya crueza vos pudo indignar
A vender en un dia las tierras y leyes

heres porem se tem perdido
reynos da outra e desta vida;
se perdeo o Ceo sobido,
eleni a Asia esclarecida;
patra o Egypto foi vencido,
a por Semiramis perdida,
a se perdeo a forte Espanha
nna Bolena a Gram Bretanha.

Destruicam de Espanha, p. 9.

an priests with unoffending blood
ain'd their country.—I. p. 1.

any country been so cursed by the spirit
ion as Spain. Under the Heathen Empe-
ts full share of suffering, and the first fa-
nt of appealing to the secular power to
sy with death, occurred in Spain. Then
sian controversy. There was as much bi-
ch rancour, as little of the spirit of Christi-
robably as much intolerance, on one part
her; but the successful party were better
and more expert in the management of

e eity of Osen, or Ossel, there was a
asian church, and a more famous bap-
h was in the form of a cross. On Holy
every year, the bishop, the clergy,
ple assembled there, saw that the bap-
empty, and enjoyed a marvellous frag-
differed from that of any, or all, flowers
for it was an odour which came as the
e divine virtue that was about to mani-
en they fastened the doors of the church
them. On Easter Eve the doors were
baptistery was found full of water, and
lren born within the preceding twelve
baptized. Theudiselo, an Arian King,
lso upon the doors for two successive
et a guard there. Still the miraculous
s filled. The third year he suspected pipes
trench to be dug round the building;

but before the day of trial arrived, he w
as opportunely as Arius himself. The tre
but the workmen did not dig deep enou
miracle was continued. When the victo
tholic party was complete, it was no long
to keep it up. The same baptistery was
convince the Spaniards of their error
Easter. In Brito's time, a few ruins
were shown near the river Cambria; the
tistery was then called the Bath, and s
perstitions which the peasantry related b
the original legend. The trick was not
it was practised in Sicily and in other
story, however, is of some value, as showi
tism was* administered only once a yea
cases of danger) that immersion was the
that infants were baptized.

Arianism seems to have lingered in Sp
ter its defeat. The name Pelayo, (Pelagiu

i who are said to have turned Arians, and
castles into which they retired.* By the
their castles, which he gave to those chiefs
ed him in conquering them, they appear to
numerous. It is not improbable that those
re really what they are called; for Arian
been, like Manichæan, a term ignorantly
riminately given to heretics of all descrip-
there is no heresy which would be so well
l in Spain, and so likely to have revived

lings of the triumphant party toward their
, are well marked by the manner in which
speaks of the death of the Emperor Valens.
ferro incendiisque depopulantur, delectoque
m exercitu ipsum Valentem jaculo vulnera-
adam villa fugientem succenderunt, ut me-
ɔ eis vivus temporali cremaretur incendio,
ılchras animas ignibus æternis† tradiderat.
h of this opinion should be doubted, there
Athanasian miracle in the Chronicon‡ of S.
l of Melitus, to prove it. A certain Arian,
Olympius, being in the bath, blasphemed
Trinity, and behold! being struck by an an-
ree fiery darts, he was visibly consumed.
gard to the Arians, the catholics only did
ers as the others would have done with
the persecution of the Jews was equally
d and inhuman. They are said to have be-
ny towns to the Moors; and it would be
ndeed if they had not, by every means in
er, assisted in overthrowing a government

Tomich. c. 34. ff. 26.
Coth. apud Florez, Espana Sagrada, T. 6.

i Sagrada, T. 6. 474.

under which they were miserabl
dore has a memorable passage re
persecution and compulsory con
but. *Qui initio regni Judæos ad*
permovens annulationem quidem
dum scientiam: potestate enim con
fidei ratione oportuit. Sed sicut est
cusionem sive per veritatem, Chr
hæc gaudeo et gaudebo.—S. Isidor
pana Sagrada, 6. 502.

The Moorish conquest procure
val of repose, till the Inquisition
by its damnable acts put all forn
membrance.

When Toledo was recovered
Alonso VI., the Jews of that c
conqueror, and assured him that

o home, Maeso en ley nos aduxo cartas
nbiavades, por las quales nos faziades
issava la facienda del Propheta Nazaret,
cie muchas sennas Colo por esta vila non
cierto Samuel, fil de Amacias, et fablo
to muchas bondades deste home, que ye,
omildoso et manso, que fabla con los la-
ax a todos bein, e que faciendole a el mal,
l a ninguem; et que es home fuerte con
nex malos, et que vos malamente teniades
le, por quanto en faz el descubria vosos
r quanto facia esto, le aviades mala vo-
quirimos deste home, en que anno, o mes
cido; et que nos lo dixesse: falamos que
a Natividade foron vistos en estas partes
le a muelle, se fizieron soldemente un sol;
os padres cataron esta senna, asmados
edo el Messias naceria, et que por aven-
cido. Catad hermanos si por aventura ha
n le ayades acatado. Relataba tambien el
e, que el suo pay le recontava, que ciertos
de mucha sapiencia, en la sua Nativi-
tierra santa, perquiriendo logar donde
era nacido; y que Herodes voso Rey se
nto junto a homes sabios de sua vila, e
de naceria el Infante, por quien perqui-
t le respondieron, en Betlem de Juda, se-
ieas depergino profeta. Et que dixeron
, que una estrella de gran craredad, de
a tierra santa; catad non sea esta quela
an Reyes, et andaran en craridad de la
le. Otro si, catad non persigades al que
a mucho honrar et recibir de bon talante.
que tuvieres por bien aguisada; nos vos
in por consejo, nin por noso alvedrio ve-
nsentimient de la sua morte. Ca, si nos
os, logo seria nuesco, que la profezia que
onse de consuno contra el Sennor, et con-
rias. E damos vos este consejo, maguera
muyta supença, que tengades grande

itane Pyrro, que embu
tas riqueças que tollo
et nueve de captividad
Gentiles que y morava
jama, et non quesieron
a edificar Temple, av
De Toledo catorze dia
dies y echo, y de Augu
Sandoval, 71.

Had Alonzo been a
predecessors, or his
might have found a
ordering all the Jew
they would show cau
the opinion of Caia
rather than to that of
General Vallaney
were brought into the
and admits these To
Count Gebelin, and
The proof from Eze
Earb, Warb, or Ghar
A Jew in Tirante

e the children of David, who did all they
revent the death of Christ, and shut them-
in the Temple, that they might not witness
are affable, good men, who love their neigh-
quiet, peaceable race, who can look any

Tomaie de Vargas, the editor of the spuri-
rand, says, that not only many Hebrew
mixed with the old Spanish, but that, *pré*
black and stinking Jewish blood had been
ith the most pure blood of the Spaniards.
ey were very anxious, he says, to inter-
l spoil the pure blood. And he adds, that
rds call them *putes*, quia *putant*. "But,"
homas Brown, "that an unsavoury odour is
s, or national to the Jews, we cannot well
nd if, (according to good relations) where
freely speak it, they forbear not to boast
are at present many thousand Jews in
nce, and England, and some dispersed
n to the degree of priesthood, it is a matter
derable, and could they be smelled out,
h advantage not only the church of Christ,
he coffers of princes.—The ground that
ropagated this assertion might be the dis-
ersemess of the Christian from the Jew
illainy of that fact, which made them abo-
d "stink in the nostrils of all men." Which
ee and metaphorical expression did after
to a literal construction; but was a fraudu-
g for such an evil savour their father Jacob
ged in himself, when he said his sons had
stink in the land, that is, to be abominable
habitants thereof.—Another cause is urged
pius, and much received by Christians; that
our is a curse derived upon them by Christ,
as a badge or brand of a generation that
eir *Salvator*. But this is a conceit without
t, and an easy way to take off dispute in
of obscurity soever."—*Vulgar Errors*, Book

[illegible] war, but as they [illegible]
dead in a certain valley. About e
after, when their bodies were corr
Ezekiel happening to pass that way
whereupon God said to him, 'Call t
and I will restore them to life.' A
the prophet's call, they all arose
years after; but they retained the
of dead corpses as long as they liv
they were changed as bla
qualities they transmitted to their

One of our own travellers* tel
practical application of this belief
Mosque of Tangier," he says, "wh
[illegible] have prayed in vain for it, se
saying, that though God would
prayers of the faithful, he would t
to be rid of their stink." Ludiere
has a passage concerning the Je
more reasonable, in one of his s
is," he says, "they were all along
and sort of people, and such as
chosen, and (as the Prophets som
have espoused to himself, upon th

A yoke
ervitude oppress'd and gall'd
ren of the soil.—I. p. 1.

ndition of slaves under the Spanish Wisi-
e given an account in the Introduction to
le of the Cid. This also, like the persecu-
Jews, must greatly have facilitated the
nquest. Another facilitating cause was,
istanding their frequent civil disturbances,
great measure ceased to be a warlike
many laws in the Fuero Iuzgo, for com-
to military service, prove this. These laws
mplaints that the people would avoid the
hey could. Habits of settled life seem
Europe to have effeminated the northern
till the Normans renovated the race, and
ons of chivalry and the crusades produc-
s.

lpe, saw'st their coming: ancient Rock
d, no longer now shalt thou be called,
ds and Heroes of the years of yore,
r hundred-handed Briareus,
or Hercules; but doom'd to bear
e of thy new conqueror.—I. p. 2.

Tarif, the mountain of Tarif, is the re-
ology of Gibraltar: Ben Hazel, a Grana-
ays expressly, that the mountain derived
om this general. Its former appellations
n in the Historia de Gibraltar, by Don
ez de Ayala. The derivation of the word
t known: Florian de Ocampo identifies it
glish word *galloping*, in a passage which
the Spanish scholar. "*La segunda nomb-*
mmarle Calpe, cuya razon, segun dicen algu-
o de que los Andaluces ancianos en su len-
llian llamar Calepas y Calpes a qualesquier
tas y levantadas, agora fuesen penascos, o
naderos, o piedras menores como lo signifi-
diez y ocho capitulos precedentes: y dicen

que con esta alli junto de Gibraltar sob
el risco, que ya dixe muy encumbrado
hoy dia parece, lo llamaban Calpes aqu
pasados: y por su respecto la mesma poi
bien a tener despues aquel proprio nom
otras personas que siguiendo las Est
pongan esta razon del nombre Calpes
mente, diciendo, que quando los cosa
desembarcaron en Espana, serca del e
lo declaramos, al tiempo que hacien a
riba dichos, de saltos y luchas, y music
asi como los pastores Espanoles com
contentamientos grande, mirando las
ras y ligerezas, no menos aquellos Gr
dos notaban algunos juegos, dado que
ciles, que los mesmos pastores obraba
recreacion y deporte: particularmente
regocijo de caballos, donde ciertos dias

mubanles pies hermosos, generosos en el corrent; hembras preciosas, acrecentadoras de
, y mas otras razones muchas con que las
ndas, a no se parar ni perder el impetu co-
le manera que los trepeles en este punto, los
y regocijos de correr, y de no mostrar flaxo-
s mucho de notar, asi por la parte de los
mo por parte de las yeguas. A los Griegos
les parecio juego tan varonil que muchas
baron tambien ellos a remucha de los Espa-
quiera que jamas pudieron tener aquella
i ligereza, ni reciura que tenian estos otros
con sua yeguas. Y dano que las tales yegu-
harto furiosas, y les ensenasen muchos dias
dir estas parejas, quanto mejor entendian a
nilas de los unos, ni las de los otros corrian
ies que saltaban dellas, como quando los
ia: y asi las palabras que los Griegos en
en puestos a pie hablaban eran tambien al
posito conformes a las de los Andaluces
en su lengua provincial, nombrandolas
epes, Calepes a la continua, que fue pal-
, compuesta de dos vocables: uno Calos,
cosa hermosa, ligera y agraciada: otro Pus,
decir pie, como que las llamasen pies agra-
s desenvueltos y ligeros: y por abreviar mas
ara que sus yeguas lo pudiesen mas presto
tabanlo con una letra menos en el medio, y
nombrarlas Calepes, les deciam Calpes, que
mesmo Calepes: la qual palabra me parece
a hasta nuestro siglo presente, donde pocas
ndas, por decir Calepes o Calpes, la pronun-
epes, quando los caballos y yeguas, o qual-
s animales, no corren a todo poder sino trote
ido. Vino desto que las mesmas fiestas y
juego se nombraron Calpes: dado que para
stara saber la victoria deste juego consistir
de pies, y por eso solo deberse llamar Cale-
sin anadir lo que hablaban a las yeguas, pues
mero comprehende bastantemente la raxon

dest vecable. Pero si todavia fue cie aquellas palabras quando corrian su cosa dana dexarlas aqui puestas."—de Espana, c. 38.

Famine and pestilence had waste

In the reign of Egica, Witiza's *guinalis immisericorditer illabitur.* And for two years before the M *habia habido continua hambre y pes con que se habian debilitado mucho que el ocio les habia emflaquecido.*—

St. Isidore, in his History of the describes the Northern Lights amo announced the wars of Attila. "*Mi cœli et terræ signa præcesserunt, qu crudele bellum significaretur. Nam, tibus factis, a parte Orientis Luna occasu stella cometes apparuit, atqu*

in this sin-flood age not only in East
he impious imps the faithful persecute,
like affliction them pursued in west,
in all parts the good trod under foot,
Faith in some was cold, from others fled;
fear of God dislodged out human hearts;
a flown to skies, and in her stead
nity enthronized; in all parts
nce had vogue, and on sathanized earth
l, Mischief, Murder martialled the camp;
t Virtue fled the field: Hope, out of breath;
Vice, all-stainer, every soul did stamp;
at it seem'd World drew to's evening tide,
ht else expecting but Christ's second coming;
harity was cold on every side,
Truth and Trust were gone from earth a-
mumming.
ings confused ran, so that it seemed
World return would to his chaos old:
es the path of justice not esteemed,
ong with prince ran people young and old.
inct confederations infringed,
or light cause would prince with prince en-
quarrel;
ries bestreamed with blood, with fire besinged,
t to each, all murders sorts unbarrelled.
ght his own could own; 'twas current coin
man to strip, provided he were rich.
hurch sacriledged, choir made cot for swine,
ealous ministers were made to scritche.
ag was made fair purchase, murder manhood,
one secure by land ne sea could pass;
amble heartless, irefull hearts ran wood,
ned most who mischief most could dress.
ariek lusts shamelese without comptroll
ill career; each would a rider be;
Heaven's friend, all-sainct Continency,
anished quite; Lasciviousness did roll,
ity, healthful Sobriety
e could find: all parts enquartered were

With Bacchus-brutes and Satyres-luxury.
All lawless games bore sway, with blasphemes
roare,
'Twixt Clerk and Laick difference was none,
Disguized all, phantastick out of norme;
But as the Prophet says, as Priests do run,
So run the people, peevish in disform.
The Bishops graded once, dumb dogs become,
Their heads sin-vyneting, flocks abandon soon;
Princes applauders, person-acceptors,
The good's debarrers and the bad's abettors;
Fleshly all, all filthy simonized,
Preferring profit 'fore the Eternal's praise.
The church enchismed, court all atheized,
The commons eankred, all all in distrayes,
The plotting politician's pate admired,
Their skill consisting in preventions scull,
Pathicks preferred, Cyprin ware desired,
Ocean of mischiefs flowing moon-tide full:

He bade the river bear the name of joy.—L. p. 3.

Guadalete had been thus interpreted to Florez Espana Sagrada, T. 9, p. 53.). Earlier writers had asserted, (but without proof) that the Ancients called it Lethe, and the Moors added to these names their word for river. Lope de Vega alludes to this opinion:

Siempre lamentable Gundalete
Que lleva tanta sangre al mar de Espana,
Si por olvido se llamava el Lete
Trueque este nombre la vitoria estrana,
Y llamase memoria deste dia
En que Espana perdi la que tenia.

Que por donde à la mar entrava apenas
Diferenciando el agua, ya se via
Con roxo humor de las sangrientas venas
Por donde le cortava y dividia:
Gran tiempo conservaron sus arenas
(Y pienso que ha llegado a la edad mia)
Reliquias del estrago y piedras echas
Armas, hierros de lanzas y de flechas.

Jerusalen Conquistada, L. 6. ff. 136.

The date of the battle is given with grandiloquous circumstantiality by Miguel de Barrios.

Salio la tercer alva del tonante
Noviembre, con vestido nebuloso,
sobre el alado bruto que al brillante
carro, saca del pielago espumoso;
y en el frio Escorpion casa rotante
del fiero Marte, el Astro luminoso
al son que compasso sus plantas sueltas
dio setecientas y catorze bueltas.

Coro de las Musas, p. 100.

He states the chronology of Pelayo's accession in the same taste.

Era el Pontificado del Segundo
Gregorio; Emperador Leon Tercero
del docto Griego; y del Persiano inmundo,
Zuleyman Miramamolin guerrero;
y de Daphne el amante rubicundo
surcava el mar del fulgido Carnero
sietecientas y diez y ocho vezes,
dexando el puerto de los aureos Peces.

Ditto,

Roderick's royal car.—I. p. 2.

"Roderike, the first day of the battayle, o
the auncient guise of his countrey, came into
apparailled in a gowne of beaten golde, havin
his head a crown of gold, and golden shoes, a
other apparaile set with rich pearles, and
stones, ryding in a horse-litter of ivorie, d

sucesor indigno de Alarico
vo tras si la maldicion eterna.
i yo la vi: la lid por siete dias
uro, mas no fue lid, fue una sangrienta
rniceria: huyeron los cobardes
.os traidores vendieron sus banderas,
Los fuertes, los leales perecieron. **Quintana.**

The author of the chivalrous Chronicle of King
on Rodrigo gives a singular description of this car,
pon the authority of his pretended original Eleas-
ns; for he, "seeing that calamities went on increas-
ng, and that the destruction of the Goths was at hand,
thought that if things were to end as they had begun, it
would be a marvel if there should be in Spain any king
or lord of the lineage of the Goths after the death of the
King Don Rodrigo; and therefore it imported much
that he should leave behind him a remembrance of
the customs of the Gothic kings, and of the manner
in which they were wont to enter into battle and how
they went to war. And he says, that the king used to
go in a car made after a strange fashion. The wheel
of this car were made of the bones of elephants, an
the axle-tree was of fine silver, and the perch was o
fine gold. It was drawn by two horses, who were
great size, and gentle; and upon the car there w
pitched a tent, so large that it covered the whole c
and it was of fine cloth of gold, upon which w
wrought all the great feats in arms which had be
achieved until that time; and the pillar of the
was of gold, and many stones of great value were
in it, which sent forth such splendour, that by r
there was no need of any other light therein. An
car and the horses bore the same adornments
king, and these were full of pearls, the largest
could be found. And in the middle of the car
was a seat placed against the pillar of the ten
this seat was of great price, insomuch that th
of it cannot be summed up, so many and

were the stones which were set in it; and i
wrought so subtly, and of such rare workma
that they who saw it marvelled thereat. And
this seat the king was seated, being lifted up s
that all in the host, little or great, might behold
And in this manner it was appointed that the
should go to war. And round about the car there
to go a thousand knights, who had all been kni
by the hand of the king, all armed; and in the
battle they were to be on foot round about th
and all plighted homage to the king not to
from it in any manner whatsoever, and that
would rather receive their death there, than go
their place beside the car. And the king ha
crown upon his head. And in this guise all the
of the Goths, who had been lords of Spain, were
to battle; and this custom they had all observe
the King Don Rodrigo: but he, because of the

'ous las hojas sobre el agua clara
Que le humeva el pie, y el ornamento
l tronco imita nuestra edad que para
En su primero humilde fundamento:
ualquiera queda la frondosa vara,
Sigue la rama, en remolino, al viento,
ue la aparta del arbol, que exalta
s blanca, verde, y pálida librea.

ioi Rodrigo el miserable dia
Ultimo de esta guerra desdichada
pacio en el campo, donde ya tenia
La magestad del ombro derribada:
lli la rota púpura yazia
Tenida en sangre, y en sudor vanada,
lli el verde laurel, y el cetro de oro,
iendo el arbol su cuerpo, el viento el Moro.
s de Vega. Jerusalen Conquistada, L. vi. f. 136.

That helm,
Whose horns amid the thickest of the fray
Eminent, had mark'd his presence.—I. p. 2.
orales describes this horned helmet from a coin.
ne de la una parte su rostro, harto diferente de los
s las otras Monedas de estos Reyes parecen. Tiene
era de estar armado, y solenle por cima de la cela-
nas puntas como cuernos pequenos y derechos por
s lados, que le hacen estrano y espantable." Florez
piven this coin in his Medallas de Espana, from
nly one which was known to be in existence,
which was then in the collection of the Infante
abriel. It was struck at Egitania, the present
a, and, like all the coins of the Wisigoth kings, is
e rudest kind. The lines which Morales describes
sufficiently apparent, and if they are not intend-
s horns, it is impossible to guess what else they
have been meant to represent.
These Gothic coins," says P. D. Jer: Contador de
ste, " have a thousand barbarisms, as well in their
s as in other circumstances. They mingle Greek

mico. Valerio Pinto de Sa, a
Braga, of whom, in various p
have made well-deserved n
friendship I have been prou
in that city, gave me, some a
gold coin of King Leovigildo
Gothic Kings of Spain that
then both Goths and Sueves
amined it leisurely, and wl
cross on the one side upon a
shaped letters around it; an
thing, I knew not what: It se
er a stake which shot out
about were some letters, mo
however, ascertain what the
about that time that I had th
the most illustrious Sr. D. Fr
a most worthy academician
and at present a most deserv
pal of the Holy Patriarchal C
and he also was puzzled by t
ed what I called a tree. He
that he might examine it mo
away, and after some days re
had examined it with a mier

xample I found in the Dialogues of Antonio Ago-
, speaking of these Gothic coins, that there are
of such rude workmanship, that where a face
ld be represented, some represent a pitcher, and
e an urn."—*Memorias de Braga*, T. iii. p. lix.

He found himself on Ana's banks,
Fast by the Caulian schools.—I. p. 5.

he site of this monastery, which was one of the
flourishing seminaries of that age, is believed to
been two leagues from Merida, upon the Gua-
, where the Ermida, or Chapel of Cubillana,
ds at present, or was standing a few years ago.
legend, from which I have taken such circum-
nces as might easily have happened, and as suited
plan, was invented by a race of men who, in the
t of inventing, have left all poets and romances
hind them. Florez refers to Brito for it, and ex-
s himself from relating it, because it is not neces-
to his* subject;—in reality he neither believed
story, nor chose to express his objections to it.
disbelief was probably founded upon the suspici-
character of Brito, who was not at that time so
deadly condemned by his countrymen as he is at
nt. I give the legend from this veracious Cister-
. Most of his other fabrications have been explod-
but this has given rise to a popular and fashiona-
idolatry, which still maintains its ground.
The monk did not venture to leave him alone in
disconsolate state, and taking him apart, be-
ht him by the passion of Jesus Christ to consent
they twain should go together, and save a vene-
e image of the Virgin Mary our Lady, which in
convent flourished with great miracles, and had
brought from the city of Nazareth by a Greek
k, called Cyriac, at such time as a heresy in the
of the East arose against the use and venera-

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* *Espanna Sagrada*, T. xiii. p. 242.

at their horses tails for a gr
baptized people. The king,
jured by the passion of our
in whom alone he had consol
dy, and considering the piet
he was chosen for companio
come by his entreaties; and
little image of our Lady, and
the relics, with some provisio
struck into the middle of Port
alway toward the west, and s
ocean sea, because in those ti
solitary, and less frequented
thought the Moors would not
as there were no countries to
there was no occasion which sh
Twenty-and-six days the two
without touching at any inha
enduring many difficulties in e
fording rivers, they had sight o
22d of November, being the da
St. Cecilia; and as if in that p
an end of their labours, they
and gave thanks to God, for th
from the hand of their enemi

d. And forasmuch as the manner thereof draws the eyes of whosoever beholds this work of na-, the king and the monk desired to ascend the it of it, to see whether it would afford a place hem in which to pass their lives. They found there ith hermitage with a holy crucifix, and no other s of man, save only a plain tomb, without writing ipitaph to declare whose it might be. The situation this place, which, ascending to a notable height, es a prospect by sea and by land as far as the eyes n reach, and the sudden sight of the crucifix, caused the mind of the king such excitement and so g eat tulation, that, embracing the foot of the cross, he y there melting away in rivers of tears, not now of ief for the kingdoms and dominions which he had ost, but of consolation at seeing that in exchange he crucified Jesus himself had in this solitary moun-hin offered himself to him, in whose company he re-lved to pass the remainder of his life; and this he lared to the monk, who, to content him, and also ecause he saw that the place was convenient for contemplation, approved the king's resolve, and abode there with him some days; during which perceiving some inconvenience in living upon the summit of the mountain, from whence it is necessary to descend with much labour, whenever they would drink, or seek for herbs and fruits for their food; and moreover understanding that it was the king's desire to remain there alone, that he might vent himself in tears and lamentations, which he made oftentimes before the image of Christ, he went with his consent to a place little more than a mile from the mountain, which be-ing on the one side smooth and of easy approach, hangs on the other over the sea with so huge a pre-cipice that it is two hundred fathoms in perpendicu-lar height, from the top of the rock to the water. There, between two great rocks, each of which pro-jects over the sea, hanging suspended from the height in such a form, that they seem to threaten destruc-tion to him who sees them from the beach, Romano

with [illegible]
hermitage, he pa[illegible]
Mary of Nazareth, which [illegible]
Caulinean convent, and which being [illegible]
dark colour, with the infant Jesus in it[illegible]
in the countenance a certain perfection
desty so remarkable that at first sigh[illegible]
something miraculous; and having be[illegible]
and venerated so great a number of
many of which it was in a place wh[illegible]
tect it from the injuries of weather
been painted, neither hath it been
to renew it. The situation of this h[illegible]
is now, within sight of the mounta[illegible]
dwelt; and though the memorials [illegible]
deriving the circumstances of t[illegible]
specify it, it is to be believed that
other, and held such divine comm[illegible]
of life and the holiness of the pl[illegible]
ally considering the great ten[illegible]
which the king suffered at the [illegible]
tence, for which the counsels g[illegible]
monk would be necessary, an[illegible]
and the presence of the relic[illegible]
which miraculously saved hi[illegible]
ous illusions of the enemy
there are seen upon the top
[illegible]ock, certain human
[illegible]ich the

mpressed upon the living rock. And the anci-
ne of the mountain being Scano, it was changed
nat of the Apostle, and is called at present St.
olomew's; and the hermitage which remains
the top of it is under the invocation of the same
and of St. Bras, which must have arisen from
elics of these two saints that Romano brought
him, and left with the king for his consolation,
n he withdrew with the image of Our Lady to the
e of which we have spoken, where he lived little
re than a year; and then knowing the time of his
ith, he communicated it to the king, beseeching
n that, in requital for the love with which he had
companied him, he would remember to pray to God
r his soul, and would give his body to the earth,
om which it had sprung; and that having to depart
om that land, he would leave there the image and
he relics, in such manner as he should dispose them
before he died. With that Romano departed to enjoy
the reward deserved by his labours, leaving the king
with fresh occasion of grief for want of so good a
companion. Of what more passed in this place, and
of the temptations and tribulations which he endured
till the end of his life, there is no authentic historian,
nor memorial which should certify them, more than
some relations mingled with fabulous tales in the an-
cient Chroniele of King Don Rodrigo, where, among
the truths which are taken from the Moor Rasis,
there are many things notoriously impossible; such
as the journey which the king took, being guided by
a white cloud till he came near Viseo; and the pe-
nance in which he ended his life there, inclosing him
self alive in a certain tomb with a serpent which h
had bred for that purpose. But as these are thing
difficult to believe, we pass them over in silence, lea
ing to the judgment of the curious the credit whi
an ancient picture deserves, still existing near Vis
in the church of St. Michael, over the tomb of
said King Don Roderick, in which is seen a serp
painted with two heads; and in the tomb itself, wh

is of wrought stone, a round hole, through
say that the snake entered. That which i
all this is, as our historians relate, that the
to this place, and in the hermitage of
which we now see near Viseo, ended his d
penance, no man knowing the manner t
ther was there any other memorial cleare
in process of time a writing was found up
tomb in this church, with these words; *H*
Rudericus ultimus Rex Gotherum, Here
rick, the last King of the Goths. I remem
seen these very words written in black u
of the wall, which is over the tomb of t
though the Archbishop Don Rodrigo, an
follow him, give a longer inscription, no
that all which he has added are his own
imprecations on Count Don Julian (as
Morales has properly remarked, following
of Salamanca and others.) and not parts o

arch, in the part answering to it in the in-
e cell, I saw painted on the wall the hermit
ing, with the serpent with two heads, and I
etters which are given above, all defaced by
bearing marks of great antiquity, yet so
could distinctly be seen. The tomb is flat
of a single stone, in which a man's body
ely fitted roots. When I saw it it was open,
which had served to cover it not being
ither the bones of the king, which they told
een carried into Castille some years before,
at manner they knew not, nor by whose or-
er could I discover, by all the enquiries
made among the old people of that city, who
n to be acquainted with a thing of so much
ce, if it were as certain as some of them af-
to be."—*Brito, Monarchia Lusitania*, P. ii. l.

great venerableness of the Image of Our
Nazareth which the king left hidden in the
e where Romano in his lifetime had placed it,
ontinual miracle which she showed formerly,
shows," induced F. Bernardo de Brito to
the history of this Image, which, no doubt,
e more willingly because he bears a part in
: In the days of Affonso Henriquez, the first
ortugal, this part of the country was govern-
Fuas Roupinho, a knight famous in the
ze chronicles, who resided in the castle at
Moa. This Dom Fuas, "when he saw the
re from enemies, used often to go out hunt-
g the sands and thickets between the town
sea, where, in those days, there used to be
re of game, and even now, though the land
alous, there is still some; and as he followed
ise, the proper pastime of noble and spirited
came sometimes to the sea shore, he came
t remarkable rock, which being level on the
e north, and on a line with the flat country,
ards the south in a precipice over the waves

the sea, a sort of house built of loc
from its form and antiquity, made
examine it; and descending by th
the two rocks, he entered into a lo
upon a little altar, he saw the ve
the Virgin Mary of Nazareth, bein
tion and modesty as are found in v
that size. The catholic knight ver
submission, and would have remov
of Porto de Mos, to have it held in
but that he feared to offend it if I
from a habitation where it had at
years. This consideration made hi
present in the same place and ma
found it; and although he visited i
in course of the chase he came to t
theless he never took in hand to i
hermitage in which it was, nor wo
it, if the Virgin had not saved him
danger of death, which, peradvent
ted, as a punishment for his neglig
manner to make the virtue of
manifest to the world. It was thus,
ordinary exercise of the chase, in t

without fear of any danger, because he
t was all plain ground, and the mist hinder-
om seeing where he was, found himself upon
edge of the rock on the precipice, two hun-
oms above the sea, at a moment when it was
r in his power to turn the reins, nor could
r thing more than invoke the succours of the
lary, whose image was in that place; and she
l him in such a manner, that less than two
om the edge of the rock, on a long and
point thereof, the horse stopt as if it had
le of stone, the marks of his hoofs remaining
of the miracle imprinted in the living rock,
t this day they are seen by all strangers and
m pilgrimages, who go to visit the Image of
r; and it is a notable thing, and deserving of
onsideration, to see that in the midst of this
m which the miracle happened, and on the
rds the east, and in a part where, because
ended in the air, it is not possible that any
eing could reach, Nature herself has impres-
s as if nailed to the hardness of the rock, as
he had sanctified that cliff therewith, and
t with that holy sign, to be the theatre in
miraculous circumstance was to be celebrat-
, by reason that it took place on the day of
ution of the Cross, seemed as if it showed
ur and glory which should from thence re-
the Lord who redeemed us thereon. Dom
ng himself delivered from so great danger,
wing from whence the grace had come to
st to the little hermitage, where, with the
otion which the presence of the miracle oc-
he gave infinite thanks to the Lady, accus-
elf before her of having neglected to repair
, and promising all the amends which his
y permitted. His huntsmen afterwards arriv-
ring the track of the horse, and knowing the
which had occurred, they prostrated them-
bre the Image of the Lady, adding with their

and the obligations of Dom F
some days, made workmen
Porto de Mos, to make anoth
The Lady should be more
were demolishing the first, the
the stones of the altar, a little
it relics of St. Bras, St. Ba
saints, with a parchment, wl
given of how, and at what tir
image were brought there, a
aforesaid. A vaulted chapel w
good form for times so ancien
where The Lady had been;
might be seen from all sides,
four arches, which in process
prevent the damage which th
within the chapel, and in this
our days. The Lady remained i
known and visited by the faitl
upon the fame of her appear
holy King D. Affonso Henriq
first, whom Dom Fuas advisec
ed, and he, accompanied with

nd relates in its own manner the history of The Lady, I will place it here in the h I saw it in the Record-Room at Alcobaça throughout the Latin, and the barcomposition: which is as follows:

ne Patris, nec non et ejus prolis, in unius
ntis, incipit carta donationis, necnon et
am ego Fuas Repinho tenens Porto de
n de Albardos usque Leirenam, et Turres
Ecclesiæ Santa Mariæ de Naxareth, quæ
bere surgit fundata super mare, ubi de
ds jacebat, inter lapides et spinas multas,
ra quæ jacet inter flumina quæ venit per
quam nuncupatam de furaturis, et divi-
nodo: de illa fox de flumine Alcobaz, que-
r aquas bellas, deinde inter mare et mata
aque; finir in ipso furaturio, quam ego
e Alfonso, et per suum consensum facio
riem ad prædictam Ecclesiam Beatæ
ds, quam feci supra mare, ut in sæculis
orentur mirabilia Dei, et sit notum om-
us. quomodo a morte fuerim salvatus per
et Beatæ Mariæ quam vocant de Nazaret,
um manerem in castro Porto de Mos, et
n ad ocidendos venatos, per Melvam et
'ayas usque ad mare, supra quam inveni
parvam domunculam inter arbustas et
a erat una Imago Virginis Mariæ, et
illam, et abivimus inde; veni deinde xvili
circa dictum locum, cum magna obscura-
parsa super totam terram, et invenimus
quem fui in meo equo, usque venirem
ndeiro supra mare, quod cadit ajuso sine
inis, et pavet visus si cerni' furnam
aquas. Pavi ego miser peccator, et venit
mcam de imagine ibi posita, et magna
NCTA MARIA VAL. Benedicta sit illa
, quia meum equm sicut si esset lapis
Mus fixis in lapide, et erat jam vexatus

tam de fornice et lapide, et jam laudat
est. Nos vero non sciebamus unde esset, e
ista imago; sed ecce cum destruebatur al
nires, inventa est arcula de ebore antiqu
envoltorio, in quo erant ossa aliquorum
cartula cum hac inscriptione: Hic sunt r
rum Blasii et Bartholomei Apostoli,
Monasterio Cauliniana Romanus monac
venerabili Imagine Virginis Mariæ de
olim in Nazareth Civitate Galileæ m
clarucrat, et inde asportata per Græc
nomine Cyriacum, Gothorum, Regum te
dicto monasterio per multum temporis
usque Hispania à Mauris debelata, et
superatus in prælio solus, lacrymabil
pene difficiens pervenit ad præfatum
Cauliniana, ibique a prædicto Romano
Eucharistiæ Sacramentis susceptis, pa
cum imagine, et reliquiis ad Scanum m
runt 10 kal. Decemb. in quo rex solus
grum permansit, in Ecclesia ibi inven
crucifixi imagine, et ignoto sepulchro.
cum hac Sacra Virginis effigie inter
usque ad extremum vitæ permansit; et
poribus aliquem ignorantia teneat, hæ
scriis in hoc extremo nobis tantæ

liquis potest habere per se. Ne igitur aliquis
stris vel de estraneis hoc factum nostrum
endum veniat, quod si tentaverit pecha ad
erras trecentas marabitinas, et carta nihilo-
ius robore permaneat, et insuper sedeat
icatus et cum Juda proditore panas luat
m. Facta series testamenti vi Idus Decemb.
XX. Alfonsus Portugallæ Rex confirm.
x confirm. Regina Dona Tarana confirm.
rnandex, regis Sancii dapifer confirm. Me-
nsalui, ejusdem signifer confirm. Domus
rnandex curiæ regis maiordomus confirm.
lanus Cancellarius regis confirm. Martinilo
Pretor Colimbriæ confirm. Petrus Omariz
regis confirm. Menendus Abbas confirm.
conf. Fernandus Nunix, testes. Egeas Nu-
Dn Tela, testis. Petrus Nunix, testis. Fer-
rmundi, testis. Lucianus Presbyter, No-

ed, which establishes all the principal facts
e related, did not take effect, because the
hich it disposed were already part of the
Alcobaça, which King Dom Affonso had
e years before to our father St. Bernard;
Fuas compensated for them with certain
near Pombal, as is proved by another writ-
ed to the former, but which I forbear to
ppertaining little to the thread of my his-
resuming the course thereof, you must
the image of the Virgin Mary of Nazareth
in the chapel which Dom Fuas made for it,
r of Christ, 1377, in the which, King Dom
of Portugal founded for it the house in
ow is, having been enlarged and beautified
Dona Lianor, wife of King Dom Joam II,
nded with porticoes by King Dom Manoel.
n our times a chapel (*Capela mor*) of good
been built, with voluntary contributions,
its of the brotherhood; and in the old hea-

tuary. And for that the memory
ble ought not to be lost, I con
briefly recounting the whole: a
who was then Provedor of th
and visitor of the said church
it to be engraven in marble. It

« Sacra Virginis Mariæ vene
terio Cauliniana prope Emerita
pore, a Nazareth translata, n
generali Hispaniæ clade, Ann.
mano monacho, comite, ut fer
hanc extremam orbis partem
unus moritur, alter proficisc
annos inter duo hæc prærupta
tugurio: deinde a Fua Ropinio,
anno Domini MCLXXXII, (ut
tur) inventa, dum incaute agita
que forte, insequitur cervum, a
hujus præcipitii cuneum, jam
nomine Virginis invocato, a ru
erepitus, hoc ei prius dedicat sac
nando Portugaliæ Rege, ad ma
ipse a fundamentis exaxerat tr

n Nazareth, it is certain at least that it
King Recaredo, who began to reign in
Christ 586; so that it is 1021 years, a little
, since it came to Spain; and as it came
well known, and celebrated for miracles
of the East, it may well be understood
one of the most famous and ancient
nearest to the times of the apostles, that
t present possesses."—*Brito. Monarchia*
2. L. 7. C. 4.

nd cannot have been invented before
:ign, for Duarte Galvam says nothing of
oniele of Affonso Henriquez, though he
ploits and death of D. Fuas Roupinho.
re is no earlier authority for it than Ber-
to himself. It is one of many articles of
d from the great manufactory at Alco-
it this day as firmly believed by the peo-
;al, as any article of the Christian faith.
should they fail to believe it? I have a
ie of the most popular devotional prints
which represents the miracle. The din-
flying down the precipice, and looking
wicked turn of the head, in hopes of
Fuas follow him; the horse is rearing up
l feet upon the brink of the precipice;
as dropped his hunting-spear, his cocked
behind him, and an exclamation to the
ing out of his mouth. The Virgin with
n her head, and the babe with a crown
: her breast, appear in the sky amid
ry. *N. S. de Nazaré*, is written above
print, and this more precious informa-
,—*O Emo. Snr. Cardeal Patriarcha conde Indulga. a qm. rezar huma have ma. Image.* His Eminency the Cardinal Pa-
s fifty days indulgence to whomsoever
Ave-Maria before this Image. The print
nd plenty of Ave-Marias are said before
, *for this nossa senhora* is in high vogue.

was literally caught in a showe
which had fallen upon the her
my companion, it would not i
considered as a new miracle w
working Senhora.

In July 1808, the French, und
robbed the church of this La
booty in jewels and plate, was
200,000 cruzados. Jose Accursi
tugueze historian of those disa
his surprise that no means sho
those who had the care of the
ing them in time. Care, howev
taken of the Great Diana of t
it is stated that they destroy
images, no mention is made o
having been offered to this.
and set fire to it, but it escape
thirteen or fourteen houses; t
the beach, was less fortunate: t
more than 300 remain uncons
and nets were destroyed.—*Hi*
T. 4. p. 85.

, far within, Toledo's Prelate lent
a ear of fearful wonder to the King;
silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
long that sad confession witnessing:
Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
ah as are lothly utter'd to the air,
m Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom
wring,
nd guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,
onscience seeks in speech a respite from
Despair.

on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
he stream of failing light was feebly roll'd;
Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
he shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold.
he of his hidden soul the sins he told,
ward Alarie's descendant could not brook,
'mortal man his bearing should behold,
'boast that he had seen, when conscience
shook,
ane a monarch's brow, remorse a warrior's
look.

part of the story is thus nakedly stated by
re da Sylva Mascarenhas, in a long narrative
with this title,—*A destruiçam de Espanha,*
açam Summaria da mesma.

houve o pobre Rey em Cauliniana
inteiro junto ao rio Guadiana.

hum os frades fugidos do Mosteiro
Com rezos dos Barbaros malvados,
bruços estava el Rey hum dia inteiro
Na Igreja, chorando seus pecados;
um Monge veo alli por derradeiro
A conhecer quem era, ouvindo os brados
e o dilaçerado Rey aos aros dava,
e Monge Romano se chamava.

Era força que el Rey na
Lhe declarasse o posto e a

Como entendeo o bom Reli
Que aquelle era seu Rey
Terras andava roto e lacr
Mil àys tirou das intim
Lançouselhe aos pes, e co
Affecto o induziu e var
O quizesse tambem levar
Por socio no desterro e no

The fourth week of their fearful
Dias vinte e sete na passa
Gastaram, desviandoss
Trato, e maos encontros q
Tras sempre a quem bus
De

Some new austerity un
In Syrian fields of glor
Of holiest Egypt.—II. 1

Egypt has been, from the e
of the most abject and absurd

o the catalogue of Christian perfections.
entered a convent consisting of an hun-
rty nuns, not one of whom had ever wash-
the very mention of the bath was an abo-
them—(*Acta Sanctorum*, *March* 13.) St.
d renounced most of the decencies of
returned one day to his convent, hum-
rtified, exclaiming,—I am not yet a monk,
een monks! for he had met two of these
rk naked.—*Acta Sanctorum*, i. p. 107.
ciples which these madmen established
very indulgence is sinful; that whatever
to the body, must be injurious to the
proportion as man inflicts torments upon
pleases his Creator; that the ties of natu-
wean the heart from God; and that every
must be abandoned by him who would be
e doctrine of two principles has never
ch practical evils in any system as in the
anes, indeed, attributes all evil to the
of the evil principle, (that power being
me) but some of the corrupted forms of
actually exclude a good one!
curious passage in the Bibliotheca Ori-
semanus, in which the desarts are sup-
e been originally intended for the use of
compensating for their sterility by the
op of virtues which they were to produce!
*oli vastitate, quæ procul a Nili ripis quatissime prætenditur, non urbes, non domi-
i, non arbores, sed desertum, arena, feræ; anc terræ partem (ut Eucherii verbis utar)
nhoneratam dimisit Deus, quum in pri-
m omnia in sapientiâ faceret, et singula
ris usibus apta distingueret; sed cuncta non
ntis magnificentiâ, quam futuri præscien-
enturis, ut arbitror, Sanctis Eremum pa-
his illam locupletem fructibus voluit, et
uberis naturæ vice, hanc Sanctorum dare
et sic pinguescerent fines deserti:* Et quum

of pleasantness, such as
are not truly and properly ways of
which ground it is easy to see what
be passed upon all those affected, unco
surd austerities, so much prized and
some of the Romish profession. Pilgr
barefoot, hair-shirts and whips, with o
pel-artillery, are their only helps to d
never enjoined, either by the prop
Jewish, or by the apostles under the
ray, who yet surely understood the
most efficacious instruments of piet
confessor or friar of all the order of S
casuist whatsoever.

"It seems that with them a man
be a penitent unless he also turns
it to Jerusalem, or wanders over t
the world, to visit the shrines of s
tended saint, though perhaps in
more ridiculous than themselves.
was Cain's error, is become thei
thinks to expiate a sin by going
one folly the atonement for an
was scourged and beaten by the
read that he beat or scourged
think that his *keeping under of*
prove th

uness, was ever mortified by corporal discipline; 'tis
e the back, but the heart that must bleed for sin;
d, consequently, that in their whole course they
e like men out of their way; let them lash on never
fast, they are not at all nearer to their journey's
d; and howsoever they deceive themselves and
hers, they may as well expect to bring a cart as a
l to heaven by such means."—*Sermons*, vol. i.
34.

In these weeds,
Which never from the hour when to the grave
She followed her dear Lord Theodofred,
Rusilla laid aside.—II. p. 14.

*Vide nuper ipse in Hispaniis constitutus, et admira-
e sum antiquum hunc morem, ab Hispanis adhuc
ostibus observari; mortuâ quippe uxore maritus, mor-
e marito conjux, mortuis filiis patres, mortuis patri-
is filii, defunctis quibuslibet cognatis cognati, extinc-
quolibet casu amicis amici, statim arma deponunt,
rvicas vestes, peregrinarum pellium tegmina abji-
int, totumque penitus multi colorem, ac pretiosum ha-
tum, abdicantes, nigris tantum vilibusque indumentis
contegunt. Sic crinibus propriis sic jumentorum
arum caudis decurtatis, seque et ipsa atro prorsus
lore denigrant. Talibus luctui doloriave insignibus,
btractos charissimos deflent, et integri ad minus spa-
am anni, in tali mœrore publica lege consumant.*—
ctri Venerabilis Epist. quoted in Yepes, T. vii.
. 21.

Her eyeless husband.—II. p. 15.

Witiza put out the eyes of Theodofred, *inhabilitan-
de para la monarchia*, says Ferreras. This was the
mmon mode of incapacitating a rival for the
rone.

Un Conde de Gallicia que fuera valiado,
Pelayo avie nombre, ome fo desforzado,

Perdio la vision, andaba embargado,
Ca ome que non vede, debe seer nado.
Gonzalo de Berceo. S. Dom. 338.

The history of Europe during the dark ages abounds with examples of *exoculation*, as it was called by those writers who endeavoured, towards the middle of the 17th century, to introduce the style-ornate into our prose after it had been banished from poetry. In the East, the practice is still continued. When Alboquerque took possession of Ormuz, he sent to Portugal fifteen of its former kings, whom he found there, each of whom, in his turn, had been deposed and blinded!

In the semi-barbarous stage of society, any kind of personal blemish seems to have been considered a disqualifying a prince from the succession, like the law of the Nazarenes. Yorwerth, the son of Owen Gwynedh, was set aside in Wales because of his broken nose; Count Oliba, in Barcelona, because he could never speak till he had stamped with his foot three times like a goat. *Aquest Oliba frare del Conte en Grifa no era a dret de sos membres. Car lo dit Oliba james no podia parlar, si primer no donas colps ab lo peu en terra quart o sinc vegades, axi comei fos cabre*

mortal disease, or suffer diminution in person, st
honour,* or goods."

Lope de Vega alludes to the blindness of The
Fred in his Jerusalem Conquistada:—

Criavase con ostras bellas damas
Florinda bella,——

Esta miro Rodrigo desdichada,
Ay si como su padre fuera ciego!
Saco sus ojos Witisa airada,
Fuera mejor los de Rodrigo luego;
Gozara Espana el timbre coronado
De sus castillos en mayor sossiego
Que le dio Leovigildo, y no se viera
Estampa de Africano en su ribera.

L. vi. ff. 131.

A remarkable instance of the inconvenient ma
ner in which the *b* and the *v* are indiscriminate
used by the Spaniards, occurs here in the original e
tion. The *w* not being used in that language, it wou
naturally be represented by *vv*; and here, the print
using most unluckily his typographical license, h
made the word *Vbitisa*.

"The Spaniards, says that late worthy Jo. Sa
ford, some time fellow of Magdalane College, in C
ford, (in his Spanish Grammar, 1633) do with a ki
of wantonness so confound the sound of *b* with
that it is hard to determine when and in what wor
it should retain its own power of a labial lette
which gave just cause of laughter at that Spania
who, being in conversation with a French lady, ar
minding to commend her children for fair, said un
her, using the Spanish liberty in pronouncing th
French,—*Madame, vous avez des veaux enfans*, te
ing her that she had calves to her children, instea
of saying, *beaux enfans*, fair children. Neither can
well justify him who wrote *veneficio* for *beneficio*."

* *Johnes's Monstrellet, vol.* v. *p.* 190.

tinction of persons, work
bra, where it now stand
the Sueves, attacked him
defeated and pursued to
made, and Cindasunda, d
given in marriage to the
the pacification thus effe
banners a damsel in a tow
one side, and a lion rouge
of himself and his marri
being sculptured upon the
mains as the city arms.
bishop of Porto, to Samer
which are preserved at Al
as the news of the day,—
Alcobaçan records, and of
admited.—*Mon. Lus.* 26. 3.

Atnees was an Arian,
Catholic bishops and priest
his queen converted him.

Mumadona.—

Gasper Estaço has show
the foundress of Guimarae

—the banks
Of Lima, through whose groves in after years
Mournful, yet sweet, Diogo's amorous lute
Prolonged its tuneful echoes.—III. p. 22.

iogo Bernardes, one of the best of the Portugueze ts, was born on the banks of the Lima, and pas- nately fond of its scenery. Some of his sonnets will ir comparison with the best poems of their kind. ere is a charge of plagiarism against him for hav- g printed several of Camoens's sonnets as his own; obtain any proofs upon this subject would be very ficult; this, however, is certain, that his own undis- ted productions resemble them so closely in unaf- ted tenderness, and in sweetness of diction, that e whole appear like the works of one author.

Auria itself is now but one wide tomb
For all its habitants.—III. p. 23.

The present Orense. The Moors entirely destroyed *depopulavit usque ad solum*, are the words of one the old brief chronicles. In 832, Alonso el Casto und it too completely ruined to be restored.— *pana Sagrada*, xvii. p. 48.

That consecrated pile amid the wild
Which sainted Fructuoso in his zeal
Reared to St. Felix, on Visonia's banks.—IV. 31.

Of this saint, and the curious institutions which he rmed, and the beautiful track of country in which ey were placed, I have given an account in the ird edition of Letters from Spain and Portugal, ol. i. p. 103.

Sacaru . . . . . indignantly
Did he toward the ocean bend his way,
And shaking from his feet the dust of Spain,
Took ship and hoisted sail, through seas unknown.
To seek for freedom.—IV. p. 35.

This tale, which is repeated by Bleda, rests on no etter authority than that of* Abulcacim, which may.

* C. 13.

Sacaru and the companions of a
say, he says, that at this time, A.D
ship sailing out of the Straits of
ed by a storm much farther to th
intended, and came to an island
seven cities, and where our langu
the people asked whether the
Spain, from whence they had fled
Don Rodrigo. The contramaster
he brought away a little sand
sold it to a goldsmith in Lisbon,
it a good quantity of gold. It is
D. Pedro, who governed at that
things to be written in the Ca
some will have it that these lands
the Portugueze touched, where
called the Antilhas and New Spa

This Antilia, or Island of the
down in Martin Behaim's map;
improved by giving seven bishop
and Galvam has been accused by
invented it to give his country
having discovered the West Indie
that Antonio Galvam relates the

ds and their bishops, have also been pleased to
traces of Sacaru in the new world, for which the
ginary resemblances to Christianity which were
d in Yucatan and other places, serve them as
ts.—*Gregorio Garcia, Origen de los Indios*, l.iv.c.20.
he work of Abulcacim, in which the story first
ears, has been roundly asserted to be the forgery
e translator, Miguel de Luna.
he Portugueze academician, Contador de Argote,
king of this romantic history, acquits him of the
d which has with little reflection been laid to his
ge. Pedraça, he says, in his Grandezas de Grana-
and Rodrigo Caro, in the Grandezas de Sevilla,
affirm that the original Arabic exists in the
rial, and Escolano asserts the same, although
das Antonio says that the catalogues of that library
ot make mention of any such book. If Luna had
d it, it would not have had many of those blun-
which are observed in it; nor is there any reason
mputing such a fraud to Luna, a man will skill-
Arabic, and of good reputation. What I suspect
at the book was composed by a Granadan Moor,
he reason which induces me to form this opinion
e minuteness with which he describes the con-
which Tarif made of those parts of the king-
of Granada, of the Alpuxarras and the Serra Ne-
, pointing out the etymologies of the names of
s, and other circumstances, which any one who
with attention will observe. As to the time in
h the composer of this amusing romance flou-
d, it was certainly after the reign of Bedeci
Habuz, who governed, and was Lord of Grana-
bout the year 1013, as Marmol relates, after the
ian writers; and the reason which I have for this
tion is, that in the romance of Abulcacim the
is told which gave occasion to the said Bedeci
Habuz to set up in Granada that famous vane,
h represents a knight upon horseback in bronze,
a spear in the right hand, and a club in the left,
hese words in Arabic,—Bedeci Aben Habuz says

that in this manner Andalusia must be kept! the f
gure moves with every wind, and veers about from on
end to another.—*Memorias de Braga*, T. iii. p. 120.

In the fabulous Chronicle of D. Rodrigo, Sacar
as he is there called, is a conspicuous personage; b
the tale of his emigration was not then current, a
the author kills him before the Moors appear up
the stage. He seems to have designed him as a rep
sentation of perfect generosity.

All too long,
Here in their own inheritance, the sons
Of Spain have groaned beneath a foreign yoke.
IV. p. 36

There had been a law to prohibit intermarria
between the Goths and Romans; this law Recesv
tho annulled,* observing in his edict, that the peo
ought in no slight degree to rejoice at the repeal.
is curious that the distinction should have existed
long; but it is found also in a law of Wamba's, a
doubtless must have continued till both names w

strangers and comelings, and when they came l
no right there, for the whole belonged to the Ron
empire. It is believed that the greater part of th
whom the Moors slew were Goths, and it is said t
on the one side and on the other, in the course of t
years there were slain by the sword seven hund
thousand men. The Christians who escaped chose t
the name of Goths should be lost; and though so
Castillians complain that the race should be ex
guished, saying with Don Jorge Manrique,

Pues la sangre de los Godos
y el linage y la nobleza
tan crecida,
por quantas vias y modos
se sumo su grande alteza
en esta vida.

I must say that I see no good foundation for this;
they were a proud nation and barbarous, and wer
long time heretics of the sects of Arius and Eutyc
and Pelagius, and can be praised as nothing exc
as warriors, who were so greedy for dominion, t
wherever they reached they laid every thing b
like locusts, and therefore the emperor ceded to th
this country. The people who dwelt in it before w
a better race, always praised and feared and resp
ed by the Romans, loyal and faithful and true
reasonable; and if the Goths afterwards were wor
of any estimation they became so here; for as pla
lose their bitterness and improve by being plan
and translated into a good soil (as is said of peach
so does a good land change its inhabitants, and
rustic and barbarous make them polished and vi
ous.

"The Moors did not say that they came aga
the Christians, but against the Goths, who had us
ed Spain; and it appears that to the people of
land it mattered little whether the were un
Goths or Moors; or indeed it might not be too n

to say that they preferred the Moors, ne
cause all new things and changes would b
but because they were exasperated against
for what they had done against the Chri
the Catholics,) and for the bad governme
Witiza."

"You are not to think," says the chroni
Count Don Julian and the Bishop Don O
of the lineage of the Goths, but of the line
Cæsars, and therefore they were not grieve
good lineage should be destroyed.—*Chr. de*
drigo, P. i. c. 248.

Favila.—V. p. 40.

Barrios, taking a punster's license in or
plays upon the name of Pelayo's father:—

—— *del gran Favila (que cente*

tere, et regnum invasum Hiberiæ
—Espana Sagrada, T. 8. p. 302.
he story in the words of the old
Arabic original imputed to Rasis.
the son of Muza, remained for Lord
ordered his affairs right well, they
of Ulaca, who had been the wife of
, that she was a right worthy dame,
ful, and of a great lineage, and that
e of Africa; whereupon he sent for
d that beasts should be given her, and
, and men-servants and maid-servants,
that she could require, till she could come
they brought her unto him, and when
e was well pleased with her, and said,
e of thy affairs, and conceal nothing from
knowest that I may do with thee accord-
will, being my captive. And when she
it increased the grief which she had in her
her sorrow was such, that she had well nigh
d to the ground, and she replied weepin
Haron, what wouldst thou know more of m
r doth not all the world know, that I
mael, being married with King D. Rodri
him Lady of Spain, and dwelt in honour
easure, more than I deserved; and there
od's will that they should endure no lon
w I am in dishonour greater than ever
f such high state: For I am plundered
at a single palm of inheritance; and I
e, and brought into bondage. I also have
s of all the land that I behold. Therefo
pity upon my misfortunes; and in respect
lineage which you know to be mine, su
wrong or violence be offered me by a
, sir, if it be your grace you will sell me
men I know who would take compassion
I give you for me a great sum. And Bel
her, be certain that so long as I live, yo
r *go from my house*. And Ulaca said,

sir, would you do with me? and Belazin
that you should remain in my house, and
shall be free from all wretchedness, with
wives. And she said, in an evil day was I
is to be true that I have been wife of the
King of Spain, and now have to live in
house as the concubine and captive of a
I swear unto God, whose pleasure it is to
thus, that I will rather seek my own deat
I can; for I will endure no more misery,
by death I can escape it. And when Bela
she thus lamented, he said to her, good
not that we have concubines, but by our
have seven wives, if we can maintain
therefore you shall be my wife, like
others; and all things which your law req
man should do for his wife, will I do fo
therefore you have no cause to lament; a

h it, and it would be great nobleness to
: right fitting, and you should wear in it
ses, which will be good for you, and avail
short time afterwards Belazin went to
ville, and he carried Ulaea with him, and
her gold, and of her pearls, and of her
mes, which she had many and good, and
the noblest crown that ever was seen by
ave it him, and bade him take it, and piece
should be well kept; and Ulaea, as she
an of understanding and prudence, order-
rs as well as Belazin, so that he loved her
did great honour to her, and did many of
s which she desired; so that he was well
h the Christians, and did them much good,
d favour unto them."—*Memorias de las holicas*, 1. *p.* 28.

e of this was fatal to Abdalaziz. In Abul-
tory, it is said that he was converted by
an wife, and for that reason put to death
er. Others have supposed that by means of
ce he was endeavouring to make himself
ain, independent of the Caliph. A charac-
sumstance is added. Egilona was very de-
nvert her husband, and that she might at
n from him some mark of outward respect
ges, made the door of the apartment in
kept them, so low, that he could not enter
wing.—*Bleda*, p. 214.

a Abdalaziz, que de bellona
ra e leite, por Rector da Hesperia;
a co a inclyta Egilona,
r de Dom Rodrigo, (o gram miseria!)
Coroa de ouro, e a Matrona
leu para a tomar larga materia,
do à misera raynha
: com hum Mouro tam asinha.

Destruicam de Espanha, p. 237.

The Character of this Queen is beautifully conceiv
ed by the author of Count Julian:—

Beaming with virtue inaccessible
Stood Egilona; for her lord she lived,
And for the heavens that raised her sphere so high
All thoughts were on her—all beside her own.
Negligent as the blossoms of the field,
Arrayed in candour and simplicity,
Before her path she heard the streams of joy
Murmur her name in all their cadences,
Saw them in every scene, in light, in shade,
Reflect her image; but acknowledged them
Hers most complete when flowing from her most.
All things in want of her, herself of none,
Pomp and dominion lay beneath her feet
Unfelt and unregarded: now behold
The earthly passions war against the heavenly!

) last cloud upon the level sky:
' men still better love their country.
d mansion of their earliest friends,
l of their first and best devotions;
lence, or perfidy, invades,
unworthy lords hold wassail there,
' heads are drooping round its moats,
y fix their steady and stiff eye
re alone—stand while the trumpet blows,
the hostile flames above its towers
h a bitter and severe delight.

ing in thy native line, O Prince,
eptre to the Spaniard.—VII. p. 57.
a favourite opinion of Garibays, himself a
ut he has little better proof for it than the
Gothic names disappeared with Roderick,
elayo and his successors drew their nomen-
m a different stock. He says, indeed, that
things are not wanting to support his opi-
' rude commentator has written against
n in the margin of my copy, *miente Gari-*
am afraid the commentator is the truer
two.
a fabulous tale of Pelayo's birth, which,
other tales of no better authority, has le-
elics to support it. The story, according
Christoval Lozano, in his history of Los
os de Toledo, is this. Luz, niece to Egilo-
ter of Roderick, dwelt at Toledo, in the
ing Egica. Duke Favila, her father's bro-
love with her, and came from his resi-
untabria to ask her in marriage, expecting
ther obstacle than the dispensable one of
lty. But it so happened, that the king was
: to become his concubine; her refusal
jealous, as he could not conceive that it
rom any other cause except love for ano-
his temper was not to be provoked with-
Favila dared not openly make his suit.

He and his mistress therefore met in p
plighted their vows before an image of
The consequences soon become apparent,
so, because, as Dr. Lozano assures us, th
that time no fashions to conceal such thi
que en aquella era no se avian inventado
infantes. The king observed the alterat
shape, and placed spies upon her, meanin
the child and punish the mother with th
the law, death by fire being the punishm
an offence. Luz was well aware of the
trusted her *Camarera* and one servant:
an ark: She herself, as soon as the infan
threw water in his face, and baptized
name of Pelayo: a writing was placed
the ark, requesting that whoever should fi
breed up the boy with care, for he was o
age: Money enough was added to supp

hbulous chronicle seems to be the oldest writ-
ree of this story, but some such tradition had
r long been current. The ark was shown at
ra, in the convent of St. Benito, and a de-
n of it, with reasons why its authenticity
e admitted, may be found in Francisco de
escription de Toledo, L. iii. c. 1.

— *And in thy name*
the crown of thorns she proffers me.—

VII. p. 58.

ey was actually crowned with thorns in Jeru-
a circumstance which has given rise to a cu-
estion in heraldry,—thus curiously stated and
ated by Robert Barrett, in that part of his
em which relates to this Prince:

rince religious, if ever any,
idering the age wherein he lived,
hater great, endued with virtues many,
humilized, void of mundane pride;
hough he now created were great king,
would he not as royal pomp requires,
rowned be with crownet glistering
old and gems to mundains vain desires;
with a pricking, pricking crown of thorn,
ing thereto a Christian reverence,
Heaven's-King, man's-Redeemer, did not
scorn
wear such crown within that city's fence,
as, cross-loden, humblely he went,
owring under burden of that wood,
To pay the pain of man's due punishment,
And free from Plutos bands Prometheus
brood.

nas'n of Godfrey's great humility
ising golden-crownets dignity,
Some blundering in world-witted heraldry,
Not knowing how t' distinguish vertues
trye,

Of heavenly harmony 'bove chr
But we, *è contra*, him not only
A Christian king, but perfect C
A christal fanal, lamping light
To after-comer kings, world-en
For he, religious prince, did no
The Heaven-sent gift to be anoi
But disesteem'd the mundane p
Tickling the hearts of princes r

Anno-tacion. Potentates regard this heave
Not priding, as up-proves hi
High-throned kings aspect the
Of this true map of true kings
Not Nembrothizing in cloud-ki
Not Semiramizing in prides pa
Not Neronizing in all sanguine
Not Heliogabalizing in lusts le
But Joshuadizing in his Christi
And Judithizing in his Salems
And Davidizing in his Sions sta
And Solomonizing in all sacred

Outmatchings fire hen ashes

ntaos Senores à pelear, que mis monjes son levan-
t a rezar.
Pruebas de la Hist. de la Casa de Lara, p. 42.

Hermesind.—X. p. 71.

riana derives the name of Hermesinda from
everence in which Hermenegild was held in
,—a prince who has been sainted for having re-
ced the Homoeisian creed, and raised a civil
gainst his father in favour of the Homoousian
It is not a little curious, when the fate of D.
e is remembered, that his name should have
inserted in the Kalendar, at the solicitation of
p II.! From the same source Mariana derives
ames Hermenesinda, Armengol, Ermengaud,
egildez, and Hermildez. But here, as Brito has
with Pelayo, he seems to forget that the name
urrent before it was borne by the saint, and the
ations from it as numerous. Its root may be
l in Herman, whose German name will prevail
the latinized Arminius.

he glen where Tagus rolls between his rocks.—
X. p. 77.

e story of the Enchanted Tower at Toledo is
known to every English reader. It neither ac-
d with the character of my poem to introduce
ction, nor would it have been prudent to have
ed upon it after Walter Scott. The account of
rchbishop Rodrego, and of Abulcacim, may be
l in his notes. What follows here is translated
the fabulous chronicle of King Don Rodrego.
nd there came to him the keepers of the house
h was in Toledo, which they called Pleasure
Pain, the Perfect Guard, the Secret of that
h is to come; and it was called also by another
e, the Honour of God. And these keepers came
re the king, and said unto him, Sire, since God
done thee such good, and such favour as that
shouldest be king of all Spain, we come to re-

made in it many marvellous thin
where he understood that they r
and thus when he was in Toledo
that that city would be one of the
saw that the kings who should h
would have more pleasure to conti
in than in any other part; and
would come after many ways, so
others, it pleased him to leave n
made, to the end that after his de
wisdom might by them be known
Toledo a house, after the man
now describe, with great masterah
not heard tell of any other such:
after this guise. There are four li
the foundation of this house; and
that a man sitting upon a great
side, and another in like manner u
not see each other, so large are t
house is upon them, and it is ent
lofty that there is not a man in
throw a stone to the top: And ma
this, but they never could. And th
this are who can tell you by what

ıer, that if it were not for the many co-
would not believe but that the whole house
of one entire stone. And the stones are
such manner one by another, that seeing
may know all the things of the battles
and of great feats. And this is not by pie-
the colour of the stones, and the great art
e with the other, make it appear thus. And
he who should wish to know the truth of the
s of arms which have been wrought in the
ht by means of that house know it. See now
inner Hercules was wise and fortunate, and
nt, and acquainted with the things which
me. And when he was Lord of Spain he
ter this guise, which we have related unto
ie commanded that neither King nor Lord
vho might come after him, should seek to
which was within; but that every one in-
ld put a lock upon the doors thereof, even
elf did, for he first put on a lock, and fasten-
his key. And after him there has been no
ord in Spain, who has thought it good to go
iddling; but every one as he came put on
ock, according to that which Hercules ap-
nd now that we have told thee the manner
se, and that which we know concerning it,
of thee that thou shouldest go thither, and
lock upon the gates thereof, even as all the
e done who have reigned in Spain until
And the King Don Rodrigo hearing the
things of this house, and desiring to know
was within, and moreover being a man of
art, wished to know of all things how they
for what guise. He made answer, that no
would he put upon that house, and that by
he would know what there was within.
said unto him, Sire, you will not do that
never been done in Spain; be pleased
o observe that which the other kings have
And the king said unto them, Leave off

"Now it came to pass that the E
called to mind how he had been
lock upon the doors of the house w
do, and he resolved to carry into effe
his heart inclined him. And one d
gether all the greatest knights of
there with him, and went to see
saw that it was more marvellous th
its keepers had told him, and as he
ing it, he said, Friends, I will by al
there is in this house which Her
when the great Lords who were wi
they began to say unto him that h
this; for there was no reason why
which never king nor Cæsar, that
Spain since Hercules, had done un
the king said unto them, Friends, i
is nothing but what may be seen. I
the enchantments cannot hinder n
so, I have nothing to fear. And th
that, sir, which you think good, bu
by our counsel. And when he saw
of a different accord from that wh
do, he said, Now suppose me as you

le on one part as on the other, and in it
bed richly furnished, and there was laid
l the statue of a man, exceeding great,
at all points, and he had the one arm
it, and a writing in his hand. And when
d those who were with him saw this bed,
n who was laid in it, they marvelled what
and they said, Certes that bed was one of
of Hercules and of his enchantments.
hey saw the writing which he held in his
showed it to the king, and the king went
took it from his hand, and opened it and
it said thus, Audacious one, thou who shalt
riting, mark well what thou art, and
vil through thee shall come to pass, for
in was peopled and conquered by me, so
ll it be depopulated and lost. And I say
hat I was Hercules the Strong, he who
the greater part of the world, and all
I slew Geryon the Great, who was Lord
l I alone subdued all these lands of Spain,
red many nations, and brave knights, and
one could conquer me, save only Death.
o what thou doest, for from this world
rry with thee nothing but the good which
one.
en the king had read the writing he was
d he wished then that he had not begun
Howbeit he made semblance as if it touched
d said that no man was powerful enough
it which is to come, except the true God.
knights who were present were much
cause of what the writing said; and having
hey went to behold another apartment,
o marvellous, that no man can relate how
it was. The colours which were therein
The one part of the apartment was white
d the other which was over against it, was
than pitch; and another part was green
erald, and that which was over-against it

of the whole four ap
they all said, that nev
as this elsewhere been
for a remarkable thin
of the world. And in a
beam, nor any work
without; and as the flo
the ceiling. Above the
that they gave a grea
within might be seen
without. And when th
it was made, they foun
and that not very large
of a man of mean statu
right cunningly made,
in Greek letters, which
in the year of Adam thr
the king had read these
which they said, he oper
opened they found Heb
house is one of the wor
they had read these lette
that pillar, in which was
wrought, and after a s
gilded and covered

, said, Within this coffer lies that which
w, and which Hercules has so strongly
be known. And he took the lock and
his hands, for there was no other who
it; and when the lock was broken, and
en, they found nothing within, except
folded between two pieces of copper;
it and opened it, and found Moors pour-
in with turbans, and hammers in their
ith their swords round their necks, and
ehind them at the saddle-bow, and over
were letters which said, When this cloth
ed, and these figures seen, men apparel-
shall conquer Spain and shall be Lords

e King Don Rodrigo saw this he was
eart, and all the knights who were with
y said unto him, Now, sir, you may see
hllen you, because you would not listen
counselled you not to pry into so great
because you despised the kings who were
ho all observed the commands of Her-
dered them to be observed, but you
this. And he had greater trouble in his
had ever before felt; howbeit he began
em all, and said to them, God forbid that
h we have seen should come to pass.
I say, that if things must be according
ere declared, I could not set aside that
been ordained, and therefore it appears
by whom this house was to be opened,
me it was reserved. And seeing it is done,
reason that we should grieve for that
t be prevented, if it must needs come.
e what may, with all my power I will
t that which Hercules has foretold, even
death in resisting it; and if you will all
nner, I doubt whether the whole world
us our power. But if by God it hath been
strength and no art can avail against

[illegible] down from the sky, as if it ha
Heaven, carrying a burning fire-b
upon the top of the house, and be
its wings; and the fire-brand with
air began to blaze, and the house
burnt as if it had been made of ro
mighty were the flames, and so hi
up, that it was a great marvel, an
that there did not remain the sign
and all was burnt into ashes. And a
came a great flight of birds small a
vered over the ashes, and they w
with the fanning of their wings,
stirred up, and rose into the air, a
over the whole of Spain; and many
upon whom the ashes fell, appear
been besmeared with blood. All t
day, and many said afterwards, tha
upon whom those ashes fell, died
Spain was conquered and lost; and
sign of the destruction of Spain."
D. Rodrigo, Part I. c. 28. 30.

"*Y siendo verdad lo que escriven m*

plant.—Fran. de Pisa, Descr. de Toledo. L. 2.

a Spanish ballad upon the subject, fine as the st is, is flat as a flounder;—

De los nobilissimos Godos
que en Castilla avian reynado
Rodrigo reyno el postrero
de los reyes que han passado;
en cuyo tiempo los Moros
toda Espana avian ganado,
sino fuera las Asturias
que defendio Don Pelayo.
En Toledo esta Rodrigo
al comienço del reynado,
vinole gran voluntad
de ver lo que esta cerrado
en la torre que esta alli,
antigua de muchos anos.
En esta torre los reyes
cada uno hecho un canado
porque lo ordenara ansi
Hercules el afamado
que gano primero a Espana
de Gerion gran tirano.
Creyo el rey que avia en la torre
gran thesoro alli guardado;
la torre fue luego abierta
y quitados los canados;
no ay en ella cosa alguna,
sola una caxa han hallado.
El rey la mandara abrir;
un pano dentro se ha hallado,
con unas letras latinas
que dizen en Castellano,
Quando aquestas cerraduras
que cierran estos canados,
fueren abiertas y visto
lo en el pano debuxado,
Espana sera perdida,

y toda ella asolada;
ganaranla gente estrana
como aqui estan figurados,
los rostros muy denegrido
los braços arremangados,
muchas colores vestidas,
en las cabeças tocados,
alçadas traeran sus senas
en cavallos cavalgando,
largas lanças en sus manu
con espadas en su lado.
Alarabes se diran
y de aquesta tierra estran
perderase toda Espana,
que nada no aura fincado.
El rey con sus ricos homb
todos se avian espantado
quando vieron las figuras
y letras que hemos contad
buelven a cerrar la torre,
quedo el rey muy angustia

Juan Yague de Salas relates a sim miracle, which I have not seen re but in his curious poem:—

Cantò como rompidos los canda
De la lobrega cueva, y despedi

Chronica General del Rey Don Alfonso gives
lar account of the first inhabitant of this fatal

here was a king who had to name Rocas; he
f the east country from Edom, wherein was
ise, and for the love of wisdom he forsook his
dom, and went about the world seeking know-
. And in a country between the east and the
h he found seventy pillars; thirty were of brass,
y of marble, and they lay upon the ground, and
n them was written all knowledge and the nature
things. These Rocas translated, and carried with
the book in which he had translated them, by
ich he did marvels. He came to Troy when the
ople under Laomedon were building the city, and
eing them he laughed. They asked him why, and he
plied, that if they knew what was to happen, they
ould cease from their work. Then they took him
nd led him before Laomedon, and Laomedon asked
im for why he had spoken those words, and Rocas
nswered, that he had spoken truth, for the people
should be put to the sword, and the city be destroyed
by fire. Wherefore the Trojans would have slain him,
but Laomedon judging that he spake from folly, put
him in prison to see if he would repent. He, fearful
of death, by his art sent a sleep upon the guards, and
filed off his irons, and went his way. And he came to
the seven hills by the Tyber, and there upon a stone
he wrote the letters ROMA, and Romulus found
them, and gave them as a name to his city, because
they bore a resemblance to his own.

"Then went King Rocas westward, and he enter
ed Spain, and went round it and through it, till con
ing to the spot where Toledo stands, he discover
that it was the central place of the country, and th
one day a city should there be built, and there
found a cave into which he entered. There lay in i
huge dragon, and Rocas in fear besought the drag
not to hurt him, for they were both creatures of G
And the dragon took such love towards him, tha

always brought him part of his food from
and they dwelt together in the cave. O
honourable man of that land, by name T
hunting in that mountain, and he found
the bear fled into the cave, and Rocas
dressed him as he had done the dragon, a
quietly lay down, and Rocas fondled his
Tartus following, saw Rocas how his bear
and his body covered with hair, and he
was a wild man, and fitted an arrow to hi
drew the string. Then Rocas besought h
name of God not to slay him, and obtain
for himself and the bear under his prote
when Tartus heard how he was a king,
him to leave that den and return with hi
would give him his only daughter in mar
leave him all that he had. By this the drag
ed. Tartus was alarmed, and would have

t on dit avoir este femme de mauvaise vie: Le tort luy font les Theologiens pour la plus part en leurs sons, en leurs livres; et specialement la Bible Anve en l'Argument du 7e chap. de. S. Luc.

The injury," says this Hugonot divine, "which Romish church does to another Mary, the sister azarus, has been sufficiently confuted by the odox. It has been ignorantly believed that this y, and another who was of Magdala, and the sinwho is spoken of in the 7th of Luke, are the same on, confounding the three in one. We have justione of the three, to wit, her of Bethany, the sister azarus; but her of Magdala we still defame, as if Magdalen were the sinner of whom St. Luke ks.

Nothing is more common in the mouth of the ar than the wicked life of the Magdalene. The chers who wish to confess souls that are afflicted horror at their sins, represent to them this woas one of the most immodest and dissolute that existed, to whom, however, God has shown cy. And upon this same prejudice, which is alther imaginary, has been founded a reason why Son of God having been raised from the dead aped to Mary Magdalene before any other person; said they, it is because she had greater need of olation, having been a greater sinner than the rs.—He who wrote the Practice of Piety places with the greatest offenders, even with Manasses, of the wickedest of men; and to authorise this r the more, it has been inserted in the Bible f. For the argument to the 7th of Luke in the lish version says, that the woman whose sins were reater number than those of others,—the woman, till then had lived a wicked and infamous life, Mary Magdalen. But, 1st, The text gives no e to this sinner: Where then has it been found? ch of the Evangelists, or what other authentic ing, has taught us the proper name or surname e woman? For she who poured an ointment upon

Christ (Matth. xxvi. John xii.)
nor Mary Magdalene, but a si
these circumstances show that
stories, two divers actions, perf
in divers places, and by divers
do we find that Mary Magdale
feet of our Saviour? *3dly*, V
Mary Magdalene had been a
gospel tells us that she had bee
devils or evil spirits,—an affli
pen to the holiest person in
see even the shadow of a wo
with infamy. Why then do
vention not only fabulous, b
mory of a woman illustrio
all to beware of bearing fal
as against the living.

It is remarkable that

The dreadful tale.—X. p. 79.

Amava el Rey la desigual Florinda
En ser gentil, y desdenosa dama,
Que quiere amor, que quando un Rey se rinda
Dandenos pueden resistir su llama:
No fue de Grecia mas hermosa y linda
La que le dio por su desdicha fama,
Ni desde el Sagitario a Cynosura
Se vio en tanto rigor tanta hermosura.

Creciò el amor como el desden crecia;
Enojose el poder; la resistencia
Se fue aumentando, pero no podia
Sufrir un Rey sujeta competencia:
Estendiose à furor la cortesia,
Los terminos passo de la paciencia,
Haziendo los mayores desenganos
Las horas meses, y los meses anos.

Cansado ya Rodrigo de que fuesse
Teorica el amor, y intentos vanos,
Sin que demostracion alguna huviesse,
Puso su gusto en pratica de manos:
Pues quien de tanto amor no le tuviesse
Con los medios mas faciles y humanos,
Como tendria entonces sufrimiento
De injusta fuerça en el rigor violento?

Ansias, congojas, lagrimas y vozes,
Amenazas, amores, fuerça, injuria,
Prueven, peleen, llegan, dan ferozes
Al que ama, rabia, al que aborrece, furia:
Discurren los pronosticos velozes,
Que ofrece el pensamiento aquien injuria;
Rodrigo teme, y ama, y fuerça, y ella,
Quanto mas se resiste, està mas bella.

Ya viste de jazmines el desmayo
Las eladas mexillas siempre hermosas,
Ya la verguença del clavel de Mayo,
Alexandrinas, y purpureas rosas:

Al varo
Quedò sin
Que es a
Siguio à la
Aparecia
Que viene
Principios

Fue con Ro
Y quedò
Que le prop
Que de n
Dizese que
Sino de t
Fue la ocasi
Mas siente
Je

Lope de Vega
nion exprest in t
Old Barrett tel
have done.

In Ulit's time
One Roderick

elated in the fabulous Chronicle. "*Desi-
Rey ovo descubierto su coraçon a la Cava,
se la no requiriesse una vez o dos, y ella se
buena razon: empero al cabo como el Rey
cosa como en esto, un dia en la fiesta embio
al cuyo por la Cava; y ella vino a su mano
o en cosa hora no avia en toda su camara
o sino ella todos tres, el cumplio con ella todo
. Empero tanto sabed que si ella quisiera dar
bien fuera ayda de la reyna, mas calloso con
Rey ouiso fazer.*"—P. 1 c. 172.

fabulous Chronicle Roderick's fall is repre-
the work of his stars.—"*Y aunque a los
nava el gran yerro en que tocava, y en la mal-
su coraçon avia comçido, tanto era el ardor
a que lo olvidava todo, y esto acarreava la ma-
a que le avia de venir, y la destruycion de Espa-
avia de aver comiençe para se fazer; y quiero
ir que su constelacion no podia escusar que esto
sasse assi; y ya Dios lo avia dexado en su dis-
y el por cosa que fuesse no se podia arrezirar
tapasse en ello.*"—P. 1. c. 164.

tes, says the fabulous Chronicler, he was a Lord
ater beauty than ever had been seen before his
—He used to say, that if all the world were his,
uld rather lose it than one friend; for the world
thing, which if it were lost, might be recovered;
friend once lost could never be recovered for
treasure in the world. And because he was thus
iful, all those of Spain were likewise; and they
e fame of being the most liberal men in the
especially those of the lineage of the Goths.
a thing was asked at his hands, whether great
all, to which he could say no; and never king
ther great Lord asked aid of him that he denied,
ve them of his treasures and of his people as
as they needed: And doubt not, but that if for-
had not ordered that in his time, the lineage of
oths should be cut off, and Spain destroyed,
was no king or emperor whom he would not

have brought in subjec
ought to be placed in
ing of worldly things)
man deserving to po
envy is the beginning
the goodness of this
had brought about t
versed, even till sh
great damage to the
consent that so muc
ness, and loyalty sl
nations ought to e
one day in the we
world, and especi
make such mourn
go, p. 1. c. 55.

And again, wh
the king

Que al son de los suspiros van formados
Haciendo las distancias las diciones:
Los mayores caracteres, armados
Navios, tiendas, maquinas, pendones;
Los puntos, los incisos, los acentos
Capitanes, Alferex y Sargentos.

Breve processo escrive, aunque el sucesso
Significar quexosa determina,
Pero en tan breve causa, en tal processo
La perdicion de Espana se fulmina.
Jerusalen Conquistada, L. 6. ff. 133.

I remember but one of the old poets who has spoken with compassion of Florinda: It is the Portugueze Bras Garcia Mascarenhas,—a writer who, with many odd things in his poem, has some fine ones.

Refresca em Cevilham a gente afflita,
Nam se sabe que nome entam a honrava;
Muyto depois foy Cava Julia dita,
Por nascer nella a desditada Cava.
Nam a deslustra, antes a acredita
Filha que a honra mais que hum Rey presava;
Hespanha culpe a força sem desculpa,
Nam culpe a bella, que nam teve culpa.
Viriato Tragico, Canto II. St. 118.

Wamba's wars.—XII. p. 87.

In the valuable history of this king by a contemporary writer, the following character of the French is given:—

"*Hujus igitur gloriosis temporibus, Galliarum terra ultrix perfidiae infami denotatur elogio, quae utique inaestimabili infidelitatis febre vexata, genita a se infidelium depasceret membra. Quid enim non in illa crudele vel lubricum? ubi conjuratorum conciliabulum, perfidiae signum, obscoenitas aperum, fraus negotiorum, venale judicium, et quod pejus his omnibus est, contra*

blasphemia... terra suo, ut ita dixerim... praeparavit excidium, et ex ventris... perea eversionis suae nutrivit decipulam. Etenim multo jam tempore his febrium diversitatibus a... subito in ea unius nefandi capitis prolapsione t... delitatis adsurgit, et conscensio perfidiae per... plurimos transit."—S. Julian, Hist. Wamb... Espana Sagrada, 6. 544.

The bath, the bed,

The vigil.—XII. p. 88.

The Partidas have some curious matte... subject.

"Cleanliness makes things appear well... behold them, even as propriety makes... each in its way. And therefore the an... good that knights should be made clean... as they ought to have cleanliness with i... manners and customs, so ought they t... out in their garments, and in the arm... wear. For albeit their business is hard... to strike and to slay; yet notwithsta... not so far forego their natural inclina... pleased with fair and goodly things,... they wear them. For on one part t... knight, and on the other make th... because they... be

l that may be. And there the knights
ı his hose, and clothe him with the best
at can be had. And when the cleansing
' has been performed, they shall do as
e soul, taking him to the church where he
r in watching and beseeching mercy of
ıe will forgive him his sins, and guide him
: may demean himself well in that order
is about to receive; to the end that he may
ı law, and do all other things according as
th him, and that he would be his defender
ıer in all danger and in all difficulties. And he
bear in mind how God is powerful above all
and can show his power in them when he
and especially in affairs of arms. For in his
e life and death, to give and to take away, and
e the weak strong, and the strong weak. And
he is making this prayer, he must be with his
bent, and all the rest of the time on foot, as long
can bear it. For the vigil of knights was not or-
l to be a sport, nor for any thing else, except
ıey, and those who go there, should pray to God
teet them, and direct them in the right way,
ıpport them, as men who are entering upon the
f death."— *Part. II. Tit.* 21. *Ley* 13.

hen the vigil is over, as soon as it is day, he
first to hear mass, and pray God to direct all
ıts to his service. And afterwards he who is to
t him shall come and ask him, if he would re-
the order of knighthood; and if he answereth
hen shall it be asked him, if he will maintain it
ıght to be maintained; and when he shall have
sed to do this, that knight shall fasten on his
, or order some other knight to fasten them on,
ling to what manner of man he may be, and the
which he holdeth. And this they do to signify,
s a knight putteth spurs on the right and on
ft, to make his horse gallop straight forward,
ıo ought he to let his actions be straight forward,
ng on neither side. And then shall his sword
on over his *brial*.—Formerly it was ordained

that w... be armed at all poi... held go... battle. But it was not should be covered, for they who cover their ... so for two reasons: The one to hide something which hath an ill look, and for that reason th well cover them with any fair and becomin ing. The other reason is, when a man hath de unseemly thing of which he is ashamed. An no wise becometh noble knights. For when about to receive so noble and so honourab as knighthood, it is not fitting that they sh into it with any evil shame, neither with when they shall have girded on his swor draw it from out the scabbard, and pla right hand, and make him swear these first, That he shall not fear to die for his he; secondly, For his natural Lord; th country; and when he hath sworn this, blow on the neck he given him, in o things aforesaid may come into his mi guard him to his service, and let him he hath promised; and after this, he ferred the order upon him, shall ki of the faith and peace and brotherho to be observed among knights. An all the knights to do who are in th ... but whenever they sh ... Part I

make them fearful."—*Tirante il*
ff. 44.

to Tirante a chapter from the
xplaining the origin of knight-
it is there said, was corrupted,
ntent that he might be loved, ho-
l feared once more, chose out
d men one who was more amia-
ore wise, more loyal, more strong,
more virtuous, and of better cus-
here: And then he sought among
which was the goodliest, and the
could bear the greatest fatigue,
nient for the service of man; and
and gave him to this man who
e thousand; and for this reason he
re, because the best animal was
most noble man. And when Romu-
e chose out a thousand young men
urno nominati militi perche mille
mpo cavalleri.—P. 1. C. 14. ff. 40.
h some kings had of knighting
red by the Partidas.—P. 2. T. 21.
id, that there must be one to give,
ive the order. And a knight can
an a priest ordain himself.
nte Hernando of Castille was cho-
, he knighted himself on his coro-
tots les Barons nobles he tengeren
com ell matex se feu cavaller, qui
's deyen nenguno pot esser cavaller
valler, de ma de cavaller, qui hage
'—P. Tomich. C. 47. ff. 68.
on for a knight, cavallero, or horse-
arous stage of society, were three:
l be able to endure fatigue, hard-
s. *2dly*, That he should have been
his blows might be the more deadly.
ld be bloody-minded; and rob, hack,
nemy without compunction. The
who were preferred, were moun-

taineers, accu
smiths, stone
found that s
it was then d
Cavaliers o
And for thi
be men of
L. 1. *c.* 7.

The pri
great, tha
seizure, t
were pre
to be fou

Whic
Cano

ınt tooth in the mouth of the head
gling by his side, struck the calf of
ınd mortified, and he died.—The
een bare-legged." *Torfæus, quoted in*
v of the Zetland Islands, vol. I. p. 33.

the priestly character.—XV. p. 108.
of Mascou, laymen were enjoined
the honourable clergy by humbly
l, and uncovering it, if they were
k, and by alighting also if the cler-
ıt."—*Pierre de Marca. Hist. de Bearn,*

net the spoils of Atabalipa
xtify insatiate.—XVI. p. 114.
Soto,—the history of whose expedi-
y the Inca Garellaso, is one of the
ooks in the Spanish language.

ore-house for the autumnal grain."—
XVI. p. 115.
23. 3.) speaking of the Asturians,
vonder their chairs, furniture, and
et-work, . . *las sillas y otras cosas de*
irmas que hacen entretexidas de mim-
vellano. Y aun a mé no me espantaba
tanto esto, como ver los graneros, que
orreos, fabricados desta misma obra
idas, y tan tupidas y de tanta firme-
an carga como buenas paredes.

Covadonga.—XVI.
Covadonga is thus described by the
ıa:—and the description is a fair spe-
n:—

trias, donde el Sol infante
:s con primeras luces bana,
ga el sitio, que triunfante
:n que nacio la insigne Espana.

Vierte en el Sela liquidos cristales
Con Buena y Deba, que de la montaña
Deben la vida à la fragosa cupa,
A quien la antiguedad llamò de Europa.

Aqui la juventud de un bello llano
Compite à flores, luces, de la esphera;
Y burlando el Invierno y el Verano
Eterna vive en el la Primavera:
Sobre sus glebas se derrama ufano
El prodigioso cuerno de la Fiera
De Amaltea, y aromas, y colores
Confunden los matices con olores.

Robustos troncos, con pobladas ramas
Vuelven el sitio rustica Alameda,
Y del Sol no permiten a las llamas
Lo espeso penetrar de la Arboleda:
Pierden sus rayos las ardientes fama
[illegible]idad opuesta veda

Hecho serpiente Deva del camino
En circulo se enrosca tortuoso,
Vomitando veneno cristalino
En el liquido aljofar precioso:
En las orillas con vivaz destino,
En tosigo se vuelve, que espumoso
Inficiona lethal al pie ligero,
Quando le pisa incanto el passagero.

Ya de este valle cierran las campanas,
Creciendo de sus riscos la estatura,
Desmesuradas tanto las montanas
Que ofuscan ya del Sol la lumbre pura;
Son rusticos los lados, las entranas
Del valle visten siempre la hermosura
Frondosidad el ayre, y de colores
El suelo texe alfombra de primores.

Aunque los montes con espesas brenas
El lado al sitio forman horroroso,
Y contra su verdor desnudas penas
Compiten de lo llano lo frondoso;
Pintados pajarillos dulces senas
Al son del agua en trino sonoroso
De ignoradas idiomas en su canto
Dan con arpados picos dulce encanto.

Lo ultimo de este valle la alta sierra
De Covadonga ocupa, donde fuerte
Se expone el Heroe al juego de la guerra,
Sin temor negro acaso de la suerte:
Los que animosos este sitio encierra
El ceno despreciando de la muerte,
Su pecho encienden en la altiva llama
Que no cabra en las trompas de la Fama.

De Diba en ella la preciosa fuente
Al llano brota arroyos de cristales,
Donde en pequena balsa su corriente
Se detiene en suspensos manantiales:

Pena, d
Que amen
Del bre
Parece q
Seco p
A erigir
Sepultan

De pied
Que l
Vasta g
De la
Es tan
Que
Que qu
Las fu

Como
Con
De un
Ric
Venta
Do
Tan c

a de cristal las dulces aves
esponden en trinos amorosos,
ido en blando son tonos suaves,
los ayres beben harmoniosos:
dezen su canto quando graves
oles gorgeando mas preciosos,
estro à la barbara Capilla
ysenor, plumada maravilla.

ste distrito la Divina
videncia à la grave de la hazana,
qui su justicia determina
monarquia fabricar de Espana:
ortas reliquias, que à la ruina
rvò su piedad, enciende en sana
sa, que à Imperio sin regundo
utura llave Nuevo mundo.

El Pelayo, Cant. ix.

l de Mesa also describes the scene.

rcandose mas, oye el sonido
rua, con un manso y sordo ruydo.

al era de quatro claras fuentes
estavan de la ermita en las esquinas,
puras de plata aguas corrientes
tro la blanca Luna cristalinas;
iendo por paratz diferentes
n de grande maravilla dignas,
ualquiera de todos por su parte
aleza se esmero con arte.

a mana de una viva pena,
ual si tambien fuera el agua viva,
la bana, y parte se despena
rapida corriente fugitiva:
ues distinto un largo arroyo ensena
por diversas partes se derriba,
iferente curso en vario modo
que a donde nace buelve todo.

Otra, que alta descubre ancho Orizonte,
Como agravioada del lugar segundo,
Sustenta un monstruo que parece un monte,
Qual Atlante que tiene en peso el mundo
Y como suele el caudaloso Oronte
Dar el ancho tributo al mar profundo
Assi se arroja con furiosas ondas,
Por las partes mas baxas y mas hondas.

Sale bramando la tercera fuente,
Como un mar, y despues por el arena
Va con tan mansa y placida corriente
Tan grata y sossegada, y tan serena,
Que a las fieras, ganados, peces, gente,
Puede aplacar la sed, menguar la pena,
Y da despues la buelta, y forma el cuerno
De la Luna, imitando el curso eterno.

Nace la quarta de una gran caverna,
Y siguiendo su prospera derrota
Parece que por arte se govierna,
Segun va destilando gota a gota:
No vido antigua edad, edad moderna
En region muy propinqua, o muy r
Fuente tan peregrina, obra tan nueva
En gruta artificiosa, o tosca cueva.

[redacted]

Haxen por huyr al ocio
Cestos, y espuertas texidas
De las hojas de las palmas
Que alli crecen sin medida.
Los arboles, y las plantas
Porque a su gusto les sirvan
Para esto vergas offrecen,
De las mas tiernas que crian.
Tambien de corcho haxen vasos
Cuentas, Cruxes, y basillas,
Cuyo modo artificioso.
El oro, y la plata embidian.
Este los cilicios texe,
Aquel haxe disciplinas,
El otro las calaveras
En tosco palo esculpidas.
Uno a sombra del aliso,
Con la escritura divina
Misticos sentidos saca
De sus literales minas.
Otro junto de la fuente
Que murmura en dulce risa,
Mira en los libros las obras
De los santos Eremitas.
Qual cerca del arroyuelo
Que saltando corre aprissa,
Discurre como a la muerte
Corre sin parar la vida.
Qual con un Christo abraçado
Besandole las heridas,
Herido de sus dolores,
A sus pies llora, y suspira.
Qual en las flores que al campo
Entre esmeraldas matixan,
Las grandezas soberanas
Del inmenso autor medita.
Qual subida en las piçarras
Que plata, y perlas distilan,
Con lagrimas acrecienta
Su corriente cristalina.

Qual a las fieras convoca,
Las aves llama, y combida
A que al criador de todo
Alaben agradecidas.
Qual immoble todo el cuerpo,
Con las acciones perdidas,
Tiene arrebatada el alma
Alla donde amando anima.
Y de aquel extasi quando
Parece que resuscita,
Dixe con razon que muere
Porque no perdio la vida.
La fuerça de amor a vezes
Sueno, y reposo los quita,
Y saliendo de su estancia
Buscan del Cielo la vista.
Quando serena la noche
Clara se descubre Cynthia,

etenta entre tanto
lo porque el prosiga.
a los vecinos ramos,
do el viento respira.
s aves nocturnas
xerle compania,
a las fuentes, y arroyos,
ban las penas frias.
da al solitario,
as con el alma fixa
queridos amores
plandolos se alivia.

Soledades de Busuco.

thy has a beautiful passage in his
ncerning "Primitive Monks with
ainfulness."—"When the furnace
the infancy of Christianity was
most cities, towns, and populous
d with that epidemical disease,
ed into deserts, there to live with
erve God with less disturbance. No
nake themselves miserable, and to
eir own calamity, put them on this
any superstitious opinion of trans-
in a solitary life, made them will-
r former habitations. For whereas
irth are indebted to their country,
discharge all civil relations, it had
them like bankrupts to run away
s to defraud their country, their
me violent occasion (such as perse-
them thereunto; and this was the
onks in the world, so called from
ing alone by themselves.

he desarts hoped to find rocks and
themselves, more kind than men
What would hide and heat, cover
erved them for clothes, not placing,
rs in after ages) any holiness in

stantly spent in prayer, a
like pious employments. '
self into society; and elev
the divine art of meditatio
more, opposing, answering
become, and busy in themse
ly recreations. It would
think of their goodness, a
cond hand to meditate up
if ever poverty was to be
appeal to the moderate m
in the height of these. w
sometimes wish (not out o
serious recollection of the
place to retire unto, wher
clamorous world, they m
selves, and served God wit

None but that heavenly Fa
Beholds the struggles of th
Knows and rewards the se

Mea amor faca am D

um scientiam zelo sanctitatis stimulat, atque in-
jam dicti Witizæ Principis eos sub ejus tempore
are non cessat; qui et post modicum incursus
m expavescens, non ut pastor, sed ut mercenari-
ristî oves contra decreta majorum deserens, Ro-
patriæ sese adventat."—Isid. Pacensis, Espana
la, T. 8. p. 298.

assi como el Arçobispo fue cierto de la mala an-
partie de Cordova; y nunca cesso de andar dia
he fasta que llego a Toledo; y no embargante que
hombre de buena vida, no se quisso mostrar por
mo deviera ser, y sufrir antes martyrio por
de Jesu Christo y esforçar los suyos, porque se
llessen, y que las gentes no desamparassen la
; ca su intencion fue de ser confessor antes que
r."—Cor. del K. D. Rodrigo, p. 2. C. 48.

While the Church
eps in her annals the deserter's name;
t from the service which with daily zeal
vout her ancient prelacy recalls,
ts it, unworthy to partake her prayers.—
XVIII. p. 130.

' *ne serois pas en grande peine,* says Pierre de
a, de rechercher les noms des Evesques de Bearn,
ainсte et louable pratique des anciens Peres d'in-
dans les Diptyches, et cayers sacrés de chascune
e, les nome des Evesques orthodoxes, et qui estoi-
ecedés dans la communion de l'Eglise Catholique,
este continuée jusqu' aux derniers siecles. Et je
rois me servir en cette recontre du moyen que
pereur Justinian et le cinquiesme Concile General
nerent, pour sçavoir si Theodore Evesque de
uestie estoit reconnu apres sa mort pour Evesque
'glise qu'il avoit possedée durant sa vie. Car ils
nerent a l'Evesque et au Clergé de cette ville, de
- les Diptyches de leur Eglise, et de rapporter
ment ce qu'ils y trouveroient. Ce qu' ayant exe-
diligemment, ils firent rapport qu' apres avoir
té quatre divers cayers en parchemin, qui estoient

dore, avoit eu
Patriarche d'Alexandrie; lequel
& Ephese avoit condamné l'heresie de Nest
Theodore de Mopsuestie. D'ou il apert que
tous les Evesques depuis l'origine et l'estab
chacune des Eglises estoient enregistrez
ez que l'on appelloit Diptyches, et que l'
nom par nom en leur lieu, pendant la cel
Liturgie, tant pour tesmoigner la conti
communion avec les Evesques decedés,
cué avec eux-mesmes vivans, qu' afin il
les prieres publiques, et par l'efficace d
sanglant, en la celebration du quel ils
mandés a Dieu, suivant l'ordonnance
grand profit, soulagement, et refraic
leurs ames, comme enseignent Cyrille
Chrysostome, et Epiphane."—Histoir
c. 9. § 1.

"Some time before they made
dead, it was usual in some ages to re
such eminent bishops, or saints, or
particularly to be mentioned in thi
vice. To this purpose they had ce
they called their Holy Books, an
Diptychs, from their being folded
of such persons were v

lergy of that particular church: together with
mperors and magistrates, and others most con-
ous among the people: the third was, the book
taining the names of such as were deceased in ca-
e communion.—These therefore were of use,
y to preserve the memory of such eminent men
ere dead in the communion of the church, and
ly to make honourable mention of such general
cils as had established the chief articles of the
: and to erase the names either of men or coun-
out of these *Diptychs*, was the same thing as to
are that they were heterodox, and such as they
ght unworthy to hold communion with as cri-
ds, or some ways deviating from the faith. Upon
account St. Cyprian ordered the name of Gemi-
Victor to be left out among those that were
nemorated at the holy table, because he had bro-
the rules of the church. And Evagrius observes
heodorus bishop of Mopsuestia, that his name
struck out of the Holy Books, that is, the *Diptychs*,
the account of his heretical opinions after death.
St. Austin, speaking of Cæcilian, Bishop of
hage, whom the Donatists falsely accused of be-
ordained by *Traditores*, or men who had deliver-
p the Bible to be burned in the times of persecu-
tells them that if they could make good any
charge against him, they would no longer name
among the rest of the bishops, whom they be-
d to be faithful and innocent at the altar."—
tham, b. 18. ch. 3. sect. 17.

Orary.—XVIII. p. 131.

he council of Laodicea has two canons concern-
the little habit called the *Orarium*, which was a
or tippet to be worn upon the shoulders; and
it be used by bishops, presbyters, and deacons,
not by subdeacons, singers, or readers, who are
easly debarred the use of it in that council.—The
council of Braga speaks of the *tunica* and the
ium as both belonging to deacons. And the third

shoulder prope
the distinguishing badge of priests.
cil of Toledo is most particular in th
For in one canon it says, that if a b
or deacon, be unjustly degraded,
nocent by a synod, yet they shall n
were before, unless they receive the
lost from the hands of the bishops
If he be a bishop, he must receive
ring, and his staff: if a presbyter,
planeta: if a deacon, his *orarium*
another canon, that the deacon s
orarium, and that upon his left sh
he is to give the signal of prayi
Where we may observe also the r
orarium in the ecclesiastical sens
praying; though in common acce
no more than an handkerchief to
so comes *ab ore*, in which signifie
used by St. Ambrose and St. A
the old Roman authors. But he
ecclesiastical sense for a sacred h
bishops, priests, and deacons, i
divine service, in which sense it
habit distinct from that of civ

'ela aurea simplici sine laminis et margaritis; ae simplex vocatur, sine auro, ex simplici nascens, vel alio, aut etiam linea, ex tela alba ubeis lacinii, seu frangiis et vittis pendentiosa utitur Episcopus in solemnioribus festis, liter quandocumque in officio dicitur hymnus laudamus, &c. *et in missa* Gloria in excelsis *lominus in eisdem festis etiam auriphrygiata , sed potius ad commoditatem quam ex necescilicet Episcopus nimis gravetur, si in toto tiosa utatur; propterea usu receptum est, tam s, quam in Missis, ut pretiosa utatur Episcoincipio et in fine Vesperarum et Missarum s, ac eundo ad Ecclesiam et redeundo ab ea; lavat manus et dat benedictionem solemnem. o autem epatio loco pretiosae accipit auriphryauriphrygiata mitra utitur Episcopus ab Admini usque ad festum Nativitatis, excepta tertia Adventus, in qua dicitur Introitus &c. ideoque in signum laetitiae utitur tunc Item a Septuagesima usque ad feriam quar-is hebdomadae inclusivé, excepta Dominica uadragesimae, in qua dicitur Introitus Lætem in omnibus vigiliis, quae jejunantur, et in uatuor temporibus; in Rogationibus, Litaniis ionibus, quae ex causa penitentiae fiunt; in centium, nisi veniat in Dominica; et in bene-s, et consecrationibus, quae private aguntur. idem temporibus abstinet Episcopus a mitra Poterit tamen Episcopus dum utitur auri-, uti etiam simplici eodem modo et forma, retiosa et auriphrygiata dictum est. Simplici a utitur Episcopus feria sexta in Parasceve, lis et Missis defunctorum."*—Cæremoniale rum, l. 1. c. 17.

thereof. For the matter it is [illegible]
superstition. I say of lamb's woll
the sheep's back, without any othe
spun, say some, by a peculiar ord
cast into the tombe of St. Peter, ta
say others, surely most sacred if
perstitiously adorned with little bla
form thereof; the breadth exceede
one of our bachelours lamb-skin h
would make three of them, havin
ing down before and behind, whi
onely, when going to the altar, pu
above their other pontificall orna
teries were couched therein. *Fir*
beautifies the clergy above all th
condly, Innocency, to imitate la
And, *Thirdly*, Industry, to follo
his wandring sheep home on hi
speak plainly, the mystery of
was, that the arch-bishops recei
in their dependence on Rome; an
ner ceremoniously taken was
ledgement of their subjection
Rome's power, so in after ages i

: relics and the written works of Saints
'edo's choicest treasure, prized beyond
wealth, their living and their dead remains;
:se to the mountain fastnesses he bore
unsubdued Cantabria, there deposed
: day to be the boast of yet unbuilt
ledo, and the dear idolatry
multitudes unborn.—XVIII. p 131.

noong those, says Morales, who then passed from
) to Asturias, was the archbishop of Toledo,
Urban.—He with a holy foresight collected
:red relics which he could, and the most pre-
books of his own church and of others, deter-
; to carry them all to the Asturias, in order
:e holy relics might not be profaned or treated
ittle reverence by the infidels; and that the
of the Holy Scriptures, and of the ecclesiastical
, and the works of our holy doctors, might not
t.—And although many relics are mentioned
the archbishop then carried from Toledo,
il mention is made of a holy ark full of many
ost remarkable relics, which through divers
's and dangers had been brought from Jerusa-
Toledo. and of which all that is fitting shall be
l in its place, if it please God that this history
proceed. It is also expressly said, that the
hich our Lady gave to St. Ildefonso, was then
l to the Asturias with the other relics; and
so capital a relic, it was a worthy thing to write
:hus particularly. Of the sacred books which
were saved at that time, there are specified
oly Scriptures, the Councils, the works of St.
, of St. Ildefonso, and of St. Julian the arch-
of Toledo. And as there is at this day in the
l of Oviedo that holy ark, together with many
of the relics which were then removed, so do
y believe that there are in the library of that
l three or four books of those which were then
at from Toledo. I am led to this belief by see-
it they are written in a form of Gothic letters,

of the ...
tains the books of St. Isidore *ac* ...
other works of other authors. An
leaves of a Bible.—To put the
greater security, and avoid the d
they hid them in a cave, and i
therein, two leagues from the cit
was not at that time built) in a r
for this reason called Montesacro.
corruption called Monsagro; and
country hold the cave in great ve
romery, or pilgrimage, is made to
day."—*Morales*, l. 12. c. 71.

The place where the relics we
ously described in the Roman
found that in this land of Asturia
full great, and high, the which ha
after this manner. On the one
a great river, which was to be
and in none of those seven plac
any time except in the month of
river had been crost seven times,
of a long league up a high moun
many great trees, and great th
many wild beasts, such as bears a

two thousand braças, down over rocks into
which lies at such a depth that the water
eker than pitch. And upon that mountain
ood spring, and a plain where there are
ows, and room enough to raise grain for
persons for a year: and the snow is always
company, enduring from one year to an-
upon that mountain the archbishop made
es, one to the honour of St. Mary Magda-
he other to the honour of St. Michael, and
laced all these reliques, where he had no
ny should take them; and for the honour
lies the archbishop consecrated the whole
and appointed good guard over the sacred
left there three men of good life, who were
remain there serving God and doing pen-
eir sins."—P. 2. c. 48.

anera Santa, Morales has given a curious
his Journal, the substance, with some other
circumstances, he afterwards thus insert-
reat history:—

her church (or chapel) which King Alonso
dered to be built on the south side of the
yor, (or cathedral) was with the advocation
rious Archangel St. Michael. And in order
ght elevate it, he placed under it another
the Virgin and Martyr St. Leocadia, some-
and vaulted with a strong arch, to support
weight which was to be laid upon it. The
tive for thus elevating this church of St.
believe certainly to have been because of
humidity of that land. He had determined
this church the famous relics of which we
ly speak, and the humidity of the region
that even in summer the furniture of the
high ground is covered with mold. This
since therefore elevated the church with
height for reverence and better preser-
the precious treasure which was therein to
rd. For this reason they call it Camara, (the

sain there by reason of
great a sanctuary; and
Alonso intended in his p
altar within. In this apa
great arched door with
leads to another smaller s
with a square door, whic
other strong fastening, a
and keys which the Bisho
strength and security.

"This square door is the
which is in the form of a
descend to it by twelve
church is twenty-four fee
width. Its arched roof is of
roof-is most richly wrough
columns of divers kinds o
right beautiful, upon whic
sculptured, two and two.
Mosaic work, with variety
jasper ware. The Bishop
to complain of the darknes
only one small window i
chapel; and, therefore, in th
of the church there

ıave been customary in Asturias and
Capillas Mayores, or principal chapels,
er than the body of the church. The
el is plain, and has painted in the mid-
in the midst of the four Evangelists,
ıance is so ancient that it is manifestly
e founder. At this iron grating stran-
detained; there is a lower one within
:h persons are admitted who deserve
r their dignity; and few there be who
his church the king built to remove
ingly he forthwith removed the holy
odies, and the other great relics,
struction of Spain were hidden in
ell of Monsagro, and for this cause
vith so much care, and so richly, and
ty.——
ibed the Camara Santa thus particu-
I may say of the most precious relics
ıs may be the better enjoyed. I will
: most prineipal of them, beginning
rk, which with great reason has de-
. It is in the midst of the chapel, close
rate, so that you can only go round it
ıd it is placed upon a stone pedestal,
buildings of a palm in height. It is a
about five feet) in length; little less
, and about as deep, that part which
ncluding the height which the peder-
cover is flat, and it is covered in all
plates of some thickness, and gilt in
he front, or that side which fronts the
:h, it has the twelve apostles in more
and on the sides there are histories of
ame silver-work. On the flat part of
a large crucifix engraved with many
d about it. The sides are elaborately
iage, and the whole displays great
ver has round about it four lines in
however, are imperfect, the silver
some places. What they contain is

na usus est. De sindone Dominic
cruore sanctissimo. De terra san
tunc vestigiis. De vestimentis ma
riæ. De lacte quoque ejus, quod
Hispariter conjunctæ sunt quæda
prestantes reliquiæ, quorum
nomina subscripsimus. Hoc est
Sancto Thoma, Sancti Bartolmei
rum, de omnibus Apostolis, et d
sanctis, quorum nomina sola D
omnibus egregius Rex Adefonsu
ditus fecit hoc receptaculum, sa
signitum argento deauratum, ex
vilibus operibus: per quod post
consortium illorum in cælestibus
cibus. Hæc quidem saluti et re-
of the silver is gone.—*Novit on*
sine dubio.——Here there is a
Manus et industria clericorum
ter hoc conveniuns cum dicto Ad
germana lætissima Urraca
Redemptor omnium concedit in
peccatorum veniam, per hoc sa
tuorum et Sancti Iusti et Pasto

e within the most precious sides of this ark. Know
n that herein is great part of the wood or cross
our Lord. Of his garment for which they cast lots.
the blessed bread whereof he ate at the Supper.
his linen, of the holy handkerchief (the Sudario.)
l of his most holy blood. Of the holy ground which
then trode with his holy feet. Of the garments of
mother the Virgin Mary, and also of her milk,
ich is a great wonder. With these also there are
ny capital relics of saints, whose names we shall
ite here as we can. Saint Peter, St. Thomas, St.
rtholomew. Bones of the Prophets, and of all the
postles. and of many other Saints whose names are
own only to the wisdom of God. The noble King
n Alonso, being full of humble devotion for
these holy relics, made this repository, adorned
d ennobled with pledges of the Saints, and on the
tside covered with silver, and gilded with no little
nning. For the which may he deserve after this
e the company of these Saints in Heaven, being
led by their intercession.—These holy relics were
ced here by the care and by the hands of many
ergy and Prelates, who were here assembled with
e said King D. Alonso, and with his chosen sister
lled Donna Urraca. To whom may the Redeemer
all grant remission and pardon of their sins, for the
verence and rich reliquary which they made for
e said relics of the Apostles, and for those of the
ints, St. Justus and Pastor, St. Cosme and St.
mian, St. Eulalia the Virgin, and of the Saints
aximus, Germanus, Baudilus, Pantaleon, Cyprianus
d Justina, Sebastian, Facundus and Primitivus,
ristopher, Cucufatus, Felix and Sulpicius.——

"The sum of the manner in which this Holy Ark
me into Spain is this, conformably to what is writ-
n by all our grave authors: When Cosroes the King
Persia, in the time of the Emperor Heraclius, came
pon the Holy Land, and took the city of Jerusalem,
e bishop of that city, who was called Philip, and
s clergy, with pious forethought, secreted the Holy

and there it remai
entered into that province also,
the Bishop of Ruspina, with p
which had made Philip bring it
into Spain. Thus it came to t
Toledo, and was from thence
and hidden in the cave of Monsa
Alonso el Casto removed it to the
afterwards K. D. Alonso the Gre
our histories write, and the same
on the festival which the Church
of the coming there of this Holy
proper for the day, and much so
being said on the 13th of March
in the church of the Camara Sa
weighty testimony which the Ho
its own authenticity, and of the
most great treasure which it co
are strong testimonies, that K. D
should not only have made the A
this king should also have fortifie
surrounding it with walls, and m
and building also the castle of
shore, for the defence and securi
another end, as he le

andoval, who is now the most worthy Archbishop of
eville, when he was Bishop of Oviedo determined
o open the Holy Ark. For this, as the singular devo-
ion and most holy zeal for the glory of God which
e has in all things admonished him, he made such
ious preparations as the fame of so celestial a trea-
ure showed to be necessary. He proclaimed solemnly
fast of forty days in his church and through all his
liocese, commanding that prayers should be made to
ur Lord, beseeching him that he would be pleased
ith what was intended, his Most-Illustriousness
iving the example, which is very common and very
difying in his church, in himself, and in the minis-
ers thereof. Three days before the Sunday on which
he Ark was to be opened, he ordered all persons to
fast, and to make greater prayers with processions.
When the day arrived, he said pontifical mass, and
reached, infusing with his holy exhortations, much
f his own devout desires, into the hearts of the
earers. The mass being finished, clad as he was, he
scended to the Camara Santa, with much outward
olemnity, and with much fervour of devotion inter-
ally in his heart: and having there again renewed
is humble prayers to our Lord, and quickened the
dour of that sacred desire which had influenced
im; on his knees as he was before the Holy Ark, he
ook the key to open it. At the moment when he
retched out his hand to put the key in the lock, sud-
enly he felt such horror and dismay, and found him-
elf so bereft of all power *(tan imposibilitado)* to move
in any way, that it was impossible for him to pro-
ceed, or do any thing but remain in that holy con-
ernation, without having strength or ability for
more. And as if he had come there to oppose and
revent that which purposely, and with so much de-
re and preparation he had intended to do, he désist-
d from his intent, and gave it up, his whole holy
esire being turned into a chill of humble shrieking
nd fear. Among other things which his most Illust-
ous Lordship relates of what he then felt, he says,

that this [illegible]
courage for all the great [illegible]
in the service of our Lord; but in this [illegible]
Holy Ark remained unopened then, an[illegible]
lieve it will always remain, fastened mor[illegible]
veneration and reverence, and with th[illegible]
these examples, than with the strong bo[illegible]

"In the inscription of this Holy Ar[illegible]
made of the relics of St. Baudilus, and [illegible]
he is a Saint very little known, it wil[illegible]
say something of him. This Saint is m[illegible]
in Salamanca and in Zamora, and i[illegible]
has a parochial church, and in Zamora [illegible]
part of his relics. They have so muc[illegible]
name, calling him St. Boal, that t[illegible]
scarcely known by his own.

"They of the church say, that [illegible]
Ildefonso, which Our Lady gave h[illegible]
This may well be believed, since ou[illegible]
ticularly relate that it was carried [illegible]
Holy Ark, and with the other reli[illegible]
now appear among it, and there i[illegible]
to think that it has been very c[illegible]
than that it has been lost. Also [illegible]
[illegible] celestial cope was put into [illegible]
[illegible] ciore of the Ho[illegible]

ound about; in the hollow of this square, the
dario is stretched and fastened upon the velvet,
nin linen cloth, three quarters long and half
vide, and in many places full of the divine
om the head of our Redeemer, in diverse
d stains of various sizes; wherein some per-
erve marks of the divine countenance and
articularities. I did not perceive this; but the
which came upon me when I looked at it is
t to make me believe any thing of it; and if
like me was thus affected, what must it do
who deserve of our Lord greater regalements
an occasion? It is exhibited to the people
nes in the year; on Good Friday, and on the
ivals of the Cross in May and in September,
re is then a great concourse from all the
and from distant parts. This part of the
the church where the Camara Santa is, is
ung, and in the first apartment of the Camara,
or is erected for this exhibition; the which is
hat day with curtains of black velvet, and a
hat extends over the varandas. The Bishop
ontificals, with his assistants and other grave
places himself behind the curtains with the
dario, holding it by the silver handles, cover-
a veil. The curtains are undrawn, and the
s below immediately begin the *miserere*. The
ifts the veil, and at the sight of the Holy Su-
other music begins of the voices of the peo-
ly affected with devotion, which verily pene-
hearts. The Bishop stands some time, turning
ed Relic to all sides, and afterwards the veil
placed, and the curtains redrawn, he replaces
Sudario in its box. With all these solemni-
very Illustrious and most Reverend Senor,
onzalo de Solorzano, Bishop of Oviedo, ex-
his Holy Relic on the day of Santiago, in the
our Redeemer 1572, in order that I might
nore complete relation of the whole to the
Lord; I having at that time undertaken the
rney by his command.——

very damp, — [illegible]
we who were present pe[illegible]
shown me, and we spoke of it as of a [illegible]
marvellous thing. The account which [illegible]
church give of this holy body is, that it i[illegible]
Serrano, without knowing any thing m[illegible]
considering the great dampness of the [illegible]
believe certainly that it was brought u[illegible]
mara Santa from the church of Leoca[illegible]
has been seen, is underneath it. And [illegible]
altar, the great stone-chest is empty, [illegible]
Alonso el Casto enclosed many relics [illegible]
Sampyro writes. For myself I have [illegible]
certain, that the body of St. Leocad[illegible]
is in this rich chest. And in this c[illegible]
more confirmed since the year 158[illegible]
quisite diligence has been used by [illegible]
the monastery of St Gisleno, near [illegible]
in Flanders, to verify whether the [illegible]
dia, which they have there, is that [illegible]
result has been, that it was aseer[illegible]
doubt to be the same; since an[illegible]
was found of the person who c[illegible]
favour of one of our earliest kin[illegible]
[illegible] Oviedo without dispute; b[illegible]
[illegible] certain that

: than six *arrobas*. And forasmuch as it
of the church of K. Alonso el Casto,
ork about it very ancient, it may be be-
he said king ordered it to be placed
ica General de Espana, L. 13. C. 40.
es an outline of this vessel in his Jour-
ves that if the Christians transported it
icular strength and the aid of God
been necessary to carry it so many
nove it over the rugged mountains of
, he adds, it might have come by water
ia or Portugal, and in that case this
een a land journey of only four or five
his Journal, Morales mentions certain
f which the church of Oviedo boasted,
h he required better evidence than
uced for them. Such were a portion of
nd of Samson's honey-comb, with other
which, he says, would lessen the credit
here, according to the Bishop of Ovie-
), and Sebastian, Bishop of Salamanca,
posited. Of these precious relics he says
is history, neither does he mention a
es's rod, a large piece of St. Bartholo-
and the sole of St. Peter's shoe, all
merates in his Journal, implying rather
ng his doubts of their authenticity. As
nd faithful antiquary, Morales was ac-
equire evidence, and to investigate it;
he could find no other testimony than
l antiquity, which, as presumptive
trong corroborants of faith, but did not
nselves. The Holy Ark has all the evi-
he required, and the reverence with
garded it, is curiously expressed in his
ave now," he says, "described the ma-
' the Camara Santa. The spiritual and
ter which it derives from the sacred
h it contains, and the feeling which is
pon entering it, cannot be described

God knows [illegible]
and reverence, and I can only [illegible]
the strength to proceed with that for w[illegible]
no power myself."—T. 10. *Viage*, p. 91.

Morales, like Origen, had given in hi[illegible]
cisive proof of the sincerity of his relig[illegible]
and it sometimes seems as if he had e[illegible]
mind as well as his body. But wit[illegible]
superstition, he was a thoroughly [illegible]
man. His life is deeply interesting, an[illegible]
besides their great historical and an[illegible]
derive additional interest from th[illegible]
author's mind which they so frequen[illegible]
portrait prefixed to the last edition [illegible]
singularly characteristic.

The proud c[illegible]

—Which Leuvigild for after [illegible]

Left, ostentatious of his power[illegible]

"Postremum bellum Suevis [illegible]
eorum in jura gentis suæ mirâ [illegible]
Hispania magna ex parte potit[illegible]
Gothorum angustis finibus arcte[illegible]
que primus iste locupletavit, p[illegible]
[illegible] civium, hostiumque ma[illegible]
[illegible] veste

When the Suevi and Alani over-ran Spain they
ld siege to Lisbon, and the Saints Maxima, Julia,
nd Verissimus (a most undoubted personage) being
Lisbonians, were applied to by their town's people to
eliver them. Accordingly, a sickness broke out in
he besieger's camp, and they agreed to depart upon
ayment of a sum of money. Bernardo de Brito
amplains that Blondus and Sabellicus, in their
ccount of this transaction, have been so careless as
o mention the money, and omit the invocation of
he Saints.—*M. Lus.* 2. 5. 23.

Lord of Hosts, &c.—XVIII. p. 135.

The substance of these prayers will be found in
he forms of coronation observed by the Anglo-Saxons, and in the early ages of the French monarchy. I
m indebted for them to Turner's most valuable History of the Anglo-Saxons, and to Mr. Linguard's Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, a work not
more full of erudition than it is of Catholic sophistry
nd misrepresentation.

Roderick brought
The buckler.—XVIII. p. 135.

Toman, diziendo aquesto, un ancho escudo
El Duque y Conde y hombres principales,
De pies encima el Principe membrudo
Le levantan assi del suelo iguales:
Y alçarlo en peso, quanto alçar se pudo
De alçarlo por su Rey fueron senales,
Real, Real, Real, diziendo todos,
Segun costumbre antigua de los Godos.
F. h. de Messa. Restauracion de Espana, L. 4. ff. 54.

Rejoice,
Leon, for thy banner is displayed.—XVIII. p. 136.
"*La primera ciudad que gano dizen fue Leon, y*
de alli se llamo Rey de Leon, y tomo por armas un
on roxo en campo blanco, dexando las antiguas de

rayo de su valor, voz de su
y Leon de su escudo y luzimi
heredado blason, Signo sangr
Coro de las

« *Les anciennes armes estoien*
l'on void en celles des Comtes de C
Leon, qui prindrent des Chasteau
signifier les noms vulgaires des
son de leurs armes; qui ne se ra
cienne denomination de Castulo
Pline."—Pierre de Marca. Hist
12. § 11.

« The Lion's grinders are, *rel*
un peu creustes dans leur cent
speculatifs croyent voir la figure
n'ay garde de dire le contraire,"
permis a bien des gens de voir d
charbons ardens tout ce qu'il p
de s'y representer; pourquoy ne
voir sur les dents du Lion la
Je doute que les Espagnols en
prennent le Lion pour les as m
monarchie; car on pourroit l
le secours de

una bueltá y torcedura, que en una escri-
se llama hez de Tajo. Lo mesmo acontecio
rca de Lara, de donde se llamo la hez de
) nota Ambrosio de Morales; y en el Rey-
ay la hez de Jucar."—Francisco de Pisa-
edo, L. 1. C. 14.

deserts we hunt down the birds
, . . wings do not save them!—XX. p. 150.
s have a peculiar manner of *hunting* the
the plains of Akkermute and Jibbel
hedma, they take various kinds of dogs
rom the grey-hound to the shepherd's
)wing the birds on horseback, and allow-
) time to rest, they soon fatigue them,
e taken by the dogs. But as the Mooselhing but what has had its throat cut, his knife, and exclaiming *Bismillah*, in God, cuts the throat of the game.—
rocco, p. 121.

grave, scarce hidden there from dogs
ns, nor from wintry rains secure.—
XXII. p. 164.
ing these lines I remembered a far more
sage in one of the Eclogues of the Je-
s:—

uit ecce furens, finesque propinquos
stragem agricolis fugientibus infert.
rem? matrem, ut potui, tenerumque
m
, et mediis abdebam corpora silvis.
m frigebat hyems, frondosaque quercus
t latebris ramos præbebat opacos;
fovi matrem; fovet illa rigentem
gremio. Sub prima crepuscula lucis
r, tectum miseris si forte pateret;
sus eques telis infensus habebat;
), et cæpio compendia tuta viarum.

Lux ju... ...
Currebam ad notam quer...,
Dux amor est. Annam video, puer
Affixum uberibus, duræ succumber
Ipsa parens, postquam ad vocem ce
In me amplexantem morientia lum
Eluctantem animam glaciato e corp
Obrigui, frigusque novum penetrav
Felix, si simili potuissem occumber
Sors infesta vetat. Restabat cura se
Quo foderem ferrum deerat; misera
Frondibus obtexi, puerum nec ab u
Sicut erat foliis tegitur; furusque p
Heu nimis incertum, et primis viol

The white signal-flag.—XXIII.

A white flag, called *El Alem*, the si every day at twelve o'clock, to warn of hearing, or at a great distance, to necessary preliminary ablutions, to selves before God at the service of pr *Marocco*, p. 149.

The Humma's happy wings have s

mon notion, that the Impostor's tomb is
by means of a loadstone, is well known.
his Afrique Occidentale (T. 3. p. 143.)
he lie of a Marabout, who, on his return
grimage to Mecca and Medina, affirmed,
ibeau de Mahomet etoit porté en l'air par le
certaine Anges qui se relayent d'heure en
r souvenir ce furieux." These fables, how-
modest in comparison with those which the
s have invented to magnify their founder.

Hast thou not heard
hen our clay is leaven'd first with life,
nistering Angel brings it from that spot
n 'tis written in the eternal book,
ul and body must their parting take,
rth to earth return?—XXIII. p. 178.
nians in their creed have a pleasant imagi-
ncerning the death of men. They say, that
must come and die in the place where the
k the earth of which he hath been made,
hat one of these spirits has the care of
he human creature, which he doth by min-
the earth with the seed.—*Thevenot.*

erish, all their thousands perish there.—
XXIII. p. 178.
the of Covadonga is one of the great mon-
mish history. It was asserted for many cen-
hout contradiction, and is still believed by
, that when the Moors attacked Pelayo in
their weapons were turned back upon
g that the Virgin Mary appeared in the
d that part of a mountain fell upon the
nd crushed those who were flying from the
n. In what manner that destruction might
effected, was exemplified upon a smaller
e Tyrol in the memorable war of 1809.
sums up the story briefly, and in the true
fine Ancient:

To [illegible]
ward.
Pelagius, hearing of this enterpri
Prepares his petty power on Aus
Alcameh comes with Zarzen mul
Meaning Pelagius' forces to diam
To blows they come: but lol a str
The Iber, few, beats numbrous Sa
Two myriads with Mahome went
In Parca's park.

The Bread of Life.—XXIV.

It is now admitted by the best i
Romish writers themselves, that, for a
no other but common or leavened bu
the Eucharist. The wafer was intro
eleventh century. And as far down
century, the people were admitted
in both kinds.

And let no shame be offered his re

According to the Comendador Fe
his Commentary upon the *Trezient*
[illegible] Julian was shown in his d

ld clouthez lappet alle be forn
) the prikke of a N'unicorn.
en have doubelettez full schert,
egget and light to stert.—P. 1231.

supposes this very curious poem to have
ten about 200 years before he published it,
1425. It is probably much older. In enter-
le from Elvas, the author says,

in to Castell schall we faire
the river, the land is bare.
of heath and hunger also,
Sarasynez Governouriz thereto.

adajoz and that part of the country was
overed from the Moors in the early part of
eenth century. Purchas perhaps judged
age of the manuscript, which may have
en about the time on which he fixes, and
ige modernised by the transcriber.

ht which o'er the fields of Bethlehem shone,
ted whole Spain.—XXX. p. 192.
ies en las estorias que aquella ora que nuestro
Christo nascio, seyendo media noche, apares-
ive sobre Espana que dio tan gran claridad,
resplandor, e tan gran calor, como el sol en
dia quando va mas apoderado sobre la tierra.
los sabios e dizen que se entiende por aquel-
bues de Jesu Christo vernie su mandadero a
predicar a los gentiles la çeguedad en que
que los alumbrarie con la fee de Jesu Chrys-
e fue San Pablo. Otros departen que en Es-
de nasçer un prinçipe chrystiano que serie
odo el mundo, e valdarie mas por el todo el
s omes, bien como esclaresçio toda la tierra
idad de aquella nuve en quanto ella duro."
General. ff. 71.
extraordinary example of the divine favour
pain is triumphantly brought forward by

and patronage of the serene
Mother of God." "*Ha sido servid*
conservar estos reynos de Espana
Fe, como a un Parayso terrenal,
del Santo Officio, que con su espa
fendido la entrada por los meri
serenissima Virgen Maria Madr
Toledo, L. 1. C. 25,

This passage is truly and lam

The Oaken Cross.—

The oaken cross, which Pe
said to have been preserved at
Santa, in company with that
for Alfonso the Great, concern
livers a careful opinion, how
the Angels, and how much
manship. The people of Ca
Pelayo's cross should be in a
successor's, insist that it fell
however, says, it is more cert
made to go out with it to bat
covered with gold and enam
Morales wrote, it was in fine

other testimony," says Morales, "that
of King Don Pelayo, than tradition
from one age to another. I wish the
that it was so in his inscription, and I
would not have been silent upon this
: had wished to imitate Alonso el Cas-
manner, says nothing concerning the
s cross." This passage is very charac-
old Ambrosio.

r sparkling to the sun.—XXV. p. 199.
us blades are so highly polished, that
wants to arrange his turban, he uses
for a looking-glass.—*Le Brocquiere,*

'rom their thirsty sands,
e locusts on the peopled plain
nd prepare their way.—XXV. p. 201.
ans, or Arabs of the Desert, rejoice to
f locusts proceeding towards the north,
nerefrom a general mortality, which
re, the good, or the benediction; for,
ing the rich plains of Barbary, it af-
an opportunity of emanating from
ses in the desert, to pitch their tents in
lains, or along the banks of some rivers.
rocco, p. 106.

l tell what deeds were wrought that day,
re to hear.—XXV. p. 200.
ere seen a more curious description of
een Christians and Saracens than in
iseript:—

ristian troops Moon'd troops encharge,
roops requite them with the like;
n lance cracks (thundering) Parthian

ash arrow Grecian thro' doth prick

The Pagan's g
The Greek unhorsed lies by
And both all rageful grapple on t
And whilst the Saracen with furi
The Syrian shocks, the Syrian as
Down shouldreth Saracen: whilst
Sends soul Byzantine to the starr
Byzantine pike with like-employ
Packs Babel's spirit posting down

But where was he w
Had wielded it so well that g

The account which the Fabul
of Roderick after his disappearan
a strain of fiction, that I have bee
late it. It strikingly exemplifies
ance, of which monastic history
stances almost as extraordinary as

Chapter 238.—*How the King Don*
tle and arrived at a hermitage, a
fell him.

the King Don R

like unto mud and mire. Therefore my
.nity shall be buried in this mud, till it
ıed again to earth, as I myself must do.
end which I have deserved will beseem
ng that I have been the principal cause
cruelty. And as he thus stript off all his
, he cast the shoes from his feet, and
y, and wandered on towards Portugal;
led so far that night and the day follow-
came to a hermitage near the sea, where
good man who had dwelt there serving
orty years; and now he was of great age,
ell nigh a hundred years old. And he
the hermitage, and found a crucifix
g the image of our Lord Jesus Christ,
was crucified, and for the remembrance
ent both his knees to the ground, and
ıds, weeping and confessing his sins be-
: he weened not that any man in the
heard him. And he said thus, O true
thy word hast made all the world from
h it was, and hast created all things,
ıre visible to men, and those which are
heavenly as well as the earthly, and
arnate thyself that thou mightest un-
assion and death, to save those who
ıeir trust in thee, giving up thy holy
hy glorified body upon the tree of the
nd who didst descend into Hell, and
y friends from thence, and didst regale
e glory of Heaven: And afterward thy
ame again into that most holy body,
'ast pleased to take upon thee in this
nanifesting thyself for the true God
'ert, thou didst deign to abide in this
orty days with their nights, and then
end into the heavenly glory, and didst
h the grace of the Holy Ghost thy be-
s. I beseech thee, O Lord, that thou
ıten me a king in tribulation, wretched,

[illegible] affection
venerable king,
disconsolate son,
that all this mi
[illegible] And I care
[illegible] may be at
the [illegible] elastic
[illegible] fled [illegible]
[illegible] nets of hell
"Having said
[illegible] breast, h
[illegible] Hera
greatly astonishe
[illegible] king saw him
he had talked wi
him there than
great honour whi
forced him in sucl
was right well con
and told him all
[illegible] said to him, K
[illegible] which is
mayest lead thy lif
And for me, on the

ory facing the east; and thou shalt continue
ice of God in such manner as God will direct
do. And take heed that thy soul fall not into
on. And since thou hast spoken this day of
e, to-morrow thou shalt communicate and
the true body of our Lord Jesus Christ, who
thy protection and support against the ene-
the persecutor. And put thou thy firm trust
ign of the Cross; and thou shalt please thy

y other things the holy Hermit said, which
e King right joyful to hear them; and there
tinued till it was the hour for sleep. And
Hermit showed him his bed, and said, When
ave left thy company, thou wilt follow the
hich I have followed, for which our Lord will
ercy upon thee, and will extend his hand
e, that thou mayest persevere in good, and
oly service. And then they laid down and
it was the hour of matins, when they should
e. And the Hermit awoke him, for as the
d not slept for a long time, and was more-
weary, he would not have awaked so soon,
rmit had not roused him; and they said their
nd when it was time the Hermit said mass,
King heard it with great devotion, and com-
ed with great contrition, and remained in
r the space of two hours. And the hour for
ood came, and the Hermit took a loaf which
le of pannick and of rye, and gave half
to the King, and took for himself the other
d they ate little of it, as men who could not
e, the one by reason of age, and the other
he was not used to such fare. And thus they
d till the third day, when the holy Hermit
this life."

same hour which he [illegible]
the king was full sorrowful, as one w
consolation in the lessons which he g
he had thus deceased, the King by h
hands, and with an oaken stick wl
made his grave. And when he was
him, he found a writing in his hand;
and opened it, and found that it
words.

Ch. 240.—*Of the rule of life which*
written for King Don R

"O King, who through thy sins l
honour in which thou wert plac
thy soul also come not into the sam
hath fallen upon thy flesh. And
heart the instructions that I sh
and see that thou swerve not fro
them a jot; for if thou observest t
est in aught from them, thou wi
upon thy soul; for all that thou
writing is given thee for pena
learn with great contrition of r
[illegible] of patience, to be

this, contemplate then upon the great power of our Lord, and upon his mercy; and also upon the most holy passion which he suffered for mankind upon the cross, being himself very God, and maker of all things; and how with great humility he chose to be incarnate in a poor virgin, and not to come as a king, but as a mediator among the nations. And contemplate also upon the poor life which he always led in his world, to give us an example; and that he will come at the day of judgment to judge the quick and the dead, and give to every one the meed which he hath deserved. Then shalt thou give sustenance to thy flesh of that bread of panniek and rye, which shall be brought to thee every Friday in the manner that I have said; and of other food thou shalt not eat, although it should be given or sent thee; neither shalt thou change thy bread. And when thou hast eaten give thanks to God, because he has let thee come to repentance; and then thou shalt go to the oratory, and there give praise to the Virgin our Lady holy Mary, mother of God, in such manner as shall come to thee in devotion. If when thou hast finished, heaviness should come upon thee, thou mayest sleep, and when thou shalt have rested as long as is reasonable, return thou to thy oratory, and remain there, making thy prayers always upon thy knees, and for nothing which may befall thee depart thou from thence, till thou hast made an end of thy prayers, whether it rain or snow, or if a tempest should blow. And forasmuch as the flesh could sustain so many mundane pleasures, so must it suffer also celestial abstinences; two masses thou hast heard in this hermitage, and in it it is God's will that thou shalt hear no more, for more would not be to his service. And if thou observest these things, God will have compassion upon thy deserts. And when the King had read this, he laid it upon the altar in a place where it would be well preserved."

time that thou abidest here
which thou hast heard shoul
doctrine be good, which bid
sacrament! Certes I tell that
commanded thee to observe
a place, where I would not
all the world, if it were in
riches. Nevertheless to be r
he would give, it is fit that
while you do this I will go
said, Friend of God, do not
main still, and before noo
which will suffice for you a
to give burial to this good
for the service of God, alth
sinner. And the false He
would be less evil to roll
the sea; but if not, let hir
till the birds and the beasts
King marvelled at this; n
lieved that this false Hern
he left not for that to b
there lay without life, and

'h. 242.—*How King Don Rodrigo informed himself concerning the penance which he was to perform, from the writing which the holy Hermit left him.*

"When the King had finished burying the good ervant of God, he went to the altar, and took the riting in his hand, and read it to inform himself ell of it. And when he had read it, he saw that of a ertainty all that was said therein was for the service f God, and was of good doctrine for his soul; and e said, that, according to the greatness of his sins, it ehoved that his penitence must be severe, if he ished to save his soul. And then he called to mind he life which St. Mary Magdalene endured, for hich God had mercy on her. And forthwith he went his oratory, and began his prayers; and he remaind there till it was near noon; and he knew that he ad nothing to eat, and awaited till it should be rought him.

'h. 243.—*How the Devil brought meat to King Don Rodrigo that he should eat it; and he would only eat of the Hermit's bread.*

"After it was mid-day the false Hermit came with basket upon his shoulders, and went straight to vhere the King was, and he came sweating and reary. And the King had compassion on him, howeit he said nothing, neither did he leave his prayers. And the false Hermit said to him, King, make an end o thy prayers, for it is time to eat; and here I bring ood. And the King lifted up his eyes and looked oward him, and he saw that there came into the ermitage a shepherd with a wallet upon his back, nd he thought this must be he who brought him hat which he was to eat. And so in truth it was, that hat shepherd brought every Friday four loaves of annick and rye for the holy Hermit, upon which he ived during the week. And as this shepherd knew

in the middle, and la
went out of the hei
there was a table full
it, and the bread whi
and he began to bi
himself. And the fal
blest the table, and
went to the King, an
fare which I have bro
me in alms. And he t
full white, and a roa
which the legs were
the table. And when t
filled with tears, for
his great honour in for
fallen, and that his
served like this. And
the Lord, Praised be th
the high low, and the l
his bread and did eat
great hunger, yet could
he had never used it till
it seemed worse by reas
that false Hermit had

mands not so; contrariwise, it forbids man to do an
such penance through which the body might b
brought to death; for if in killing another, he wh
causes the death is held for a murderer, much more
he who killeth himself; and such thou wouldst b
And now through despair thou wouldest let thyself d
of hunger, that thou mightest no longer live in th
world, wherefore I say eat of this food that I hav
brought thee some little, that thou mayest not die. An
with that he began to eat right heartily. And the King
when he beheld him, was seized with affection to d
the like, howbeit he was withheld, and would ea
nothing thereof. And as it was time when he woul
drink of the water, the false Hermit said to him, tha
he should drink of the wine; and the King woul
only taste of that water; and as he went to take of i
the false Hermit struggled with him, but he could no
prevail, and the King did according to his rule, an
departed not from it. And when he had eaten, h
began to give thanks to God. And the false Hermi
who saw that he would have to cross himself at ari
ing from the table, rose up before him, as one wh
was about to do something; and the King heeded i
not. And when he had thus eaten, he went to th
oratory, and began to give praises to the Virgin Ma
ry, according as the good man had commanded him
when that traitor went to him and said, Certes thi
doctrine which thou holdest is no way to serve God
for sans doubt when the stomach is heated with foo
the will shall have no power to pray as it ought: and
although the tongue may say the prayers, the hear
confirms them not, being hindered by the force
which nature derives from the food. Therefore I say
to thee that thou oughtest to sleep first; for whilst
thou art sleeping the food will settle, and the will
will then be more able for contemplation. Moreover
God is not pleased with prayers without contrition,
as with one who speaketh of one thing, and hath his
heart placed on another, so that he can give no faith
to the words which he beginneth. If thou wouldest

I follow thy way. But I see
of a man of abstinence, no
worldly enjoyments for the
seemeth by what I see in t
strengthening of worldly glor
flesh with good viands as I w
was puffed up with the vaniti
fore I will in no wise follow
thou art a worldly man, who
world; and when it comes to
wilt be deceived.

Ch. 244.—*Of what the Devil*
rige to dispart him fr

"The false Hermit said t
art thou certain that the r
whom thou hast buried app
salvation for thy soul, and th
not of a truth? Thou under
never forbade thee that tho
he has done; for this is one
man may every day see his

Ch. 245.—*Of the Reply which the King made to the Devil.*

"Sans doubt, said the King, he forbade me not tha I should hear mass; but because he commanded m that I should fulfil my penance here for the term o a year, as he knew the hour of his own death, so als he knew that no other person who could say mas would come to this hermitage within the year; an therefore he said to me, that in this hermitage I should not hear mass, but he never forbade me fro hearing it.

Ch. 246.—*Of the Reasoning which the false Hermit made to King Don Rodrigo.*

"The false Hermit said, Now thou thyself mani festest that he was not so worthy as a man ought t be who knows that which is to come. For according t thy words, he knew not that I should come here who can say mass if I please; and if there be goo judgment in thee, thou wilt understand that I mus needs be nearer to God, because I know all whic he had commanded thee to do, and also how he wa to die. And I can know better in what place he is than he who has commanded thee to observe thi rule, knew concerning himself while he was here But this I tell thee, that as I came to teach thee th way in which thou shouldst live, and thou wilt no follow my directions, I shall return as I came. An now I marvel not at any thing which has befalle thee, for thou hast a right stubborn heart; hard an painful wilt thou find the way of thy salvation, an in vain wilt thou do all this, for it is a thing whic profiteth nothing.

Ch. 247.—*Of the Reply which King Don Rodrigo made to the false Hermit.*

"Good man, said the King, all that thou shalt com *mand me to do* beyond the rule which the holy Ha

false Hermit when he saw this [illegible]
not again for a month; and all
maintained his penance, in the
been appointed him. And by rea
of that black bread, and drank
fell away, and he became such t
man in the world who would hav
he remained in the hermitage,
thing than to implore the mer
would pardon him.

Ch. 248.—*Of what the false Her*
Rodrigo to dispart him f

"King Don Rodrigo living th
midnight and dawn, the false he
mitage; and not in the same
appearing more youthful, so t
known. And he called at the
looked who it might be, and sa
like a servant of God, and he
with. And they saluted each o
saw each other, the false Her
and demanded of him where t

I buried him with my own hands: and he shewed hin
the place where he lay. And when he went there h
began to kiss the earth of the grave, and to mak
great dole and lamentation over him. And whe
some half hour had past he withdrew, making sen
blance as if he wished to say his hours. And befor
the king had finished to say his, he came to him, an
said, Good man, will you say mass? And the Kin
answered, that he never said it. Then, said the fals
Hermit, hear me then in penitence, for I would co
fess. And the King seeing that it was for the servic
of God to hear him in penitence, they seated then
selves both at the foot of the altar. And when th
false Hermit spake, it appeared that he had no si
to confess: for he began to relate many great se
vices which he had done to God, as well in the lil
which he led as in other things. And before the kin
could absolve him he rose up, and asked if thing
were ready for the mass. And the King said that h
knew not, and bade him look. It was now time tha
he should go to his oratory. And the false Herm
asked him that he should assist him in saying mas
and then he should hear it. And the King said, tha
for nothing in the world would he leave to fulfil h
penance, according as it had been appointed hin
and he went to his oratory. And the false Herm
made as if he put on the vestments and all the orn
ments, and began to say mass, to the end that h
might deceive the king, and make him cease to o
serve his penance, and come to adore the mass. An
he made a watery cloud arise, so that it rained heavil
where the King was. And when he saw that he cou
in no ways entice him, then he went to him, an
said, Good man, for that you may be placed out
danger in cases which at all times will happen, se
ing that you are alone, I have consecrated the bo
of Jesus Christ, that you may adore it every da
since you may not hear mass; and thus may you fu
fil your penance as a faithful Christian. And wi
that he dispeeded himself, saying: In the coffer wee

"Now when the Ki
he used to say every da
good man come towar
and with a fresh coun
cross upon his breast.
King was, he blest him
he perceived that it wa
joined his hands, and pl
the ground, weeping p
said, King, who art desi
tinue the service which
love of my holy name;
overcome thee, as he wh
thee, whereby thou hast
And believe none of all
here, for they come for n
ceive thee, and withdraw
thou dost me. And alway
by the holy man whom t
tent with it, and thy

there went out a foul and filthy devil, with more than fifty tails and as many eyes, who, uttering great yells, departed from the place. And the King was greatly dismayed at the manner in which the false Hermit had deceived him. And the Holy Spirit of God said to him, King, let thy hope be in my name, and I will alway be with thee, so thou wilt not let thyself be vanquished by the enemy. Then the Holy Spirit of God departed, and the King remained full joyful and greatly comforted, as if he had been in celestial glory. And thus he continued his life for nearly two months."

Ch. 250.—*How the Devil would have deceived King Don Rodrigo in the Figure of Count Don Julian.*

"The king was in his oratory one Sunday toward night-fall, just as the sun was setting, when he saw a man coming toward him, clad in such guise as is fitting for one who follows arms. And as he looked at him, he saw that it was the Count Don Julian who approached; and he saw that behind him there came a great power of armed people. And the false Count, when he drew nigh, made obeisance to him; and the King was amazed at seeing him, for he knew him well: nevertheless he remained still. And the false Count came to him, and would have kissed his hand, but the King would not give it, neither would he rise up from the oratory: and the false Count knelt upon the ground before him, and said, Sir, forasmuch as I am he who sinned against thee like a man who is a traitor to his Lord, and as I did it with great wrath and fury, which possessed my heart through the strength of the Devil, our Lord God hath had compassion on me, and would not that I should be utterly lost, nor that Spain should be destroyed, nor that thou, sir, shouldest be put down from thy great honour and state, and the great Lordship which thou hadst in Spain. And he has shewn me, in a revelation, how *thou wert here in this* hermitage doing this great

the great treasu
fore, sir, I pray and beseech thee by
God, that thou wilt take the power of S
is there awaiting thee, and that thou wil
defend the faith of our Lord Jesus Chri
not that poor Spain should be utterly d
ing that thou canst defend it and protec
Count Don Julian drew his sword, and
King, saying, Sir, take this my sword,
own hand do justice upon me, and
geance as thou pleasest; for I will suffe
patience, seeing I have sinned against
King was greatly troubled at his sig
words also, and knew not what he sho
what he should say. Howbeit, preser
mind what the Holy Spirit of God h
how he should take heed lest the Dev
him; and so he said nothing, but
prayer. And the false Count Don J
Sir, wilt thou not turn for the Hol
Christ, which is utterly going to de
and defend it, for I bring thee a full
thus thou wilt serve God and rec
which thou hadst lost. Rise then
upon miserable Spain, w

mies of God and of his Holy Faith, and led them i
Spain, so now thrust them out and defend it; fo
will neither slay you, nor assist you in it. Leave
to myself; I am no longer for the world, for he
will do penance for my sins. Urge me, therefore,
more with these reasons. And the false Count J
Julian rose, and went to the great company which
had brought there, and brought them all before
King. And the King, when he beheld that great co
pany of knights, saw some among them whom
surely thought had been slain in battle. And they
said to him with loud voices, Sir, whom wilt t
send us that we may take him for our king and l
to protect and defend us, seeing that thou wilt
defend the land, neither go with us? Wouldst th
give us thy nephew the Infant Don Sancho? He
dead. What then wouldst thou command us that
should do? Look to it well, sir; it is no service of G
that thou shouldst let perish so great a Christian
as is every day perishing, because thou art here dw
ing in this solitude. Look to it, for God will requ
an account at thy hands: thou hadst the charge of
fending them, and thou lettest them die. And tell
what course shall we take. And when the King he
these words he was moved to compassion: and
tears came into his eyes, so that he could not restr
them; and he was in such state that his thoug
failed him, and he was silent, and made no reply
any thing that they could say. And all these com
nies who saw him complained so much the more, a
sent forth great cries, and made a great tumult a
uproar, and said, O miserable King, why wilt th
not rouse thyself for thy own sake, and for tha
all thy people whom thou seest without a Lord; a
thou wilt not even speak a word to comfort them, a
tell them what they shall do. And all this while
King did nothing but weep, and answered them ne
a word. And when this vile race saw that they co
not take him from thence, and that he answered th
nothing, and that they could not overcome him

made to [illegible]
up their battles in [illegible]
drigo was used to darrain them. [illegible]
great multitudes of strange people, wl
the other side, and they began a battle
so cruel, that the King thought he had r
like it. And the one party put the other
and followed after them in pursuit. A
came messengers to the King, telling h
had conquered, and had slain many
but the King was confounded, and as
himself, and heeded not, neither did h
they said, and he answered nothing. A
all went away, and it seemed to the
one were pursuing the others, and this
the first crowing of the cock. And the
ed his senses: howbeit he knew not wh
vision, or if it had indeed happened; b
mind that he had not completed the
he made every day; and he began th
finished them. And when he had finish
of the night was past, and he laid hin
sleep. And then for three months he
temptation."

The Devil in the Figure o

lrew nigh she humbled herself, and said,
rtune has brought you to this wretched
h you have so long continued? And the
is peace and said nothing. And that false
iir, it is a month since a holy man, clad
ments, and having a red cross upon his
ared to me when I was with my father
Julian in Toledo; where he now holds
he lordship of Spain, as he who, by force
s subdued the Moors, and killed or made
hem all. At the hour when this holy man
me I was alone in my chamber, having
in my heart, because I had no certain
you was, and whether your soul continu-
n this world, or in another. And, more-
ull sorrowful, because of the death of my
ueen Eliaca, your wife, who is now de-
l for these things my heart was full sor-
in great trouble with griefs and thoughts,
to me I know not from whence, and I
ne bereft of his judgment. And while I
plating in this state, the holy man ap-
e in such wise as I have said, and said to
t art thou taking thought? Cease to la-
ithout me thou canst do nothing certain
ch thou desirest. But that the dominion
ay not pass away from the power of the
that he who shall have it may descend
ed, and be of the generation of King Don
s my will that thou shouldst know where
at thou shouldst go to him, and that he
in unto thee, and that thou shouldst con-
n a son, and shall call his name Felber-
ich shall be such a one that he shall re-
his forces all the earth which is below
nt. Depart, therefore, from hence, and go
where he is, and make no tarriance; for
veth for the service of God, and for the
otection and defence of the land. And I
, Sir, how can this be which you tell me,

and passed ...
which thy father Count Don Su
thee, for he went to seek him there
there when he overcame the Moors.
that he is alive, and in what plac
wherein he abideth. And I said to
Don Rodrigo passeth his life after
service of God, he will not appro
conceive of him this son who sho
And since it thus pleases you,
which I may show him that this
and that he may do this which
great good is to follow from it
will be brought to such weaknes
able to obey, by reason of the
which his body has been subjec
tinuance there. And the holy n
not for this, for God will give hi
shalt say to him for a sign that
how I told him that he should to
my deceive him, and how I be
from the altar where he was
the Corpus Christi, for that h
When thou tellest him this he
understand that it is by

he enemies had taken from you, and that you
ot; but rather commended it to him that he
ndertake it, and defend the land and govern
hat it grieved him to think that you would
live, because of the great abstinence which
posed every day upon your flesh: neverthe-
e it pleases our Lord that I should have a son
who should be so good a man that he should
all Spain, he would have me go to this place,
should find you if you were alive; and right
would he be that there should remain of you
good. And I, sir King, seeing how it pleased
at this should be accomplished, according as
aid, am come here in secret, for neither man
man knoweth of this, save my father Count
lian; for I have told my people who came
to remain yonder, because I would go and
to a holy man who had made his abode here
an fifty years. Now, since God is the author
recover yourself, and remember the time when
me that there was nothing in the world
ou loved so much as me, nor which you de-
greatly as to obtain a promise of me; the
could not give at that hour, by reason that
an was living, and I knew it to be a great
l if I come to you now, it is by command of
r it pleases him to send me here; and, also,
the Queen is no longer in this present life.
pause you are so fallen away of your strength,
o into the hermitage, or I will order a tent
ised here, and let us sup together, that your
ay revive and you may fulfil the command of

—How the Devil would have deceived King Roderigo if the Holy Spirit had not visited and aided him.

he King heard all this his whole body began
ble, and his soul within him sang, and all

false Cave, ...
burning torches of wax ...
it was cold, and because that the Kin
heat; also there was a pavilion pitel
table set within it with many viands
the people who came with her wer
themselves far away upon the mou
he had recovered himself, he saw t
was drest in a close-fitting kirtle,
way below the knee, and she seeme
est woman that he had ever seen
appeared to the King that she sai
come and take your supper. A
again to tremble and lose his jud
such a state that he knew not w
was revealed to him in that hour
against the temptation. And w
self he saw that the pavilion
head; and seeing himself in tha
the oratory, and perceived that
to be; and within the pavilion
who was there with him, and
beside a bed, which was a full
began to take off her kirtle
... only, and with her long
... to him,

;, seeing how beautiful she was, began to
ll over, as if he had been struck with palsy;
ost his judgment again, and became en-
and remained thus a long while before he
ain to himself. And it was revealed to him
it he should take heed how the Devil tempt-
nd that he should have firm hope in God,
break the penance which the holy Hermit
ointed him. But ever when he recovered
se trances, he forgot all which had been re-
) him while he was entranced; and now he
at there was a large *estrado* placed by him,
La Cava was lying there beside him on
lows, which were richly wrought in gold,
as he had seen her, and that she said to him,
, for you tarry long, and it will soon be day-
nd the King seeing her so near him, then
eatly troubled, yet could he not withdraw
from her: but he called to mind how the
rit of God had bade him that he should al-
fide in his name, and place his true hope in
of the Cross. And he clasp't his hands, and
em towards Heaven, and weeping bitterly,
contrition, he said, O Lord, and very God
rist, deliver me from all temptation, and
my soul, that it fall not into perdition. And
was praying thus, he saw how there came
hermitage a great brightness, and he said,
e, Lord, from the power of the Devil, that
be deceived, nor withdrawn from thy holy
And at that hour he made the sign of the
n his forehead, and blest himself; and at that
false Cava fell down the rock into the sea,
a sound as if the whole world were falling
and with the plunge which she made the
d up so high, that where the oratory was
was wetted with the spray. And he remain-
ch astonishment that he could not for an
ver himself. And when he came to himself
to pray with great repentance, as if he had

And he ...
to lament full bitterly, ...
upon my soul, and forsake me not a
mies, who would withdraw me from
Holy Spirit said to him, O King, of
hast thou been on the point of per
King made no reply, for he did n
And the Holy Spirit of God said to
King, lest the Devil deceive thee,
over thee, that thou shouldst not
which thou hast commenced, nei
And the King lifted up his cou
great shame to behold him. Howb
and said, Lord, have mercy upon
be tempted by the enemy, for my
hath no power to defend itself a
for my judgment is clean con
hath no virtue if he be not aide
ver me, Lord, for thy holy m
my salvation cannot come thr
my heart, for it is wholly full
which is overcome. And the H
to him, Take courage and fe
depart from this place soone
And when it is time I will g
... in thy dena

g to his reckoning, and twelve days more.
day, when it was full clear, the King looked
saw above him the cloud of which the Holy
' God had told him; and when he saw it he
joyful, and gave many thanks to God. Never-
he King did not rise from his prayers, neither
cloud move from above him. And when he
hed his prayers he looked at the cloud, and
it moved forward.

*—How King Don Rodrigo departed from the
'ge, and arrived where he was to do Penance.*

king arose from the oratory and followed
d; and so great was the pleasure he had, that
not for food, neither remembered it, but
er that his holy guide. And at night he saw
cloud, when the sun was about to set, turned
ght of the road toward the mountains; and
n so far, that before night had closed it came
nitage, in which there was a good man for
t, who was more than ninety years of age,
e it stopt. And the King perceived that he
est there, and the good man welcomed the
d they spake together of many things. And
g was well contented with his speech, and
certes he was a servant of God. And all that
King had not eaten, and he was barefoot,
aiment tattered: and as he had not been used
a-foot, and with his feet bare, his feet were
ith blisters. And when it was an hour after
e Hermit gave him a loaf, full small, which
e of rye, and there were ashes kneaded with
he king ate it; and when he had eaten they
yers. And when they had said their hours,
l down to sleep. And when it was midnight
se and said their hours; and when they had
n, the King went out of the hermitage, and
; the cloud did not move: and then the King
od that he had to tarry there, or that he was

said mass; and the King heard
the very body of our Lord Jes
the King had done this he wen
cloud. And as he went out of t
that the cloud began to move, a
himself from the Hermit, and
other weeping, and each entrea
would bear him in mind, and
prayers. And when the King
he followed after his holy gu
mit returned to his hermitag
Rodrigo, notwithstanding his
full of blisters, and that in m
broken and bleeding, such and
which he felt at going on in the
held, that he endured it all a
nothing. And he went, accordin
full six leagues, and arrived a
Monks, and there the cloud
ceed no farther. And at that
Abbot who led an extraordinar
and they were not there like
was a great friend of God and
gin Saint Mary: and this Abbo

er he were to go or to remain. And
that it was the hour of vespers, and
remain; and the King went out and
ud moved, and that it behoved him
peeded himself from the Abbot, and
d themselves each to the other in his
e Abbot saw plainly how that cloud
how there was no other in the sky,
d greatly and said, Certes this is some
e gave thanks to God. And the King
ening till he came to a church which
l remote from peopled places; and
ntopt, and he abode there that night.
ent into the church, and found in it
and it rejoiced him much, for by the
d his hours as well before he should
nd on the morrow when he had made
ent out of the church and beheld the
that it moved; and he went after it,
ys' journey he came to a place which
what it is called, is not said, save that
his burial, for such it is. And there
and proceeded no farther; and it
he town over an ancient hermitage.
f that place incontinently knew by
how King Don Rodrigo was come
new not his name, neither who he
ed him if he meant to lead his life
nswered that it was to be as God
and the elder said to him, Friend, I
f this place, for all the others when
King Don Rodrigo and his chivalry
vanquished, fled from hence for fear
d of the traitor Count Don Julian,
t to the mountains to escape. And I
g my trust in our Lord God, and in
for that I would rather abide that
l and take my adventure here, than
ur mother holy church; while I am
here and not forsake it, but rather

for the service of God you ..
every day that I remain a k
ter, I shall be contented th
promised this, and departed
his home, and sent him a lo
And the cloud remained th
hermitage, and when the th
it was seen no more. And
no longer see it, understood
form his penance, and ga
and was full joyful thereat
Elder came to see him, a
each other in such manner
to him all the sins which h
his life to that time, all whi
great contrition, weeping
for his errors and sins. And
astonished, and said, that
thence he would appoint h
went to his church and
himself to prayer in such g
not drank, nor raised himse
ing bitterly, and beseeching
him what penance he shou

:eep it till it is so great that it hath made
ns within the jar, and put its head out; and
s of that greatness, then let him take it out,
t in a tomb which is there, and lie down
with it, naked; and close the tomb well that
:nt may not be able to go out; and in this
is God pleased that King Don Rodrigo
penance.

—*Of the Penance which was appointed King Don Rodrigo.*

Elder when he heard the voice was greatly
it so rigorous a penance as this, and gave
nks to God, and he went to King Don Rod-
told him the manner how he had heard the
l the King was full joyful and content and
herewith, and gave many thanks to our
' that he should now complete his penance
his soul. And therewith in great joy, and
many tears for pleasure, he went to the
as he had been directed, and found the
tone. And when he had lifted it up, he
: three serpents according as the Elder had
he took that which had two heads, and he
nd put it in a great jar, such as would be a
e-vessel, and nurst it there till it was of such
: the voice had said. And when King Don
aw that it was of this bigness he confessed
ler, weeping full bitterly, demanding favour
hat he would give him grace and strength
ence to fulfil that penance without any
n or trouble of soul; to the end that the
being completed, it might please our Lord
:eive his soul into his glory. And before the
after the serpent was thus big, the King
:lder went to the tomb, and they cleansed
:ithin; and the King placed himself in it
he was born, and the serpent with him, and
with a great lever laid the stone upon the

might not be dismayed, neitl
whereby he should lose the ser
this was so secret that no man l
King and the Elder. And whe
Elder went to the church and
tears and with great devotion
he would have mercy and e
Don Rodrigo, that with true
ance he might complete his pe
which was for his service. A
mass, he went to the place whe
lay, and asked him how he fare
swered, Well, thanks to God,
served, but that as yet he was
in. And the Elder strengthen
could, telling him that he sho
he had been a sinner, and that
to our Lord God, for that he h
world, and delivered him fro
and had himself appointed for
which he should suffer and t
soon he would be in heavenly
said to him, that he well knew
great sins he merited a strong

ompleted, the serpent rose from his
pon his belly and his breast, and be-
: head to eat at his nature, and with
t toward his heart. And at this time
to the tomb, and asked him how he
d. Well, thanks to God, for now the
in to eat. And the Elder asked him
nd he answered at two, one right
rt with which he had conceived all
ad done, and the other at his nature,
:en the cause of the great destrue-
d the Elder said that God was with
ed him that he should be of good
all his persecutions both of the body
would have an end. And the King
ys to demand help of our Lord, and
f his holy mercy he would be pleas-
n. And the Elder went to his home,
seat himself to eat, but retired into
d weeping, prayed full devoutly to
e would give strength to the King
:omplete his penance. And the ser-
lying for hunger, and moreover was
e minute eaten the nature, and be-
e bowels; nevertheless he did not eat
the King endured in that torment
'ore night till it was past the middle
when the serpent broke through the
t, he staid there and ate no farther.
ly the King gave up his spirit to our
holy merey took him into his glory.
when he expired all the bells of the
emselves, as if men had rung them.
knew that the King was dead, and
saved."

on, in his "Notable History of the
: to imagine that this story is allego-
e says, "wheras it is reported and
folowed a starre or a messenger of

certaine secret ...

"And whereas they say ... man into a cave or hole, and a serpe had two heads, which in two days the flesh of his body from the b simplie taken and understanded, h of any truth. For what sanctity, what pietie, commandeth to kyll and one that seeketh comfort of by amendment of life, with suel and straunge punishment? Wher ther thinke it to be spoken myst serpent with two heads signifieth conscience."

A humble tomb was found

How Carestes found the grave at Viseo in Pe

"I, Carestes, vassal of King son-in-law of the Knight of when the said King Don A the Moors who held it, found the which were written in ... man shall here read. ...

despiser thereof; cruel in himself, a slayer of
rd, a destroyer of his country, a traitor to his
rymen; bitter is his name; and it is as grief and
w in the mouth of him who pronounces it; and
ll always be cursed by all that speak of him."
at veracious chronicler Cassetes then concludes
ne history in these words: "And by this which
d written upon this grave, I am of mind that
Don Rodrigo lies there, and because of the life
he led in his penitence, according as ye have
, which also was in the same tomb written in a
of parchment, I believe without doubt that it
e; and because of the great penance which he
hat God was pleased to make it known in such
er as it past, for those who hereafter shall have
le and govern, to the end that all men may see
soon pride is abased and humility exalted. This
icle is composed in memory of the noble King
Rodrigo; that God pardon his sins, and that Son
Virgin without stain, Jesus Christ, bring us to
repentance, who liveth and reigneth for ever
ver. Amen. Thanks be to God!"

elieve the Archbishop Roderick of Toledo is
arliest writer who mentions this discovery. He
in 1247. The fact may very possibly have been
for there seems to have been no intention of set-
up a shrine connected with it. The Archbishop's
are as follow:—
*uid de Rege Roderico acciderit ignoratur; tamen
a, vestes et insignia et calciamenta auro et lapidi-
dornata, et equus qui Orelia dicebatur in loco tre-
juxta fluvium sine corpore sunt inventa. Quid
de corpore fuerit factum penitus ignoratur, nisi
modernis temporibus apud Viseum civitatem Por-
liæ inscriptus tumulus invenitur.* Hic jacet Ro-
us ultimus Rex Gotthorum. *Maledictus furor
s Juliani quia pertinax, et indignatio, quia dura;
osus indignatione, impetuosus furore, oblitus fide-
, immemor religionis,* contemptor divinitatis, cru-

cet."—Rou. [illegible]

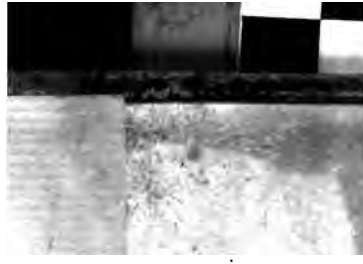
Lope de Vega has made [illegible] companying reflections, into two sta rhymes, which occur in the midst of c poems.

Hoc jacet in sarcophago Rex ille
Penultimus Gothorum in Hisp
Infelix Rodericus; viator sile,
Ne fortè pereat tota Luritanic
Provocatus Cupidinis missile
Telo, tam magni affectus fui
Quam tota Hiberia vinculis ast
Testatur mæsta, lachrimatur

Execrabilem Comitem Julian
Abhorreant omnes, nomine
Patrio, appellent Erostratum
Nec tantum nostri, sed in
Dum current cœli sidera, ve
Vociferant, testante Maur
Cesset Florindæ nomen inn
Cava viator est, a Cava cav

Jerusalen Conq

Bought for

F

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